




LIBRARY

1st set

- no. 1 -

- no. 10



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

The
St. Mary's Muse
Raleigh, N. C.



Fall Number

October-November, 1917

Saint Mary's School Library

C
376.9
SR
Sen 22

ST. MARY'S CALENDAR, 1917-18

OCTOBER-DECEMBER

- September 20, Thursday: Session regularly opened.
- September 22, Saturday: Reception of Old Girls to the New Girls. In the Parlor, 8 p. m.
- October 3, Wednesday: Faculty Reception to guests of the city in honor of Miss Hester. Parlor. 4-6 p. m.
- October 4, Thursday: Mrs. Vaughn addressed Student Body. 7 p. m.
- October 6, Saturday: Mrs. Vaughn addressed Student Body. 4 p. m.
- October 13, Saturday: Party given by Athletic Associations in the Gymnasium. 8 p. m.
- October 16-17: State Fair. Holidays.
- October 20, Saturday: Muse Party. Muse Room. 8 p. m.
- October 27, Saturday: Literary Society Reception. Parlor. 8 p. m.
- October 29, Monday: First Faculty Recital. Auditorium. 8:15 p. m.
- October 29, Monday: First "Pay Day."
- October 31, Wednesday: Hallowe'en Party. Gymnasium. 8 p. m.
- November 1, Thursday: Founders' Day. Holiday.
- November 3, Saturday: Class Parties.
- November 10, Saturday: Muse Club Entertainment. "Circus." Gymnasium. 8 p. m.
- November 15, Thursday: Elocution Recital.
- November 17, Saturday: Lucy Bratton Chapter in "Ma Sweet and Her Girls."
- November 24, Saturday: St. Margaret's Chapter. Military Ball. Benefit of the Red Cross.
- November 29, Thursday: Thanksgiving Day. Holiday.
- December 3, Monday: Second "Pay Day."
- December 8, Saturday: The Dramatic Club in "A Bachelor's Romance."
- December 15, Saturday: Operetta.
- December 19, Wednesday: Christmas Entertainment.
- December 20, Thursday: Christmas Vacation begins.

The St. Mary's Muse

FALL NUMBER

VOL. XXII

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 2-3

O God, Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of the faithful, visit, we pray Thee, this School with Thy love and favor; enlighten our minds more and more with the light of the everlasting Gospel; graft in our hearts a love of the truth; increase in us true religion; nourish us with all goodness; and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same, O blessed Spirit, whom, with the Father and the Son, together, we worship and glorify as one God, world without end. AMEN.

Almighty Father, whose mercy is over all Thy works, bless, we beseech Thee, with Thy providential care St. Mary's School and all schools and colleges of Christian education, and prosper all right efforts for their support. Help us in the work being done for the improvement and endowment of this School, to pray earnestly, to labor diligently, and to give generously. Grant to the teachers and the taught the light of Thy Holy Spirit to lead them into all truth and to build them up in Christian grace and character: for the sake of Thy Kingdom and the honor of Thy name, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

Alma Mater

(TUNE: "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms.")

St. Mary's! wherever thy daughters may be
They love thy high praises to sing,
And tell of thy beauties of campus and tree,
Around which sweet memories cling;
They may wander afar, out of reach of thy name,
Afar, out of sight of thy grove,
But the thought of St. Mary's aye kindles a flame
Of sweet recollections and love.

Beloved St. Mary's! how great is our debt!
Thou hast cared for thy daughters full well;
They can never thy happy instructions forget,
Nor fail of thy virtues to tell.
The love that they feel is a heritage pure;
An experience wholesome and sweet.
Through fast rolling years it will grow and endure;
Be a lamp and a guide to their feet.

May the future unite all the good of thy past
With the best that new knowledge can bring.
Ever onward and upward thy course! To the last
Be thou steadfast in every good thing.
Generations to come may thy fair daughters still
Fondly think on thy halls and thy grove
And carry thy teachings—o'er woodland and hill—
Of earnestness, wisdom, and love.

H. E. H., 1905.

The Seventy-Sixth Opening of St. Mary's

With the Chapel service on the morning of Tuesday, September 20th, the seventy-sixth session of St. Mary's formally opened. Assisting the Rector in the service were Bishop Cheshire, the President of the Trustees, who spoke a brief welcome, Rev. Francis M. Osborne, the special representative of the Trustees in charge of the campaign for the endowment, Rev. J. E. Ingle and Rev. M. A. Barber of the Board of Trustees, and Rev. C. A. Ashby, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd.

The Bishop's address was helpful and encouraging, a brief welcoming of friends, old and new, with good sound advice to all.

Mr. Owen, just assuming his duties as Director of the Music Department, was at the organ. The music was unusually full and strong, and altogether the service gave an inspiring start to what all hope is to prove a prosperous, happy, and healthful year.

As usual in recent years, the preliminaries were well out of the way before time for the regular opening, so that when the procession marched from the Chapel to the Schoolroom for the opening announcements it was only necessary to have the matriculation cards signed and hear the schedule announcements, and all were ready for work. The Rector spoke only a few words, emphasizing the point which he has impressed on previous occasions, that the one way to begin is to begin.

The attendance at most of the girls' schools this season is decidedly good, and that at St. Mary's is no exception. Practically the entire number of girls was on hand at the very beginning. The new girls arrived and were classified and settled on Tuesday and Wednesday and the old girls poured in on Wednesday. On Thursday morning one hundred and fifty-nine of the one hundred and sixty girls enrolled as resident students were on hand, and the missing one was delayed only a day or two by sickness.

The features of the opening to the old girls were the interest in Miss Hester, the incoming Lady Principal, and the change in the parlor. Miss Hester received a warm welcome and made a most pleasant impression on every one; though Miss Thomas was and is not

forgotten. The new hardwood floor of the parlor and hall with the new furniture add greatly to the attractiveness of that very important part of Main Building.

The Faculty is composed in most part of old friends. Miss Hester takes Miss Thomas's place in English, Mrs. Marriott as Housekeeper succeeds Miss Lil. Fenner, of whom all thought so highly, and Miss Agnes Barton returns to St. Mary's, after an absence of two years spent at the University at Chapel Hill, to win as warm a place in our regard as teacher as she established for herself in her student days.

The girls are for the most part very much as St. Mary's girls of yore, though we do hear some of the older friends remark that on short acquaintance they promise even unusually well.

The geographical distribution of the girls is also about as usual. Florida and Alabama show an increase, and there are the usual scattering number from New England to Louisiana, but none this year west of the Mississippi. About one hundred of the resident students are from North Carolina, and Virginia, South Carolina, and Georgia furnish the greater part of the remainder.

Eleven younger sisters have followed one or more of their older sisters as St. Mary's girls, and there is the usual number who are following in the footsteps of their mothers and grandmothers in their St. Mary's days.

The Literary Societies Take a Definite Share in the Muse

THE MUSE has always been made up of three major elements: (1) the stories, essays, and verse contributions of the students—occupying, on account of limitations of space, a less prominent part than in most other school and college magazines; (2) the news of the School and the School events, giving a permanent record of the major happenings in the St. Mary's life and serving to keep the old girls posted with regard to things at their Alma Mater; and (3) the news of the Alumnae and news of special interest to them, serving to keep them posted about each other and to keep the present students posted about them and their connection with St. Mary's.

The Editors have heretofore looked after all three of these departments of THE MUSE, but in order to further stimulate the work of the literary societies and give them a special interest in THE MUSE publication, while, perchance, also improving the quality of this literary section, the Muse Club has offered to the literary societies, and the societies have accepted, the full responsibility for the literary section.

The two societies—the Sigma Lambda and the Epsilon Alpha Pi—will furnish this section in turn, and it will be published as heretofore in the forepart of THE MUSE. With this number the Sigma Lambda Society makes its bow to MUSE readers, and the Epsilon Alpha Pi will have charge of the contributions in the Christmas number.

Let us hope that the plan will be successful in every way and helpful to THE MUSE and to the literary societies.

When the War Will End

Absolute knowledge have I none,
But my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a laborer on the street
That he had a letter just last week,
Written in the finest Greek,
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo,
Who said that the niggers in Cuba knew
Of a colored man in a Texas town
Who got it straight from a circus clown
That a man in the Klondike had the news
From a gang of South American Jews
About somebody in Borneo
Who heard of a man who claimed to know
Of a swell society female rake,
Whose mother-in-law will undertake
To prove that her husband's sister's niece
Had stated in a printed piece
That she has a son who has a friend
Who knows when the war is going to end.

—*Exchange.*

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Sigma Lambda Literary Society

MARIAN DRANE, '18

KATHARINE PARKER DRANE, '17

} *Editors*

The Autumn Trail

ADELINE E. HUGHES, '17

There's a tang in the very golden air
That calls "Come away" today,
The voice of the wind has a gypsy lilt,
The very birds set their wings a-tilt
And soar up, high, away!

There's a path o'er the sunny hill, dear lass;
Come, answer its gypsy charm.
Its robes are of purple, and gold and red.
I'll whisper what the wind just said;
'Twill keep you from all harm.

Then let's wander and roam away, dear lass,
Led on by a gypsy trail,
From high crown of hills to splashing falls—
Where'er the lure of the wild wind calls,
'Til the sun's light gently fail.

Then we'll back o'er the whisp'ring hill, my lass,
When the heavens are blushing far,
And clear through the scarlet and gold and red
Of rustling autumn leaves o'erhead
There glows the evening star.

But when we've left our gypsy trail,
And the sun has dropped away,
We'll look for a light in a window far.
'Tis home, with doors for us ajar,
We'll seek at close of day.

The First New England Thanksgiving Day

VIRGINIA LENOIR, '21 (Bus.)

Thanksgiving was originally neither a New England festival nor a Puritan holiday.

The Pilgrims were not even the first to observe Thanksgiving Day in New England, for the Popham colonists of Mohegan were the first ones who used the Thanksgiving Service of the Church of England in this country.

This custom was not kept in New England, however, until the Puritans, contrary to their beliefs and hatred of the customs of the Church of England, appointed a Day of Thanksgiving. But this day was a day of recreation rather than one of religious observance.

After having labored so faithfully in building homes and preparing for the winter, the men spent a whole week before Thanksgiving Day in killing wild game. So when Thanksgiving Day came we can feel sure that they had wild turkey.

Ever since our forefathers feasted on turkey on Thanksgiving Day we have kept up the custom, for our last Thursday in November seems incomplete without "the bird of Thanksgiving" on the table. So that the very name "turkey" suggests Thanksgiving Day, especially the first day that was kept in celebration of the Pilgrims' gratitude and praise.

That particular day in autumn was one to be remembered. As it has been said before, this was a day of recreation. The exciting competitions in jumping, leaping, and running were interesting for the men, while the fairer sex enjoyed preparing the feast for the day. The partakers in this dinner were the four women of the colony, fifty-five Englishmen, and ninety sociable Indian visitors. These Indians not only entered into the games, but joined fraternally in providing for the feast.

Besides the sports, the feast itself was an interesting part of the celebration. The turkeys and deer were roasted over a large bonfire in the open air. While potatoes were roasted in the hot ashes the coffee bubbled in the huge coffee-pots that steamed above the coals.

Besides this, on the tables there was an attractive display of vegetables, pickles, cookies, pumpkin pies, custards, apples, nuts, and wine. These surprises were especially enjoyed by the Indians, who were accustomed to coarse foods, such as corn-meal, porridge, and wild game.

The apparel of the company was appropriate to the day of festivity. The great company of Indians, gay in holiday paint, feathers and furs, vividly appeals to us. Also the Pilgrim fathers in knee breeches, bright waistcoats, and gray hose formed a keen contrast to the simplicity of the Pilgrim women's costumes of plain gowns, white cuffs and kerchiefs.

When the day of rejoicing was over the Indians returned to their respective villages highly praising their new neighbors, while the colonists still offered their silent praise until the shades of night were drawn over the scene. Thus ended the first Thanksgiving Day in New England.

On Thanksgiving Day

ELSPETH ASKEW, '19

All day long Mrs. Wharton had been busy with her cooking, for tomorrow was Thanksgiving Day. Cakes and pies had gone into the oven, coming out a delicious brown, and turkey nicely roasted was waiting the carver's hand. From the cellar she had brought up her very best pickles, and everything was in readiness for the coming morning.

Silently through the day Mrs. Wharton's tears had fallen, for Billy, her only son, the pride and joy, the worry and trouble of her life, was away. He had answered his country's call and, following in his father's footsteps, was now lieutenant in the 22d Regiment of Coast Artillery.

"Lieutenant William Wharton." My! how wonderful it looked when she had first written it on the back of an envelope!

As she sat for a few minutes before the bright fire visions of a little brown-eyed boy passed before her eyes, and swiftly she recalled the incidents of his life that had meant so much to her. His first party,

his first sweetheart, through high school she followed him, his numerous escapades, his first love. She smiled as the remembrance of his bashfulness came to her. Through college he had gone, and it was during the holidays of his senior year that "it" had happened.

"It" was Dorothy, a fair lovely girl whose soft blue eyes and graceful manners had won the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Wharton. Her parents had moved to C. after Billy had left for his last college year. His mother had written him about Dorothy's coming, but it had not interested him, for his mind was on his studies.

In the meantime Dorothy was fast becoming a favorite not only with the girls, but with the older men and women. To the young men of the town she was ever a source of surprises. Never before had they seen such a combination of attractions. How well she could play the piano! How wonderfully she could dance! And what an interesting girl!

In the long months of fall and winter she had seen a great deal of Billy's mother and father, and had learned to love them devotedly. She had heard them speak of Billy so often she felt as if she knew him, and could not help wondering what he really was.

Christmas came, and with it Mr. William Wharton. It was at the Christmas dance they had met. Billy, surrounded by a score of friends, was telling a joke on himself causing a great deal of merriment. Just as the laugh was over he noticed a tall girl in a dress of blue and silver, dancing with Tom Anderson.

"Who is the girl in blue, dancing with Tom?" he asked.

Everybody laughed and one of his friends said: "We knew it! Old boy, go on in and try for her; she is worth it!"

At this moment one of the girls called Billy and introduced him to Dorothy.

"May I have this dance, Miss Brown?" he asked in a formal tone.

She assented, but Billy did not dance with her long, for others claimed her attention. His eyes followed her wherever she went, however. He did not have a chance to dance with her again until the last dance, and he asked if he might call the next night. And so it began.

He and Tom Anderson were truly rivals through the holidays, for Billy immediately "fell" for Dorothy, and as Tom had been very nice to her before he came, Billy began to think he did not "have a chance."

It was not until the last night, when Billy came to see her, that matters reached a climax, and Billy asked her.

Glancing up at his frank, open countenance, Dorothy suddenly realized that she loved this tall handsome man, and she answered "yes."

Through the following months they had written each other, and in the spring Dorothy had gone with his parents to the finals. She was as proud of Billy as were his parents, and needless to say she was the most popular girl at the dances.

They decided to marry in August, and it was in June that Billy had gone to Fort C., leaving behind a very devoted little girl.

It was now the day before Thanksgiving, and for a month no word had come from Billy. Dorothy tried in every way to cheer up Mr. and Mrs. Wharton.

Just at this moment Dorothy went into the room as Mrs. Wharton brushed away her tears and realized how the time had gone. They talked about Billy for a long time, and Dorothy, after promising to come back for Thanksgiving dinner with them, went home with a heavy heart.

What if she never saw Billy again! Why, oh, why had he not written?

In the morning she went over to Mrs. Wharton's, and although each had something to be thankful for, yet something was amiss—and it was Billy, of course.

Mr. Wharton had asked the blessing and was carving the turkey when a startled cry from Dorothy caused him to drop the knife. At the door stood Billy!

In his lieutenant's uniform he had never looked handsomer.

"Mother! Father! Dorothy!" he cried in one breath.

A leave of absence had been granted him for two days before leaving for France, and he had arrived just in time for Thanksgiving dinner.

"Why have you not written us, Billy?" Dorothy asked; and he explained that he had not been allowed to write any letters on account of the uncertainty of their departure.

Those last moments were precious ones, and when Billy left he took with him a vision of a lovely little girl bravely wiping away her tears and throwing kisses to him.

A War-Time Thanksgiving

LUCY LONDON ANDERSON, '20

On November 28, 1917, orders were received by the American troops in France to advance to the fighting front immediately. For several months they had been encamped near Bordeaux, where they had been in training to better fit them for service in the trenches. In a few hours after the order had come Uncle Sam's soldiers were on their way to face the Germans.

To those who return from France that trip will never be forgotten. The weather was fine and evidences of winter could be felt in the cool snappy air. To hear the joking and laughter that went on among the soldiers one would never have guessed their destination. All along the way they were received with cheering and applause. At several stops coffee was served and they always found chances to smile at the pretty French girls who served the coffee.

In box car No. 18 the men seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, for in some miraculous way a roasted turkey appeared in their midst and a Thanksgiving Eve feast was being held. Just imagine those boys sitting crowded together on the floor of the box car eating turkey with their fingers, and calling it by name a Thanksgiving feast!

Towards dusk, however, the train stopped and they alighted to go the rest of the journey on foot. As Lieut. Donald Pemberton with his men plodded through the driving rain and deep mud, he let his thoughts wander back to the Thanksgiving of a year ago. During the ride in the box car he had been among the jolliest, doing his bit to

make others forget the situation that confronted them. He smiled as he contrasted his present surroundings with the banquet he had attended on the same evening of 1916. On that happy night the Junior Class of West Point had entertained the football team in anticipation of victory the next day when they were to play the Navy. He could see Teddy Bowen as he toasted the Class of 1916, and drank to the happy future of all, little guessing the great events that were so soon to be a part of their lives.

From that night his thoughts ran on to the next day—Thanksgiving, 1916. As in a dream he saw the crowded grandstands, heard the cheering and applause that greeted the appearance of the Army team. Then came the never to be forgotten game! Clearly he recalled how in the face of defeat he had made a dash through the center and scored a touchdown. The cheering on all sides made his blood tingle as the boys carried him off the field on their shoulders. It was then he had caught a glance of Betty Vardell standing by the Army colors. That was his greatest reward.

At the dance that night, given in honor of the victorious team, he had given Betty a ring, a solitaire. But a few months later there was a misunderstanding; she had returned the ring and broken the engagement.

Then followed his hasty graduation from West Point and departure for France. The hours of waiting at the dock before sailing were bitter and lonely to Don, for Betty was not among the crowd on the dock and he had not told her good-bye.

Suddenly Lieutenant Pemberton was aroused from his dreams by the low distant rumbling of the guns which now became more and more distinct. About 9 p. m. the troops entered a deserted French village, where they found a company of French soldiers awaiting to guide them to the front. No light was visible anywhere, on account of scouting enemy air-craft, and they had to advance in total darkness. There had been severe firing on the front the previous day and many vacancies had been left in the trenches, which the American boys were to fill. Every precaution must be taken that the Germans might not learn of the reinforcements. As the "Sammies" silently passed

through the narrow communication trenches into the front line they were enthusiastically welcomed by the English and French soldiers who occupied the trenches there, not three hundred yards from the trenches of the Boches.

After seeing that his men were safely established, Lieutenant Pemberton was ordered to report to headquarters at once. While waiting outside he heard some one talking very low with the General. The voice seemed to be arguing and pleading. At first Don could hear only a murmur, but the words became more and more distinct.

"No, you need not use any arguments. I say no! That is not the kind of work for you. I will find some one somewhere who will go," came the unmistakable voice of the General.

"But, Uncle John, there is no one else who can be spared to go. I came to do my bit, and I am perfectly capable of going. I do not mind the danger at all. Reinforcements are needed, and I **COMMAND** you to **ORDER** me to go at once!"

"Yes, the message must be carried. You are right; there is no one else who can go. Be careful! Be careful, and come back safely. Your place is not here—however, go!"

Silence fell and Don, supposing the General to be alone, walked into the room and came face to face with—was he blind or dreaming, for he could not believe his eyes! There facing him, beside the General, was Betty Vardell, dressed for her trip. Don was speechless.

"Don!" gasped Betty.

"Betty, what does this mean? Lieutenant Pemberton has come to receive orders," said Betty's uncle.

"It means, sir, that we are old friends," stammered Don, finding his voice at last.

"Oh, I see, I see!" nodded the General, wisely.

There was no time for explanations.

"Betty, here are the messages. Follow directions carefully. You need not leave here before 4 o'clock. See me just before you start."

"And here are yours, Lieutenant Pemberton. I think you will understand them all right. Report to Colonel Tolar on your way back," he added.

"That is all. I must leave you two for a while." Despite his heavy responsibilities he smiled at this bit of romance.

Under the same dim moon that witnessed the distress and suffering "out there" Don told Betty goodbye. A complete understanding had been reached in the brief time they had together, and the past was blotted out. There was no need for words; they each knew what was in the other's heart. When the time for parting drew near, with dry eyes and prayers in her heart Betty sent him back to the front where she knew only danger awaited him.

The American papers a few days later were full of the accounts of the "great drive against the Germans at L——, on November 28, 1917." Lieutenant Pemberton had led his men over No Man's Land and had taken the Germans' first trench and planted the Stars and Stripes on German soil.

Unrecounted, however, was the brave act of Betty Vardell which had made possible the reinforcements that came to the aid of those in the front trenches, and pushed on the great drive.

.

"Goodness! Betty, you surely do not suppose that I am expected to keep track of all the lieutenants?" said the General to the slim girl confronting him. "Now, if you might happen to ask where *Captain* Pemberton is, I would say that he was wounded and is in Ward 19, Station A, where I think he is in need of a nurse. So if you discard your present attire and don your nurse's cap you might be allowed to nurse him."

Betty did not stop to answer, but started off immediately for Ward 19, Station A. She found her newly made Captain all bandaged up, but smiling, as she entered his ward.

Thus on Thanksgiving Day, while the Allies celebrated their victory, Betty and Don gave thanks for their safe return to each other.

Mr. Stone's Mountain Trip

W. E. STONE

(The editor of THE MUSE has been kind enough to suggest that the readers might be interested in an account of my summer's walking trip in the North Carolina mountains. This is by way of apology.)

Our starting point was North Wilkesboro; my companion one of the inevitable classmates, with some of whom you are as familiar as I am—by hearsay—a well-known physician from Boston. On the railway journey and on the first day's walk, following the course of the Yadkin River, we were struck with the destructive results of the floods of July a year ago; great logs and trees washed high up and stranded on the banks and the rich bottomlands buried in sand where in former years grew rich crops of corn. Higher up the river and farther back from the stream we passed meadow after meadow rich in flourishing corn—enough, it would seem, to feed the people of the State and to spare.

After a tramp of twenty-three miles we were fortunate in finding comfortable lodging with a farmer, Mr. Taylor, near the foot of the Blue Ridge, at an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, where a heavy blanket was a necessity. A nephew of Mr. Taylor's, we learned, is superintendent of the city schools of Greenville, N. C. At this house my friend had his first experience with a revolving table: the center of the table, raised six inches above the outer rim, holds the dishes and can be turned around so as to bring any dish that you wish in front of your plate—a wise economy of labor in war times.

On our second day we passed over the Blue Ridge at Deep Gap, about twenty-five hundred feet above sea level. Nearly every house we passed had a springhouse near a cold clear spring, and near one of them we stopped for our midday meal: bacon and eggs (think of eggs at twenty cents a dozen!) and beans, cooked in our frying-pan, for this with tin plates and cups we carried with other necessary things on our backs, in what our (former) German friends call a *rucksack*, altogether a weight of about eight pounds. For dessert we had blackberries picked by the roadside or apples donated by some

kind-hearted farmer's wife where we stopped for a drink at the spring-house. That night, after a walk of twenty odd miles, we found a quiet country hotel in Boone, said to be one of the highest towns east of the Rockies, at an elevation of 3,362 feet; one of the numerous halting places of Daniel Boone, bear hunter and explorer, and at present the location of the Appalachian Training School, where many a boy and girl from the mountains gets the first introduction into many of the higher things of life.

We started off next morning early in the rain for Blowing Rock, along a rather wild creek bordered by a dense forest. The great logs and fallen trees high up on the banks were mute reminders of the transformation of this rather modest stream into a raging torrent by the rains of last summer. On this walk, as at many other places, we were stopped by the farmers for news of the war and for our opinion as to the justice of sending their boys to fight in France. Our explanations as to the needs of universal service seemed to relieve their minds on this point; so we had some chance to "do our bit."

You would not wish to give me space to describe all the attractions of Blowing Rock; the view down the valley of the John's River, two or three thousand feet below, with hoary old Grandfather bounding the view on one side; the quiet beauties of the Stringfellow place; the extensive Cone estate with the lake and Flat Top and its thirty miles of driveway; the Raven Rocks with an entrancing view; and ever so many other things. You all ought to go and see them for yourselves.

There are few places in the State where one doesn't meet St. Mary's girls or some one connected in some way with the School; so it was natural that at the postoffice at Blowing Rock we should run across Mary Clark Smith, Cotton Timberlake, and her mother and aunts, and several other acquaintances.

Next day, about eleven, we started on the road to Grandfather, and spent the night at a farmhouse, about the last house on the road. Just as we got there the rain came down in sheets and the housewife said that "she didn't believe she could take us in; her husband was sick," etc. It took as much pleading to persuade her to keep us as it does to

keep a lot of St. Mary's girls from talking in class. The sick husband had an abscessed tooth, and here is where the doctor came in, for he promptly lanced the gum and relieved the pain in short order.

The next morning was fine and the view from Grandfather (5,964 ft.) fair, although somewhat restricted by mist and fog banks. We had planned to hit the trail leading down to McCrae's, but in some way missed it, and had to make our way down the side of the mountain, down streams and through the laurel thickets, what the natives call a wilderness. Hot and tired, we finally came out on the beautiful Yohnalosse Road, which we followed to Linville. One of the distinct pleasures of the high mountains is the privilege of drinking anywhere you please from the gushing mountain streams and feeling that the clear, cold water is as pure as it looks.

At Linville Falls, our next stopping point after Linville, we found a comfortable boarding-house presided over by two girls who had been to "college" at Burnsville, and, if I am any judge, I should say they merited certificates in Domestic Science. The view of the falls of the Linville, a drop of ninety feet, seen through the deep gorge below the falls, formed by the wooded and rocky banks on either side, with the mountains in the distance, is one of the very finest views in the mountains.

But I am taking too much of your space.

The walk down the river to Linville station is grand at times and interesting all the way. There we took the train (the C. C. and O.) to Pensacola by Altapass, wondering over the remarkable engineering feats by which the railroad crosses the mountains, a series of seventeen tunnels and a loop seven miles in circumference.

We spent the night with Dolph Wilson, son of the famous old guide, Tom Wilson, who in 1857, after a search of many days by great numbers of people, located the body of Prof. Elisha Mitchell in a pool in a mountain stream, where he had been lost at night, on the side of the mountain that now bears his name. Eskota, two miles away, and the end of the railway, is a lumber camp, the headquarters of the three hundred employees of the lumber company which is denuding the lower slopes of the mountain. Higher up other com-

panies are cutting the spruce and hauling it out by narrow-gauge railways, with spur tracks running in every direction up hill and down.

Don't try to ascend Mitchell from the western side without a guide. The trail is obliterated and covered in many places by fallen logs, the work of the lumbermen. We tried it, lost the trail, spent hours breaking through the laurel, saw the footprints of bears, for surely no human being had ever been where we went, and had to return to the camp, beaten, at night. Next day, however, in spite of ominous head shakings about the coming rain, we set off at six-thirty with a competent guide, and after a long climb, generally along the trail, but frequently over fallen logs and logs charred by fire, we reached the summit, 6,711 feet, the highest point east of the Rockies, and were rewarded by a very fine view. It gives one a sad impression, however, to see the devastating work of the lumberman's axe, and the frequent fires which follow, and burn out the tree seeds, so that a hundred years will not replace the noble spruce trees that formerly grew to the very top of the ridge. The descent on the eastern side is pathetic; here the lumberman has had full sway and has left the mountain scarred and naked, with a few gaunt skeletons standing here and there as sad reminders of the noble forest growth of former years.

That day's walk brought us to Montreat, about twenty-four miles, and the railway station at Black Mountain, where I ran across John Copeland, Virginia and Rita Williams, Ruth Pleasants, and others, and the end of our 143-mile walk.

SCHOOL NEWS

September 22: The Opening Reception

On the first Saturday night of the new session the reception of the Old Girls to the New Girls was held in the parlor as usual, but we think that it was an unusually attractive one.

There was great excitement over asking the New Girls and in filling out the cards for the evening, and all the girls, both Old and New, were at the parlor door promptly at 8 o'clock. Miss Hester and other members of the Faculty greeted the girls at the entrance. On passing on into the crowd the couples stopped by the punch bowls, over which presided Miss Agnes Barton, Miss Margaret Bottum, and Agnes Pratt. As the bell was tapped partners were exchanged as designated on the cards, thus giving chances for introductions all around and individual welcomes to the New Girls.

It is after this Opening Reception that the New Girls feel at home and friends with everybody, which is the aim of this delightful event held every session.

September 27: The First Student Meeting

On Thursday evening, September 27th, that important first Student Meeting of the year was held in the Schoolroom at the time usually given to the "Thursday Talk." Katharine Drane, the president of the new Senior Class, presided, as has been customary, and gave full indication of proving a popular and successful presiding officer over the student affairs of the year.

The purpose of this first meeting was to bring all the girls closer together, and to impress on them what St. Mary's with its noble traditions and principles stands for. Several of the girls made short talks on such subjects as the honor and politeness of a St. Mary's girl, and on her position in connection with the War. These talks were enthusiastically received and proved of much benefit to all.

E. McM. F.

October 2: The Societies and The Muse

"The Muse Club wishes to offer to the Literary Societies the charge of the strictly literary part of the monthly MUSE. There are eight

MUSES published during the school year. Our first MUSE this year will be merely an opening number; the last one will be the Commencement MUSE. This, then, leaves six numbers of the MUSE in which the Muse Club suggests that the two literary societies *alternately* furnish and gather together stories, poems, sketches, etc., sufficient to fill the eight pages immediately following the first page.

"If this suggestion be adopted by the societies, of course each society must elect associate editors, who will be members of the MUSE Board. It might be possible for the societies to arrange some form of contest in relation to these six MUSES, and it is suggested by the Muse Club that each society elect a committee of three to meet with a committee of three from the Muse Club, to discuss the different aspects and phases of this suggestion. By the adoption of this suggestion the Muse Club hopes that more people will become vitally interested in the MUSE; also, that a stronger and better spirit of interest and rivalry will grow up within the literary societies themselves."

This document was read in each of the two literary societies on Tuesday night, October 2d. The offer was immediately adopted by both societies and will go into effect with the October number of the MUSE, in which the Sigma Lambda Literary Society will furnish the literary portion.

October 3: Faculty Reception

On Wednesday afternoon, October 3d, a delightful reception was given by the Faculty to the town friends of the School in honor of Miss Hester, our new Lady Principal. The parlor was decorated for the occasion with autumn leaves and flowers. "Miss Katie" graciously presided at the tea table, and sandwiches and stuffed dates were served by some of the girls. During the course of the afternoon about a hundred guests called.

October 4 and October 6: Mrs. Vaughan's Talks

As the "Thursday Talk" on October 4th and again on Saturday afternoon, October 6th, we had the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Kate Brew Vaughan, who was spending the week in Raleigh demonstrating and lecturing at the City Auditorium along the lines of Food Con-

servation and proper Household Economy, especially as modified by the war conditions.

On Thursday Mrs. Vaughan spoke of the need of Food Conservation in supplying the war needs of our people and of our allies, and of the need of each individual doing her share in furthering the common good. She made the appeal specific by suggesting that the girls consider how they could help in the matter both by suggesting to the School authorities the student approval of meatless and of wheatless days and by the voluntary limitation by the girls of their personal expenditures for candies, fountain drinks, and such like non-necessities. At a student meeting the students enthusiastically endorsed Mrs. Vaughan's suggestions by approving one meatless and one wheatless day each week, the authorities concurring, and by resolving to limit their candy to a pound a month, as advised. While no action with regard to a definite limitation in other purchases was taken by the meeting, large groups of girls are limiting their Monday fountain-visits to two a month or less and are coöperating in the food conservation movement in other ways.

On Saturday Mrs. Vaughan based her talk on Ruskin's definition of the perfect lady, who should know how to do three things. First, she should be able to dance, but Mrs. Vaughan explained very beautifully that he meant by this not the dancing of today, but the quaint old-fashioned dances of our grandmothers and the folk dances, which gave the carriage and poise that the lady should have. Then, second, Ruskin's perfect lady would know how to dress, not wear the most expensive and handsome clothes, but know how to dress appropriately. And, third, Ruskin's lady would know how to cook. Mrs. Vaughan only touched on this point, as she said this last was what she did, and she didn't feel like praising it, but in her work and life we feel that we had this point exemplified.

It was a great pleasure to have Mrs. Vaughan here.

October 13: The "Gym" Party

Both Sigmas and Mus, old and new, will long remember the "Gym" party of 1917. The Gymnasium was thronged with girls in "Gym"

suits, ready for the fun, blue and red intermingling ready to start. The evening was opened with yells and songs by the opposing associations which continued during the evening at the conclusion of the various events that made the program for the party. Excitement reached its highest pitch during the dodge ball games and relay races. Both these events were won by the Sigmas, giving them the honors of the evening.

At the conclusion of the athletic events a half-hour of dancing was enjoyed, and the girls dispersed with reluctance after their good time in the Gym.

October 16: Patriotic Rally

Tuesday evening, October 16th, the entire School attended a Patriotic Rally on the eve of the issue of the Second Liberty Loan Bonds. Capt. J. Stewart Allen, a Canadian late of the Princess Pat Regiment, no longer able to serve and now in charge of the military training at the University of North Carolina, spoke most interestingly of his experiences at the front, giving a clear and enlightening account of the methods of trench warfare. He was followed by Mr. Freeman, editor of a Richmond paper and author of "The First Year of the War," who spoke forcibly on the issues before the people, urging the hearty support of the Liberty Loans by every citizen of the United States, stating clearly and concisely the significance of these loans and the duty of the United States citizens in supporting them.

The entire program was intensely interesting and inspiring to those present, and all entered thoroughly into the spirit of the evening.

October 17: The State Fair

Fair Week fell this year October 15th to 20th, and Wednesday and Thursday were observed, as usual, by the School as holidays.

On Wednesday, just after lunch, excited chattering groups began to gather in front of Main Building, all prepared to have the very best time possible. Safely on the cars, the fun began, for in a few minutes every one was passing through the Fair Ground gates into the Midway, where, besides the ever enjoyable Whip, Merry-go-Round, and Ferris

Wheel, there were lined up all the varied and wondrous sideshows, while the fortune-tellers told just as mysterious tales as before. All the same places, familiar to the Old Girls from experience, and to the New Girls from hearsay, had to be visited. It was found that the "cotton candy" vanished as fascinatingly as ever, and that hot dogs and sandwiches were just as good as memory had pictured them. How the hours did fly! It really did seem almost no time before the last souvenir had been bought, the last ride taken, and St. Mary's girls were streaming into the grove happy and tired. Some piled off overloaded street cars, others strolled up the west walk, and a few favored ones drove up in machines. However they arrived, the girls were loaded with balloons, balls, "squeedunks," the popular swagger sticks, and so forth, and every one was full of jokes on the other girls, and tales of the "perfectly wonderful time" that can never be forgotten.

October 19: M. Stephane Lausanne Addresses the School

We had the unusual pleasure of having with us for lunch on Friday, October 19th, M. Stephane Lausanne, editor of the *Paris Matin*, who is lecturing in the United States on the war in Europe. After lunch he spoke briefly but effectively to those present in the dining-room, telling of the French situation, of the brave little country in the great struggle, and of the Hun and their dealings with the Allies, of their destruction and barbarity, and methods of warfare.

His manner was charming and pleasing, at the same time being forceful and straight to the point. We have had no greater honor this year than that of having him address the School, and certainly no more interesting or inspiring occasion.

October 22: The Fall Athletic Meet

The first event of the athletic year was the outdoor meet held Monday afternoon, October 22d. Throughout the afternoon there was much admirable work on each side, giving promise of an especially good year in the athletic line.

The result of the meet was a victory for the Mus, the score being 260 points to 238½, as follows:

	<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Mu</i>
I. Three-Legged Race	6	3
Sigma, 1st and 3d; Mu, 2d.		
II. Running Broad Jump.....	39½	33
Every 6 inches over 10 ft. scored 1 point.		
III. Dodge Ball	22	36
Each girl not hit out scored 2 points.		
IV. Running High Jump.....	138	176
Every inch over 3 ft. scored 1 point.		
V. Arch Goal Ball.....	23	12
2 points for each goal; 5 points for 1st place.		
VI. Relay Race	10	
	<hr/> 238½	<hr/> 260

E. Waddell and H. Battle, Sigma, won the Three-Legged Race, with K. Batts and R. Howie, Mu, second, and H. Barber and R. Hill, Sigma, third. In the Broad Jump, Mary Hoke led with a jump of 13 ft. 10 in., followed by Elspeth Askew, 12 ft. 9 in., and Nina Cooper, 12 ft. 8 in. The St. Mary's record, made by Helen Battle in 1916, is 15 ft. 6 in., while the American Woman's Record is 16 ft. 9½ in. In the Running High Jump, Helen Battle and Nina Cooper tied at 4 ft. 1 in., while E. Askew, Harriet Barber, Mary Dall, Mary Hoke, and Millicent Barwis each jumped 4 ft. The previous record, 4 ft. 1 in., was made by Helen Battle in 1916, while the Women's Record is 4 ft. 9 inches.

October 25: The Liberty Bonds

On Thursday, October 25th, Dr. Lay talked on the Liberty Bonds and our part in the War. Following the talk, in order to give effect to his suggestions, a Student Meeting was held with Katharine Drane presiding, and it was resolved to subscribe to \$250 of the Liberty Bonds for the student-body and to raise this amount for this purpose among the girls. The bonds when fully paid for are to be contributed as the gift of the girls to the Endowment Fund of St. Mary's, thus

aiding two good causes at the same time. Over \$200 has thus far been promised to be paid in by the Christmas Vacation.

October 27: Literary Society Reception

The old members of the Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Societies gave a delightful reception in the parlor on Saturday evening, October 27th. The parlor was beautifully decorated in autumn leaves. Miss Hester, Estelle Ravenel, and Helen Laughinghouse and the other officers of the societies were in the receiving line to welcome the guests.

The program for the evening began with a delightful talk by Dr. Lay on "Patriotism." This was followed by a patriotic recitation by Aline Hughes. Then Anita Smith gave a delightful solo, "Chrysanthemums." This was followed by a reading, "Mr. Hoover Will Get You If You Don't Look Out," by Agnes Pratt. The program was concluded with the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by Hilah Tarwater.

Delicious refreshments were served by some of the Old Girls, the idea of the patriotic entertainment being carried out in the favors of little flags, and tiny red, white and blue whistles in the form of steamboats. Every one went away blowing whistles, waving flags, and each New Girl feeling fully repaid for having passed on all studies, and so becoming a member of one of the societies.

October 29: Faculty Recital

The First Faculty Recital of the season was given in the Auditorium on the evening of Monday, October 29th, and was an Ensemble Recital by Miss Louise Seymour and Miss Rebecca Hill Shields.

The best example of the perfect time and technique was probably the Danse Macabre by Saint-Saëns, which was most thoroughly appreciated. Miss Seymour and Miss Shields were assisted by a string quartet composed of Mr. Gustav Hagedorn, first violin, Miss Ida Mae Lyons, second violin, Mr. Robert Jordan, viola, Mr. Wilbur Royster, violoncello.

The program was as follows:

<i>Saint-Saëns</i>	Variations on a Beethoven theme (1835-)
<i>Schubert</i>	Quartet in E flat, op. 125 (1797-1828)
	Allegro Moderato
	Scherzo
	Adagio
	Allegro
<i>Chaminade</i>	Le Soir (1861-)
<i>Arensky</i>	Le Matin (1862-1906)
	Valse
	Romance
<i>Saint-Saëns</i>	Danse Macabre

October 31: Hallowe'en Party

An air of mystery prevailed everywhere. Every one seemed busy with scissors, pins, and all kinds of materials. Every one was asking, "What are you going to represent?" and getting the same answer: "Wait and see!" Hallowe'en night, as Miss Sutton struck the first chords of the grand march, such a happy procession as came marching in—fairies, Japanese, Chinese, witches, Indians and everything imaginable. After one or two short dances a hush of expectancy passed through the crowd and "The Seniors are coming" was passed from one to another. There had been various surmises as to what they would represent, but who would ever have imagined the dignified Seniors as the "Funny Paper"? The Newly-Weds, Hooligan and Susanne, Alphonso and Gaston, and the Katzenjammer family were all there, and they each gave us a little characteristic scene. After this every one scattered, some to the fortune-booths to "ring" a fortune, others to the different little tents to have their fortunes really told, while the bravest ventured to go through the witches' cave, about which all kinds of awful experiences are related, such as shaking hands with a ghost, hearing his bones rattle, and even having his blood dropped on you. Every one had such a good time that we were all sorry that the 31st of October only comes once a year.

November 1: Founders' Day

November 1st is always celebrated at St. Mary's as Founders' Day and is the one day set apart during the year for commemorating the lives of those who have made St. Mary's what it is. An inter-society meeting was held in the parlor for this purpose. The program consisted of Alma Mater by the School, a reading on "Founders' Day and Its Meaning," by Dorothy Kirtland; a reading on the "Life of Dr. Aldert Smedes," by Rebecca Baxter; a talk on the "History of the Chapel," by Miss Katie; and the meeting came to a close with the singing of "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees."

November 3: The Inter-Class Parties

The fall Class Parties were held this year on the evening of Saturday, November 3d, the Seniors entertaining the Sophomores in the Muse Room, the Juniors entertaining the Freshmen in the parlor, and the "Preps" having a great time in honor of themselves in the "old dining-room."

The Seniors had decorated the Muse Room very prettily in green and white, the colors of 1920, and offered for the entertainment of their guests an amusing guessing contest based on popular musical airs, Elspeth Askew proving the successful one in her answers. A salad course was served, in the same color scheme, after which "Miss Katie" toasted the Sophomores and Miss Hester the Seniors. The Rector's toast, also, was graceful and much appreciated.

In the parlor the Juniors gave a "little girl and boy party," and the "children" were very attractive and decidedly amusing. The Juniors as capped and aproned maids received their young protégés and entertained them with such grown-up games as "blind man's buff" and "marching to Jerusalem." The stick candy and lemonade was very refreshing. Guests and hostesses united in the enjoyment of an evening of simplicity and fun.

The "Preps" rejoiced in a "tacky party," and it was a "rich and rare" occasion. Some of the teachers appearing in costume gave added enjoyment and added to the spirit of the occasion. The feature of the program was the music of the "Chinese Marine Band" on the combs,

with Mary Neal leading, a treat so thrilling that it almost broke up the dancing. Margaret Yorke's "solo dance" also won much favor. The refreshments "strung out" through the evening, from "all-day-suckers" to peanuts, were heartily consumed, and every one had a good time. Sara Lesley had the honor of being voted the "tackiest" present, but there were several near rivals.

The members of the Faculty were invited to all three of the parties, and seemed to enjoy the glimpses they took at each of them.

November 8: Mr. Stone Entertains the Seniors

On Thursday afternoon, November 8th, the Seniors were delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Stone, at their home on Boylan Avenue. Soon after arriving the guests were put to work with a very interesting guessing contest in which Katharine Drane won the honors, a gift of some beautiful yellow chrysanthemums. When the guests entered the dining-room they found still another guessing contest, for each person had to find her place by guessing the riddle on her place card which would make her name. After these had been puzzled out, with a good deal of help from Mr. Stone, very delicious refreshments were served. Soon after this it was discovered that it was almost six o'clock, and the party broke up regretfully. Mr. and Mrs. Stone always entertain most delightfully, and the Seniors spent a most enjoyable afternoon with them.

November 10: The Circus

Every year the "Circus" forms one of the most exciting and amusing events of the fall term. It is one of the best entertainments gotten up under the auspices of the Muse Club, showing much ingenuity and well used originality. Every one joins in the spirit of a real "circus"; and it is indeed a circus! The whole School certainly owes the Muse Club and their circus coterie a vote of thanks for one of the most delightful and amusing evenings ever spent at St. Mary's.

As the eager, expectant crowd poured past the ticket stand just inside the Gym, and quite as well placed and as effective as Barnum

& Bailey's own, they entered the circus world of wonders. To the left were the great sideshows, "The Fat Lady with the Little Feet," "The Tall Lady and The Fat Lady," "The Great Red Sea," "World's Famous Fortune-Tellers," etc., along with peanut and popcorn stands. To the right was the animal tent, and surely the real dumb creatures would have been jealous of their human counterparts! There was a huge cat, a big green frog, two most lovable monkeys, a great Belgian hare, and rarest of all, an elephant, the likes of which has never been seen before. They were most attractively arranged in stalls with hay in plenty and keepers to avoid any accidents or harm to the circus-goers. Then there was the ice-cream stand, most attractive in the patriotic decorations, which proved most popular. And the "hot-dog" stand still further on needs no description or testimonial of its attractiveness and popularity; the clowns who served had the rush of their lives.

Time had hardly been given for full enjoyment of the side attractions before the ringmaster, followed by the animals, entered the ring in the center of the floor. Ellen Lay made a most original and amusing ringmaster, and the monkeys kept things lively whenever there was danger of a lull in the ring. There followed wonderful acrobatic stunts by a group of artistically dressed acrobats, ingenious clown stunts by several delightful clowns, music by a Scotch kilty band which deserves wide fame for their good music, and there were solo dances beautifully rendered by Sara Denson and Louise Bacon in Hawaiian costume.

It is impossible to give in detail all the delights of that circus, but it will long be remembered with keen enjoyment by the spectators.

November 12: First Team Basket-Ball Game

The first game of basket-ball by the first teams of the Sigma and Mu Athletic Associations was held Monday, November 12th. Throughout the game there was unusually quick playing on the part of all, and some unusually good passing. If the first game is considered an indication, the basket-ball of this year will be of unusual interest. The result was a victory for the Sigmas with a score of 10-3.

The line-up was as follows :

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
Waddell (Capt.)	<i>Forward</i>	McMullan
N. Cooper	<i>Forward</i>	Cabell
Ravenel	<i>Center</i>	E. B. Lay
Mullins	<i>Side Center</i>	Barber
Battle	<i>Guard</i>	Burke (Capt.)
Scott	<i>Guard</i>	Glass

November 15: Rev. Dr. Elmore, Y. M. C. A. Speaker During Campaign Week

On Thursday morning, November 15th, we had the very great pleasure of having Rev. Dr. W. T. Elmore address the student-body and the Faculty in the Schoolroom.

Dr. Elmore is the pastor of the Baptist Church at Hamilton, N. Y., was formerly for many years a missionary in India, and is now doing Y. M. C. A. work in the Army, being at present stationed at Camp Greene, N. C.

His address to the School will long be remembered by those who heard him, and the broad and deep impressions of the work of the Y. M. C. A. among our soldiers here, and among the fighting forces abroad, will be lasting. He spoke of many things, the keynote of all being Service, from the work of the Y. M. C. A. to the vital service of those who are devoting their lives to giving much-needed aid to the poor of India. In connection with the Y. M. C. A. work he read two poems written by "Rookies," witty but full of pictures of the splendid Y. M. C. A. service in the camps and in the trenches. "The Y. M. C. A. Sec." was most delightful. Who can forget the figure of the Y. M. C. A. man with his ever-ready cup of steaming coffee, in the camp, in the trench, and in No Man's Land, for the wounded there, as pictured in the second poem? Poems such as these drive home to us the spirit of the service of the Y. M. C. A. by the lasting place it has gained in the hearts of the men at the front and in camp, as portrayed by the verses of the "Rookies" themselves.

Dr. Elmore gave many personal sketches of the life at the camps' Y. M. C. A. headquarters. Especially impressive was that of the Montana "mule skimmers."

Dr. Elmore's manner was most charming, evidenced strongly by the complete captivation of his audience. How fortunate the work of the Y. M. C. A. is to have a man so understanding in his sympathies, so personally attractive, and so intensely alive to the mission of the Y. M. C. A., and with so broad a view and experience in the field of service!

Nor can we fail to realize more fully the splendid work of the Y. M. C. A. and the importance of our individual support to this far-reaching service for "Our Boys," both here and abroad.

M. H. B.

November 15: First Expression Recital

On Thursday afternoon, November 15th, a most enjoyable recital was given by members of Miss Davis's Expression Class. The program took the form of several readings, followed by a one-act play. The recitations were all well rendered, one of the most delightful being a realistic selection given by Dorothy Kirtland. The one-act play was hardly to be improved upon; the parts were well taken, and the whole evening was thoroughly delightful to all present.

The program was as follows:

"The First Call on the Butcher" (<i>Monologue</i>).....	VIRGINIA WILLIAMS
"Locherbie Street" } (Selections from <i>Riley</i>)	RUTH RUSSELL
"A Song" }	
"A Boy's Mother" }	
"Unexpected Guests" (<i>Monologue</i>).....	ANNIE HIGGS
"Who's Afraid?".....	DOROTHY KIRTLAND

ONE-ACT PLAY

"FIRST AID TO THE WOUNDED"

By Harold Montague

CHARACTERS

Sybil Rawson, <i>Dr. Rawson's daughter</i>	ALICE SEED
Lieutenant Martin, <i>a patient</i>	KATHERINE WHITE

SCENE—Sitting-room at Dr. Rawson's home

November 18: A Visit From Dean Myers

Rev. George B. Myers, Dean of the Cathedral in Havana, Cuba, who is now traveling in the southern dioceses in the interest of his

missionary work among the Cubans in and out of Havana, spent Sunday, November 18th, in Raleigh, and, in addition to speaking at the city churches, made the address at our five o'clock service in the Chapel and spoke to the members of the Junior Auxiliary in the parlor after supper.

Dean Myers' addresses were very much appreciated and he aroused much interest among the girls in his work.

At the afternoon service he spoke on the new civilization which will be built up after the war, and said that it must be a Christian civilization if it is to last, and that this Christian civilization can only be secured by giving a Christian education to the coming generation, be they white, black, yellow, or brown.

To the Auxiliary Dean Myers told briefly how the Church work in Cuba embraced three sides—the ministration to the Americans and other white Church people, which is self-supporting; the ministration to the West Indian black people, members of the Church of England, who form an important part of the floating population of Havana and other parts of Cuba; and the work among the native Cubans, of a distinctly missionary character, the special work for which he is appealing. He showed some very pretty and interesting pictures of the Cathedral and of characteristic Cuban scenes, and told many interesting things about his rapidly growing work. And he again emphasized the need of training up the young people of today with the best Christian ideals in order to ensure a fine, strong, true civilization after the war is over.

It was interesting to St. Mary's girls to know that Dean Myers was at one time closely associated with Bishop Bratton, and that the head of one of the Cathedral schools under his charge was for many years Miss Elleneen E. Checkley, now of Canada, but for a number of years, while teacher of History, a prominent member of the St. Mary's Faculty.

SCHOOL NOTES

At the beginning of school all the old St. Mary's girls were extremely glad to see Nancy Woolford and Katherine Darden, even though their visit was such a short one. Nancy stopped with us for a few days before taking up her training at St. Luke's Hospital, New York. We, one and all, wish her the best of success in her work.

Later in the year, for the Fair and short visits to friends in School, we were delighted to have with us a number of old St. Mary's girls, among whom were: Anne Wilson, Nellie Rose, "Doodley" Cheatham, Helen Brigham, Carol Collier, Julia and Virginia P. Allen, Martha and Helen Wright (now Mrs. Munt), and Evelyn Moss. We were also glad to have a glimpse of Catherine Gilmer, Placid Clark, Hattie Copeland, Martha Hood, Rosa Lee Willingham, Sallie Hyman, and Mary Lamb (Mrs. Bunn), Alice Noble, Sara Borden, Lucile Anderson, and Minerva Stockton.

Visits from all old St. Mary's girls are welcomed with great pleasure by both the Faculty and old students. We are always glad to have them with us again, and hope that they will come to St. Mary's as often as they are in Raleigh, and look upon it as a place where they can always find a warm welcome from dear old friends.

With the Rector

On October 15th Dr. Lay left Raleigh for a very interesting trip North. He first attended the National Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, in Philadelphia, which was especially interesting with regard to war work in cantonments. There were some splendid addresses by men of national importance, and perhaps the address of Mr. S. S. Nash, brother-in-law of Bishop Cheshire, about the work in Tarboro and neighborhood, aroused as much interest as any. Two of the principal addresses were by Mr. George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia, and Governor Manning of South Carolina. While at-

tending this convention Dr. Lay met a number of classmates and old friends, the Rector of St. Clements and Rev. Llewellyn N. Caley being among the latter.

The Rector then went on to New York City mainly for the purpose of attending the meetings of the Southern Commercial Congress. It had been eighty years since a Southern Commercial organization of this kind had met in New York. Governor Manning again took a prominent part, and evoked much enthusiasm when he said he had five sons, all of whom had enlisted in the United States service. Besides a large number of men from North Carolina and South Carolina, and other parts of the South, the governors of several States, and large delegations from the diplomatic corps were present.

While in New York the Rector saw Mrs. Stocking (Miss Luney) and Miss Thomas. He also saw several of the recent Alumnae, among whom were Elizabeth Carrison (S. M. S., '15) and Nancy Woolford (S. M. S., 1915-17), and called on several others who, unfortunately for him, were out. The Rector had the great pleasure of dining with Rev. St. Clair Hester and family.

On his return Dr. Lay spent a day again in Philadelphia, staying with a former St. Paul's School master, and while there met a number of St. Paul's School alumni. He attended all day a series of meetings at the Drexel Institute in connection with its Twenty-fifth Anniversary. The Institute entertained the members of this Conference most delightfully at lunch, afternoon tea, and a smoker. The meetings were a fitting climax to the various interests treated with in the other meetings above mentioned, the object being to show what the universities and colleges were doing and could do in view of the war and the conditions following the war. The two main points that seemed to stand out most prominently were, that the war is being run by college-bred men, and that to the educational institutions of this country and Japan the world must look to prepare men and women to help in its rebuilding when the war is over. Especial appeal was made that the higher institutions for women in this country should offer free opportunity for education to fit the women to take the places of the more than 1,300,000 men who have already been killed. The

most interesting thing about the Drexel Institute, in the Rector's mind, was that the men students are in the minority and, therefore, are the co-eds!

The Rector's first sermon, on his return, was largely a recounting of the inspirations of the meetings, and suggestions as to our line of duty here.

The Y. M. C. A. "Sec."

[These verses illustrating the close relation in the everyday life of the men in camp to the Y. M. C. A. secretaries were used by Dr. Elmore in his address, and he kindly furnished a copy of the clipping for reproduction here.]

If a rookie wants a pen,
See the Sec.

If the checkerboard needs men,
See the Sec.

That's him standing over there
With that "morning after" air,
Helping fix that busted chair,
That's the Sec.

"Say, have you folks got some string
Mister Sec?"

"Mister, can you help us sing?"
That same Sec.

"Pa's address is put on wrong."

"Say, how far to old Hong Kong?"
He hears this stuff right along,
Don't you, Sec?

If a blotter will not blot,
See the Sec.

If your table mess is rot,
Tell the Sec.

If your wife is out of lard,
If you've got ten hours on guard,
If the "M. P.'s" got your pard,
See the Sec.

"Trola needles are all out,
Mister Sec."

"Water sprinkler needs a spout,
Mister Sec."

"What is good for frost-bit nose?"

"D'you know when the mess-call blows?"
That's the way it always goes,
Don't it, Sec.?

If a rookie cannot write,
Get the Sec.

If your tent-mate snores at night,
Tell the Sec.

If it's anything at all,
Fountain pen or basket-ball,
He will be there when you call,
Good old Sec.

At ten p. m. he hits the hay—
Good-night, Sec.

But when morning bugles play,
Get up, Sec.

"Say, have you all got a hoe?"

"Where does the Seaboard Air Line go?"

"Gimme a pencil, right quick, do!"
Oh, you, Sec.

The St. Mary's Muse

Subscription Price
Single Copies

One Dollar
Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1917-1918

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18, *Editor-in-Chief*

SENIOR REPORTERS

KATHARINE P. DRANE, '18

ELIZABETH McM. FOLK, '18

JUNIOR REPORTERS

HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '20

ELLEN LAY, '19

MILDRED KIRTLAND, '20

ALICE SEED, '20

AGNES T. PRATT, '18, *Business Manager*

MARY C. WILSON, '20, *Assistant Business Manager*

EDITORIAL

With this number we are beginning the twenty-second volume of the MUSE, and though the MUSE is so old as twenty-one years, we wish to remind our readers that the present Board of Editors is only just beginning its existence. Realizing our own youth and the age of the MUSE, we are therefore asking the help and coöperation of those who have gone before us, as well as of the girls who are at St. Mary's this year. We know what great interest the Alumnæ feel in the MUSE, as well as in their Alma Mater itself, so we are asking them to help us, with their interest, subscriptions, and news. From the girls of '17-18 we need and expect a great many things: sketches, stories, poems, news. We want them to realize, too, that this is their MUSE—not just the Muse Club's, or the Alumnæ's—and that only with the help of every girl in the School can we make this MUSE just as inter-

esting as we all wish it to be. If you girls have ever read any MUSES of the past you will realize what high standards we have to live up to; so we all will have to get to work—*good hard work TOGETHER*—to uphold these standards as well as it is in us to do.

The Seventy-Sixth Session

The new session always causes a variety of feelings: We are glad to welcome new friends, and yet we can but miss those friends who are away. We have many new friends this year, beginning with Miss Hester, Mrs. Marriott, and Miss Agnes Barton in the Faculty, and including all of the new girls. We wish to welcome them all, and to assure Miss Hester that we are anxious to help her and coöperate with her and Dr. Lay in every way possible. Then, too, we wish Miss Thomas, and the others who have left us, to know that we miss them and think of them often.

The Senior Class regrets the absence of two of its members, Ruth Gebert and Marion Edwards. Ruth Gebert is attending college in her home State, Louisiana, and we feel that Marion Edwards is one of the St. Mary's contributions to the war, because she leaves school to take up training as a nurse in the Children's Hospital at Washington, from which hospital Grace Crews, another St. Mary's girl, graduated last Spring.

To the New Girls

Of course, you all have studied the catalogue till you almost know it by heart; but there are a few other words we would like to add, on the subject of Student Organizations. Every one belongs to a branch of the Junior Auxiliary, and also to one of the two athletic associations. Although the Mus have held the championship in athletics for some time, the Sigmas have given them a stiff fight, and we are hoping for some good games this year; and also hoping that the new girls will have lots of "Pep" and interest, as well as skill in playing basket-ball, volley ball, etc.

The organizations with voluntary membership, the Sketch Club, the Music organizations, the Dramatic Club, of course have certain qualifications for membership. We are hoping, though, that there will be numbers of new girls with musical and artistic talent, and that many of them will "try out" for the Dramatic Club. You new girls, talk to the old girls and find out about how much fun "dramatics" are; and do not let these old girls frighten you with tales of "trying out." We need some "stars," and none of you "know what you can do 'til you try."

The Altar Guild, which really does mean so much at St. Mary's, is in "Miss Katie's" charge, as is the Auxiliary, and those girls who are invited to join should feel the honor, as well as responsibility, accompanying membership.

The question of limited membership in the literary societies is yet to be worked up, but we do want some good work and enthusiasm for debates, or whatever else comes in the literary program of the year. There are so many interesting modern questions these days that we should be able to make that program interesting enough for everybody. The records of the two societies are just about equal, so it is "up to" every individual girl to help her society in this year's race for the championship. Of course, we all are going to do our very best.

All you new girls, we are looking to you for new ideas and help on all these lines; so please don't fail us. We have great faith in you. And, finally, remember that no organization watches the development and work of the new girls with more interest than the Muse Club, which officially edits the Monthly and Annual MUSE. The Muse Club formally elects its new members semiannually, and is always looking for interested, efficient new members, with the true St. Mary's spirit, to take the place of those members who, necessarily leave at each Commencement.

The Athletic Associations

The athletic activities have started off with their usual vigor, and the athletic program has been carried out these first months even a little better than heretofore. The Sigmas have had the best of the

early contests, but the Mus are far from hopeless of evening things up later on in the year.

The new members were “selected” as heretofore, and the season opened with the Gym. Party for all in honor of the new members, which was given on September 29th.

On Monday, October 22, the Fall Meet proved interesting to an enthusiastic audience, and proved a divided victory, as the Mus won on points despite the fact that the Sigmas were victorious in four of the five events.

On the following Monday the first basket-ball game resulted in a victory for the Sigmas, 10 to 3; and on Monday, November 12, the Sigmas were victors in the first Junior basket-ball game.

The Tennis Tournament, begun early in October, has been carried through promptly.

The officers of the associations for 1917-18 are:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>
ESTELLE RAVENEL.....	<i>President</i>	KATHARINE DRANE
MARIAN DRANE.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	NINA BURKE
ELIZABETH WADDELL.....	<i>Basket-ball Captain</i>	NINA BURKE

The Junior Auxiliary

In the desire to make the work of the Junior Auxiliary more effective, a somewhat different organization has been arranged for the year, and has made a good start toward a season of accomplishment.

Miss “Katie” McKimmon continues to be the active head of the Auxiliary, with a supervising oversight over all the chapters, but the girls have assumed more direct responsibility than heretofore and under the leadership of Susan Smith and a council of representatives from each of the chapters are working out the plans for the year.

Instead of having the chapters divided according to residence in the dormitories, the choice of members was this year selective, a committee of three for each chapter being commissioned by the Rector to choose the other members of the chapter. An eighth chapter has been named in honor of Miss Kate McKimmon, and each of the eight chapters has approximately twenty members.

JUNIOR AUXILIARY ORGANIZATION, 1917-18

*General Directress, Miss McKimmon**Chairman of the Council, Susan Smith*

ST. ANNE'S CHAPTER

Estelle Ravenel.....	<i>President</i>	Susan Smith
Mary C. Wilson.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	Bessie Folk
Janet White.....	<i>Secretary</i>	Mary Ruth Divine
Mildred Jones.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	Catherine Lefferts

Members of the Council

M. Jones, M. C. Wilson, M. Lesley	S. Smith, M. R. Divine, C. Lefferts
Miss Roberts.....	<i>Directress</i> Miss Robins

ST. MONICA'S CHAPTER

Carrie McI. Wilkes.....	<i>President</i>	Mildred Kirtland
Mary Mullins.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	Helen Battle
Louise Pearsall.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Katharine Drane

Members of the Council

L. Pearsall, E. Pender, C. M. Wilkes	H. Battle, A. Seed, M. Kirtland
Mrs. Marriott.....	<i>Directress</i> Miss A. Barton

ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPTER

Marian Drane.....	<i>President</i>	Mary Neal
Katharine Batts.....	<i>Secretary</i>	Anita Smith
Mary Dall	<i>Treasurer</i>	Aline Hughes

Members of the Council

M. Drane, K. Batts, M. Dall	H. Mason, M. Gold, M. Neal
Miss Shields.....	<i>Directress</i> Miss M. Bottum

LUCY BRATTON CHAPTER

Agnes Pratt.....	<i>President</i>	Dorothy Wood
Louise Toler.....	<i>Secretary</i>	Eleanor Sublett
Rainsford Glass.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	Audrey Stone

Members of the Council

R. Glass, L. Toler, E. Bowne	A. Stone, E. Sublett, D. Wood
Miss Sutton.....	<i>Directress</i> Miss F. Bottum

The Literary Societies

The literary societies were organized in 1900, and from the date of their organization keen rivalry existed between the members of Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi, reaching high-water mark each year in the annual intersociety debate.

In 1909 the larger school and the lack of sufficiently large meeting rooms to accommodate the increased membership made it seem advisable to add a third society to the two already existent, and Alpha Rho came into being.

With three societies the question of the annual intersociety debate became a moot problem. As a solution first, in 1914, a series of three debates with each society debating the other two was tried, and while proving successful in 1914 and 1915, it seemed to burden the round of the year with too much debate. For 1916 a triangular debate was suggested, with the usual difficulties, the necessity for a final trying-out being obviated by the substitution of the Shakespearian Pageant. Last year, in 1917, the St. Mary's Pageant in honor of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary took the place of the debate.

But with these changes, though possibly not in connection with them, the societies have not thrived as they should, and it seemed best this year to go back again to the former plan and have but the two societies and a limited membership. Alpha Rho has accordingly been absorbed by her older sisters, and Sigma Lambda and Epsilon Alpha Pi stand again rivals as of old.

To test the scholarship of the prospective new members, the invitations to membership were delayed until the close of the first month of the session, when the eligible were invited to make choice of a society, and old members and new members together enjoyed the reception given in honor of the latter.

As yet arrangements for the debate have not been perfected, but the two societies continue to have charge in turn of the Inter-society Student Meetings which mark the celebration of the holidays of the school year, are taking a share in the editorship of the *MUSE* as told elsewhere, and are holding their regular meetings fortnightly on Tuesday evenings.

The officers for 1917-18 are:

Sigma Lambda

ESTELLE RAVENEL.....	President	HELEN LAUGHINGHOUSE
KATHARINE DRANE.....	Vice-President	NOVELLA MOYE
ALINE HUGHES.....	Secretary	HELEN BATTLE
RAINSFORD GLASS.....	Treasurer	BESSIE FOLK

Epsilon Alpha Pi

ALUMNAE MATTERS

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, *Alumnæ Editor*

St. Mary's Alumnæ Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.
			Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. John H. Holmes, Chapel Hill.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Walter Grimes, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

The great element of strength in a school is the coöperation of its Alumnæ. In order for the Alumnæ to coöperate they must know what is going on at the School. There are many ways in which this information can be obtained, but the most important and obvious is by taking the School paper. By doing so they learn the news of the School, the advancement that is being made, the plans that are contemplated for the future, and the aspirations and hopes of the Rector and others responsible for its management. In no other way can so many people be reached as through the pages of our School paper.

I wish to urge upon all the Alumnæ that, if they wish to help the School, the first thing they should do is to subscribe to the *MUSE*, and then that they should read it. They would thus keep in touch with us, and would also give us the feeling that we were working together in an effective way.

GEORGE W. LAY,

Rector.

September, 1917.

The \$250,000 Fund

Everywhere I go I try to emphasize two points which on first glance may seem contradictory. The first point is, that the movement to secure the Fund is *not* an Alumnæ movement but a movement of the Trustees, and therefore of the whole Church in the Carolina Dioceses

that own the School. The other point is that the success of the movement depends very largely upon the Alumnæ—that is to say, the *product* of the School, as well as the *present need*, justifies the movement, and the enthusiasm of the Alumnæ is the inspiration of the canvassers. A good illustration of the practical help of the Alumnæ enthusiasm was recently shown by the Alumnæ of Henderson on the eve of the canvass in that town. A fine demonstration of interest on the part of the Alumnæ such as this in every other place would certainly guarantee success. We have reason and right to expect this.

FRANCIS M. OSBORNE,
Special Representative of the Trustees.

The Program of the Henderson Alumnæ on the Eve of the Campaign for the \$250,000 Fund

We of the Holy Innocents' Parish, Henderson, N. C., have just completed a very successful canvass for the \$250,000 Fund for St. Mary's School.

On the Monday night preceding the canvass the Alumnæ of St. Mary's gave an entertainment in the Parish House for the members of the Congregation and friends of the School in general.

It was a truly inspiring occasion. The Parish House was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and flowers, and a large St. Mary's banner was given a central place in the auditorium. Twenty-seven St. Mary's girls took part in the entertainment. We marched into the auditorium singing "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand"; not a girl present but wished she were back at St. Mary's again, and almost felt like she was—for the time being! Our two oldest daughters led the line of march—Mrs. Charles Raney (St. Mary's, 1854) and Mrs. W. J. Robards (St. Mary's, 1861).

The program for the evening was composed entirely of subjects dealing with St. Mary's, present, past, or future.

- MARY BROWN BUTLER.

Greetings

(SPOKEN TO THE HENDERSON ALUMNÆ)

We are all of us St. Mary's girls, and it is in behalf of them that I want to welcome you here tonight for just a short time.

Some of us, of course, were at St. Mary's a much longer time ago than others; but that is no reason why we love our Alma Mater any less. In fact, you see we have all the more years to look back on our schooldays and keep adding to our love for St. Mary's and everything there—but especially the chapel. Somehow the chapel is the heart of the School. No matter how much one pretends to fuss while there about having to go to so many chapel services, yet in after years it is always the chapel around which one's fondest memories cling.

Many of you may not know that St. Mary's was originally a school for boys. Yes, it was! Don't some of you men wish you could say with us, "We went to St. Mary's"? However, this was only for about ten years. Then, may be because it proved unsuccessful, or may be because Bishop Ives thought little girls were so much nicer than little boys, in 1842 he got Dr. Aldert Smedes to open St. Mary's School for Girls. In 1897 under Dr. Bennett Smedes the School became the property of the Church, and has been so for the last twenty years.

It is one of the proudest traditions of St. Mary's that during the Civil War it was not only a school, but also a place of refuge for the President of our Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, who spent some time there with his family.

St. Mary's celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary on last May 12th, so do you wonder at the many lovely customs and memories that have been handed down from generation to generation?

The love which we feel for St. Mary's is well expressed in a poem by an alumna of 1905 which I will repeat for you:

When you hear of the School—just as most of us do—
Of its feasts and its fun—and, of course, lessons, too—
When you've studied the catalog through and through,
That's when you dream of St. Mary's.

When you've told all your friends and relations "Good-bye,"
And have been on the train 'til most ready to die,
And are tired and dusty and wanting to cry—
That's when you dread St. Mary's.

When 'mid rattle and clatter and dust in whirls
You find yourself in an ocean of girls,
With long hair and short hair, with plaits and curls—
That's when you reach St. Mary's.

When the girls take to hiding in quiet nooks,
When all around you see nothing but books—
And "exam week" is plainly announced by the looks—
That's when you fear St. Mary's.

When the day comes that's dearest to every heart,
When you don't know why, but your eyes will smart,
When the best of friends are forced to part—
That's when you leave St. Mary's.

But from early youth till snowy years,
'Mid a daily round of laughter and tears,
Through a whole lifetime of joys and cares—
That's when you love St. Mary's.

MARY BROWN BUTLER, 1913.

The Campaign Goes on in Spite of the War

(Reprinted from a leaflet issued by the Committee on the Endowment Fund.)

War hysteria has affected some people and threatened to suspend everything except those things directly connected with the conduct of the war. Some individuals seem to think that conditions created by the war place insuperable obstacles in the way of this campaign. But our Trustees, our Bishops, and our Diocesan Councils—in short, those in authority—have directed the prosecution of this campaign—and *there are many good reasons.*

(a) *The necessity for the Fund is increased by the conditions growing out of the war.*

Up to this time careful management of the institution has made it a profitable investment for the Church. But now, on account of the increased cost of running the School, due to the high cost of things,

an unusual deficit is inevitable unless we pay the building debt and have the advantage of a partial endowment. Such a situation would seriously handicap the School.

(b) *There has never been so much money in the country before.* It is a truism to say that the time to get money is when there is plenty of money in circulation. Every one knows that America is overflowing with wealth. The enormous expenditures of our Government and of our Allies flow through our commercial channels. Every one complains of high prices, but the fact remains that, except for a few, nearly every one has more money and is making more money than ever before. *Do we hope for more by waiting?*

(c) *It is a patriotic duty to make adequate provisions for our schools—especially at this time.* The United States Commissioner of Education, says:

“It is of the greatest importance that the schools of the United States of all kinds and grades—public, private, and parochial—be maintained during the war without any lowering of their standards or falling off in their attendance.

“This is necessary both for the protection of our boys and girls against many unusual temptations to delinquencies of various kinds, and that they may have full opportunity for preparation for the work of life and for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship; all of which will require a higher degree of preparation because of the war.”

To further these ideas and keep them before the public, Commissioner Claxton has appealed to the ministers throughout this country for their coöperation, and he says *this is a patriotic duty which should be performed gladly both for the present defense and the future welfare of the country.*

How can the Episcopal Church in the Carolinas better perform her patriotic duty in this connection than by making adequate financial provision for a school which represents concretely our contribution to the education of the womanhood of our section of the country? *Here is a very definite chance to “do our bit.”* We must expect to make sacrifices of our abundant luxuries, and even of our lives, but we must not sacrifice the Church and her institutions.

(d) *People are learning to give as never before.* The amount and number of gifts now being given in response to the special calls of the

times should be of greatest encouragement in this campaign. These gifts are both an evidence and earnest of an awakened conscience on the part of a people threatened with the sordidness of prosperity. Men and women have given to Red Cross work in amounts which they have never given before. They will remember the joy that comes of giving and, being able, will be glad to give again. The times call for many gifts, and the aggregate amount is large, but the *per capita* amount is as yet small and we are far behind the standard of our Allies. For example, during the three years that England has been fighting for her existence she gave two hundred and forty million dollars for Belgian relief. During the same period we were getting rich on war profits and gave only eight millions. So we have not given ourselves poor as yet—but we are learning to give.

Dr. Fred P. Haggard of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, speaking on the basis of long experience with benevolent organizations and a study of the financial barometer of such organizations in belligerent countries, expresses it as his unqualified opinion that the exigencies of the war will tend to stimulate rather than diminish giving. This is borne out by the experience of nearly all the missionary and charitable organizations in England and Canada during the past three years.

(e) *We must loyally follow our leaders.*

For several years the Trustees of St. Mary's School, elected by the Carolina Dioceses, have been considering such a campaign. Now they have launched this movement and by their personal subscriptions, totaling thousands of dollars, given evidence of their sincere convictions and determination. Loyalty to those whom we have elected to this responsible trusteeship demands that we, who own the School and elected them to care for our institution, should follow their leadership and willingly express our approval of their past efficiency and faithfulness by a prompt and generous response.

(f) *To make democracy safe for the world we must be loyal to the Church and her institutions.* President Wilson says we are fighting "to make the world safe for democracy." Some one else has added that we want "a democracy that is safe for the world." The only safe

democracy is a Christian democracy. It takes the Church and her institutions to make a democracy Christian. If need be, then, even in these times the Church must not be reticent in presenting her material needs.

The comparatively small amount asked for a constructive work like Christian Education, compared with the large amounts expended in the destructive process of war, is to be considered. A nation morally and spiritually awakened will see the necessity for both, and will neglect neither. It would be a calamity to win a military victory and lose the very institutions which have helped to make the Christian civilization and Christian homes which we are fighting for.

The Archdeacon of Raleigh confirms our argument in a concise way:

"Almost every one, whether he be engaged in business or in farming, or in some other occupation, is making more money today than ever before. It is true the cost of living is higher, and that the Red Cross, war taxes and other war demands are asking and requiring much more. But the outstanding fact is that we have entered the war to maintain the principles of Christianity. If we win a material victory but give up our spiritual aims, we have accomplished nothing for the good of mankind. The world is not one whit safer for democracy than it was before."

The main thing, then, is to get the attention of those who own St. Mary's School, even in the midst of these troublous times, and to ask them to consider the importance of their action with reference to this enterprise. This is a day of opportunity for the Church. She should be bold in pressing her claim for loyal and generous support of all her institutions.

THE PRESENT NECESSITY FOR THE FUND

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees Finds That the War Has Increased the Necessity For and Importance of This Enterprise

It having been brought to the attention of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's School that there is, on the part of some, a tendency to regard the raising of this fund of less urgent importance than other demands of the times, held a special

meeting on September 20, 1917, to consider this matter, and unanimously adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That this Committee desire at this time to emphasize the importance of pressing with all possible earnestness the effort to raise funds, for the improvement and development of the School, for the establishment of some adequate endowment, and for relieving the School of the incubus of the existing building debt. *The critical importance of completing the work of raising the \$250,000 fund in accordance with the plans inaugurated by the Board of Trustees, is even more apparent to members of this Committee at the present time than it was a year ago;* and we feel that the special committee to whom the matter has been entrusted will spare no pains to keep the needs of the School before our people, and in every possible way to solicit their increased interest and liberality. The largeness of courage and enterprise, which proposed this effort to make some adequate provision for the demands of the School, has greatly encouraged the friends of St. Mary's. Any declination at this time from that high and generous purpose will be most unfavorable to the prosperity of the School. *Its needs are not such as can be safely postponed.* The Executive Committee have confidence in the Committee on Raising Funds, that they will at this time, in view of the many demands made on our people, not allow this vital matter of the welfare and success of St. Mary's School to be lost sight of or postponed to other objects. *There is no object more important and no duty more sacred than that of maintaining our institution for the training of the young. We are gladly giving our sons for the service of our country. Millions are freely spent to prepare them for effective service. We must not begrudge a few thousands for the training and development of our daughters, and their preparation for the more important and more sacred duties which devolve upon the women of our land.*

Alumnae Weddings

Swindell-Hales. On Tuesday, July 24th, at Trinity Church, Washington, D. C., Lorna Stanton Hales (S. M. S., 1908-09) and Lieut. Dr. Charles LeRoy Swindell, U. S. A. M. R. C.

Royall-Best. On Saturday, August 18th, at home, Warsaw, N. C., Margaret Pierce Best (S. M. S., 1915-16) and Mr. Kenneth Claiborne Royall.

Dawson-Paul. On Monday, August 20th, Lola Almeta Paul (S. M. S., 1915-16) and Mr. Frank Gates Dawson. At home, Alliance, N. C.

Toy-Williams. On Saturday, September 15th, city of Washington, Lena Child Williams (S. M. S.,) and Mr. Frederick Granville Yale Toy.

Bultman-Gregg. On Monday, October 1st, at Florence, S. C., Nina Gregg (S. M. S., 1916-17) and Mr. John Kustner Bultman. At home, 201 South Coit Street, Florence, S. C.

Green-Barnwell. On Tuesday, October 2d, at St. James Church, Wilmington, N. C., Elizabeth Barnwell (S. M. S.,) and Mr. Charles Frederick Green.

Plant-Moore. On Wednesday, October 3d, St. Pauls Church, Edenton, N. C., Pattie Lou Moore (S. M. S., 1907-08) and Mr. William Greenleaf Plant.

Trimble-Benedict. On Wednesday, October 10th, at Emmanuel Church, Asheville, N. C., Hortense Haughton Jones (S. M. S., 1909-11) and Mr. Richard Brogden Trimble, 14th Cavalry, U. S. A.

Broadfoot-Winston. On Thursday, October 11th, at the Baptist Church, Selma, N. C., Lizzie Winston (S. M. S., 1912-14) and Mr. William Gillies Broadfoot.

Stockton-Jones. On Saturday, October 13th, at Trinity Episcopal Church, Asheville, N. C., Hortense Haughton Jones (S. M. S., 1909-11) and Mr. Richard Gordon Stockton.

Hunter-Montague. On Wednesday, October 24th, at the First Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, N. C., Annie Lee Montague (S. M. S.,) and Mr. Clyde Harris Hunter.

Gaither-Robinson. On Wednesday, November 7th, at Christ Church, Elizabeth City, N. C., Helen Virgilia Robinson (S. M. S.,) and Mr. William Gassaway Gaither.

Jones-Busbee. On Thursday, November 15th, at Norfolk, Va., Susannah Steele Busbee, '13, and Captain Charles Jones, U. S. A.

Foster-Brown. On Saturday, November 17th, at St. Pauls Church, Centerville, Md., Dorothy Madison Brown (S. M. S.,) and Lieut. James William Foster.

Wise-Miller. On Wednesday, November 28th, at the Presbyterian Church, Trenton, S. C., Fannie Butler Miller (S. M. S., 1910-13) and Mr. Preston Brooks Wise, Jr.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Patronize those who patronize you. Remember that it is the advertisers who make the publication of the MUSE possible.

DON'T FORGET

TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE

and SODA FOUNTAIN

CORNER FAYETTEVILLE and HARGETT STREETS

Success in the Campaign for the Raising of the \$250,000 Fund to pay off the debt and provide additional new buildings, and the beginning of an Endowment Fund is of the utmost importance to St. Mary's.

Think of it, talk of it, and help in every way you can.

B. W. JONES

The
Best in
Groceries

Phones 667-668 528 Hillsboro Street

"You get them when promised"

Horton's Studio

Masonic Temple

"Workers in Artistic Photography"

Saint Mary's School Library

St. Mary's Girls Always Welcome at

Hudson-Belk Company

Full line of Ready-to-wear, Hosiery, Gloves, Furnishings, Dry Goods, Shoes, Toilet Goods, Ribbons and Laces

ESTABLISHED 1858

H. MAHLER'S SONS

JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

M. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY

GROCERS

Wilmington and Hargett Streets

**BOYLAN-PEARCE
C O M P A N Y**

The Greatest Store
in the City for the
SCHOOL GIRLS

SEE

HERBERT ROSENTHAL

FOR REAL SHOES

Teacher—"Why is it, Elizabeth, I always catch you in other girls' rooms?"

E. B.—"Because you don't knock loud enough."

Why Is

Brantley's Fountain

the

MOST POPULAR?

Ask the Girls

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND VISITING CARDS

CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED

Send for samples and prices

Edwards & Broughton Printing Company

Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers

RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES
THE WAKE DRUG STORE
 Phones 228

HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE
 Phone 107
PROMPT DELIVERY

Thomas H. Briggs & Sons
The Big Hardware Men **Raleigh, N. C.**

Base Balls, Basket Balls
Tennis and Sporting Goods

Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company
 Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**
 Phone 529

PESCUD'S BOOK STORE
 12 W. Hargett St.

DARNELL & THOMAS
ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

RALEIGH FLORAL CO.
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

T. F. BROCKWELL
 All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.
 Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

Stationery, College Linen, Pennants,
 Cameras and Supplies
 Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

JAMES E. THIEM

Bell Phone 135 **RALEIGH, N. C.**

CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE
FINE CANDIES PURE ICE CREAM
FRUIT

We carry the most complete line of Fruit and
 Candies in town.

111 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street **RALEIGH, N. C.**

H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,
 Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.

Raleigh, N. C.

Phone 113

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Electric Light and
 Power and Gas

1376—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You

Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. GLASS **The Ladies' Store**
 Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses
 and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel
 210 Fayetteville St. **RALEIGH, N. C.**

WM. HELLER
THE FOOTERY SHOP
RALEIGH, N. C.

THE FASHION

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

*The college girls' store for Snappy, Classy,
Youthful Garments and Millinery.*

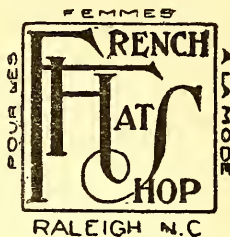
TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO COLLEGE
STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

ORDER YOUR CUT FLOWERS

FROM

J. L. O'QUINN & CO.

Phone 149



Exclusive
Millinery

WHITE ICE CREAM CO.

BEST
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

CORNER SALISBURY AND HARGETT STS.

D. K. (crawling out of bed after lights, opens the window).

F. D. (sleepily)—“Where are you going, Dorothy?”

ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?
BERNARD L. CROCKER
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.
Fire Insurance

Insure Against Loss by Fire
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited
Charles E. Johnson, Jr.
RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE
SHOES AND HOSIERY

C. D. ARTHUR City Market
FISH AND OYSTERS

ELLINGTON'S ART STORE
RALEIGH, N. C.

College Pennants, Pillows, Pictures,
Frames, Novelties

ROYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY
Made Fresh Every Day

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel

Dinners and Banquets a Specialty

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers
Steam Fitters
Hot Water Heating

S. Wilmington Street

Inquiring Reporter—"Know any good jokes?"

A. P. (readily)—"Sure; Muriel Dougherty."

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South

Most Direct Line to all Points North, South, East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,
Washington, D. C.

J. O. JONES, Traveling Pass. Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Lafayette

A Cafe which invites the patronage of ladies. The girls of St. Mary's will enjoy the beauty and convenience of our modern, well-appointed dining place.

Fayetteville Street, next to Almo.

GET YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

From

Royall & Borden Furniture Co.

Patronize

STAUDT'S BAKERY

Hillsboro Street, Near St. Mary's School

Two Irishmen were crossing the danger zone in the Atlantic. Suddenly there came a crash.

First Irishman (excitedly to his friend)—“Mikey, Mikey! the boat is sinking!”

The blasé Michael—“Well, what do we care? The boat is not ours!”

PERRY'S ART STORE

S. Wilmington St.

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

104 EAST HARGETT ST. BELL PHONE 719

MISSES REESE & COMPANY
MILLINERY

BATES-ARRINGTON & COMPANY
PURE FOOD GROCERIES

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED
BELL PHONE 503

SHU-FIXERY

J. R. KEE, Manager 103 Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Shoes repaired while you wait.
Come to see our modern plant.

L. SCHWARTZ

RICHMOND MARKET

Meats of All Kinds

Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

NORFOLK

**RALEIGH
NEW BERN
GOLDSBORO**

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

Location Central for the Carolinas.

Climate Healthy and Salubrious.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

(for girls and young women)

NOW IN 76th ANNUAL SESSION

SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGINS JANUARY 21st, 1918.

*St. Mary's
offers
instruction
in these
Departments*

1. THE COLLEGE
2. THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
3. THE ART DEPARTMENT
4. THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT
5. THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
6. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL
7. THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

In 1917-18 are enrolled 250 students from 16 Dioceses.

Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

*Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.
Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and
Dormitories.*

*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without
slight to the Scholastic training.*

For catalogue and other information address

*Rev. George W. Lay, D. C. L.,
Rector.*

The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Christmas Number

ST. MARY'S CALENDAR, 1917-18

OCTOBER-DECEMBER

- September 20, Thursday: Session regularly opened.
- September 22, Saturday: Reception of Old Girls to the New Girls. In the Parlor, 8 p. m.
- October 3, Wednesday: Faculty Reception to guests of the city in honor of Miss Hester. Parlor. 4-6 p. m.
- October 4, Thursday: Mrs. Vaughn addressed Student Body. 7 p. m.
- October 6, Saturday: Mrs. Vaughn addressed Student Body. 4 p. m.
- October 13, Saturday: Party given by Athletic Associations in the Gymnasium. 8 p. m.
- October 16-17: State Fair. Holidays.
- October 20, Saturday: Muse Party. Muse Room. 8 p. m.
- October 27, Saturday: Literary Society Reception. Parlor. 8 p. m.
- October 29, Monday: First Faculty Recital. Auditorium. 8:15 p. m.
- October 29, Monday: First "Pay Day."
- October 31, Wednesday: Hallowe'en Party. Gymnasium. 8 p. m.
- November 1, Thursday: Founders' Day. Holiday.
- November 3, Saturday: Class Parties.
- November 10, Saturday: Muse Club Entertainment. "Circus." Gymnasium. 8 p. m.
- November 15, Thursday: Elocution Recital.
- November 17, Saturday: Lucy Bratton Chapter in "Ma Sweet and Her Girls."
- November 24, Saturday: St. Margaret's Chapter. Military Ball. Benefit of the Red Cross.
- November 29, Thursday: Thanksgiving Day. Holiday.
- December 3, Monday: Second "Pay Day."
- December 8, Saturday: The Dramatic Club in "A Bachelor's Romance."
- December 15, Saturday: Operetta.
- December 19, Wednesday: Christmas Entertainment.
- December 20, Thursday: Christmas Vacation begins.

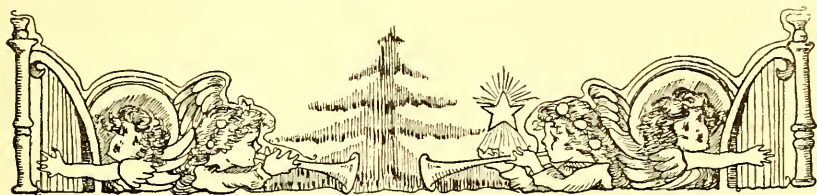
The St. Mary's Muse

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

VOL. XXII

DECEMBER, 1917

No. 4



The Christmas Hymn

When the golden glow
Of Christmas stars is overhead;
When the earth is wrapped
In holy, whisp'ring, silent night;
When the sounds of man
And work and turmoil all have fled,
Rings through the air an anthem
As from angels hid from sight.

Then that wondrous sound,
Which sweeps from depths of heav'n to earth,
Bringing from the stars
Their echoed note of joy and light,
Spreads o'er all the world
The story of that humble birth,
"Peace, on earth," an echo
From that Holy Christmas Night;

Spreads o'er all this world,
Of happiness, of peace, of war;
Sifts into the trench
Where men are fighting, wounded, dead—
E'en amid the roar
Of all the instruments of Thor;
Leaves in each heart the spirit
Of the true goal, far ahead.

Mankind fights today
In blood and horror, bred of war;
Fights and kills his brothers
With nothing murd'rous in his mind,
For the goal of man
Is neither vict'ry, pride, nor gain,
But in the words of the anthem,
"Peace, love—peace to all mankind!"

A. E. H., '18.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

ELIZABETH MCM. FOLK, '18	} <i>Editors</i>
HENRIETTA M. MORGAN, '18	
HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '19	

When Christ Was Born

HENRIETTA MARSHALL MORGAN, '18

When Christ was born the angels,
Their hearts aglow with love,
Rejoiced amid the heavens,
For man might live above!

When Christ was born the shepherds,
A-tremble first with fright,
To Israel brought the message,
Their King had come with might.

When Christ was born the mortals,
Whose hearts were faint with hope,
Felt in their dying bosoms
A new-born gladness grope.

When Christ was born the mortals,
Whose hearts were pure as gold,
To Heaven lifted praises
For prayers asked of old.

Christmas Eve

BERTIE E. SEAWELL, '20

It was Christmas Eve. The snow was falling in soft, feathery flakes, dressing every tree and fence in pure white robes. Inside the spacious old farmhouse were happiness and good cheer. There was a thrill in the air, an undercurrent of excitement. A great fire of hickory logs leaped and danced up the wide throat of the chimney and cast its bright rays over the glistening mistletoe and scarlet holly berries. The pungent smell of bruised pine was in the air. From the kitchen was wafted the savory odor of the Christmas dinner. The children stole noiselessly around with mysterious packages, or whispered in subdued tones in excited little groups. A feeling of mystery enveloped all.

The sun cast a flickering ray over the new fallen snow, sank behind the horizon, and the day was done. The silver stars sparkled like shining jewels in the heavens, and the peace and quiet of the Holy Night reigned supreme over the earth.

The Christmas Eve Darkness

HENRIETTA MORGAN, '18

Alice opened her eyes with a start. What was that tingling, jingling noise that sounded far away? Something had happened, or was going to happen; what was it? That little jingling must be part of it. Oh! if that big, choking darkness would only go away may be she could find out. That darkness made her head spin around. And it was so black, so very black. Oh!—like a flash loomed up the dreadful thought: Bears were out somewhere, and they were going to get her! That was what was going to *happen*! They might be reaching out their big scratchy paws this second! She covered up her head. Why didn't something inside of her stop dancing around? Then—thump! Something had fallen on the house. Alice gave a sudden

start. She was sitting up. She knew now what was going to happen! It was Christmas, and Santa Claus had been in there where the Christmas tree was, jingling the reins she had asked him to bring her!

"Suppose he is in there now!" she whispered in awe. Again the darkness looked strange. It seemed to be filled with eyes that saw what she was thinking. Suppose he was standing right over her?

"Oh!" she gasped. Something fuzzy had touched her hand! Santa's fur! Trembling, she fell back.

"Oh, please, Mr. Santa," she pleaded, "I did not mean not to be asleep. It was so dark I couldn't see you. I am a good girl now; I'll never play Mother and Children with mother's new hat any more. Oh! has my doll got yellow hair or brown hair?"

No answer. He was there, too, for she could hear him breathing. Why was he breathing so hard? May be he was so tired, after whizzing up and down so many chimneys, that he could not speak. She wished he would hurry up and get his breath. She wanted to know if he had ever climbed the North Pole, and if the world had gone around so fast that it had tipped him off and he had gone rolling, rolling, and come to—— But where had he come to?

"Mew!" wailed a little piteous voice. Alice grabbed eagerly her own dear little kitten and hugged him up tight.

She could breathe now; the darkness was black, but it was not heavy. And tomorrow was Christmas! Alice was in dreamland once more.

The Spirit of Christmas

HELEN BATTLE, '20

The true spirit of Christmas is the spirit of giving—a giving of yourself to others, cheerfully, gaily, yet with an undercurrent of the love which prompts the giving. Christmas is not all joy and excitement. They are but the outer trappings, and often the disguise, of a deeper, tenderer feeling, oftentimes embarrassing to show and passed over hurriedly, for you shrink from showing the feelings nearest your heart, yet which are there and form the foundation of the Christmas

spirit which you feel and see. That is the spirit of sparkling joy and excitement, of a wholesale love and good-will towards your fellow-men; of that atmosphere of holly, mistletoe, blazing, dancing firelight reflected on tissue paper and cherry-colored ribbons, of a postman trudging through the snow with packages, letters, and cheery Christmas cards. All this is a bubbling over, an outward expression of the deeper spirit of Christmas, felt when on Christmas Eve before the lights are lighted, when the darkness "kind of creeps" up from outside, and the buildings and trees become black outlines against the gray sky; when inside the family has gathered around the living-room fire—all tired and almost silent. Here you feel what Christmas really means, because as you sit there on the rug before the fire leaning against Dad's knee and seeing Mother's face across the hearth by the fire, you have time to think and understand what a wonderful time Christmas is and what it really ought to be for all. You feel it to be a time of giving, not because you ought to, but from a true feeling of love and a real desire; a time of doing little things for others which at other seasons are not possible and would not be accepted in the same thankful, hearty spirit as when given in the true spirit of Christmas—as gifts of yourself, your good-will and your love.

A Man in the Making

HELEN LAUGHINGHOUSE, '18

"Hello! Is that you, McDonald? Well, Mac, old boy, I'll have to call off our little party tonight. Sorry, of course, and all that; but I have a matter of—of—er—business to attend to, and I can't get off. Hope I haven't put you out; but I know that you can get somebody to take my place. I'll see you at the club tomorrow." With a thud the speaker hung up the receiver and walked restlessly to and fro. Finally he took a seat near the window, and with a sigh, lighted his pipe.

The room was attractive as only a college man's can be who loves beauty, art, and oddity. The large leather chairs seemed to cry out

an invitation of rest and satisfaction, the books peeping out from every bookcased wall issued, as it were, a command to come to them and steep your being in the pleasure of knowledge. The trophies over the massive fireplace spoke in themselves of the joys of former tournaments and combats. The very atmosphere of the place breathed refinement, pleasure, and contentment.

Even all this could not satisfy its occupant tonight. He was restless and distinctly worried about something. From the crown of his finely chiseled blond head to the tip of his perfectly fitted foot there was an air of dissatisfaction. His broad forehead was furrowed with wrinkles, his twinkling brown eyes seemed to have lost their laughter, his firm chin was set firmer than ever. Jack Hinsdale was fighting the hardest fight a man ever engaged in. He was struggling to see himself as he really was, and to make of himself a being worth looking at.

He had never thought much about it before; he had taken his existence as a matter of course. He had found life a pleasurable thing. He had lived the life of an accomplished and lionized wealthy young man about town, and until a few hours ago he had felt that he was "as good as the next one," and by investing a little of his inherited money in organizations for the help of the unfortunate or frequenting the charity balls given by his set he was doing enough good in this world.

"By Jove! but it seems queer for me to be all shaken up by a little bit of a girl; and yet—— Oh, I don't know what to think. I guess she was right; there isn't enough to me to marry any woman." And then his mind wandered off into the happenings of the only hour that he remembered of the day, the hour when he had heard his sentence from the girl he loved more than everything else in his whole life. Marian was a little fluffy, dimpled creature, but beneath her femininity there was plenty of pluck and forcefulness. She had refused the best catch in town, and refused him because he hadn't done "his bit."

That night was a memorable one for Jack. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to realize that you are not worthy the name you bear; but sometimes it does you good to reach such a conclusion, even

if you have to pay for it by many sleepless hours. That was certainly the case with Jack, for just before dawn he dropped off into quiet sleep, and his last thought was echoed by the old clock in the hall, "I'll show her I can be a man. I will be a man! I will be a man!"

When morning came Jack rose with a bound. While he dressed he whistled the newest dance tune so loudly that Hawkins came twice to see if he were ill or on the verge of losing his mind. Jack had decided to prove to Marian that there was something to him besides the styles, and already he was beginning to be happier for it. It was later than usual when he came into the club, and everybody was waiting for him.

"I say, Hinsdale, what in the world have you been doing this morning? I called you a dozen times. It is about time we were planning our little fishing trip. You know you and Marian are to help us out by your presence at our country place."

"Sorry, Bob—truly I am—but I won't be here then. You will have to count me out." And there was a curious smile on Jack's handsome face. He was through with loafing; he was ready to become a MAN.

It was not many days before he left his friends, protesting that he was crazy to throw himself into the army before he was called. But Jack had received his call—received it from a mere slip of a girl who had refused to marry a slacker. He had wanted to see Marian before he went away, but something kept him from asking for the privilege. "No, I'd rather go to her when I have made good." So without even saying good-bye, he left his home to go to an Officers' Training Camp for three months.

Don't think that those days of camp life were strewn with roses. Far from it. To Jack it meant a readjustment of his attitude towards life. His ideas were changed, his very ideals were toppled down to be built again upon a firmer foundation. He didn't complain, but went about his daily routine with a smile on his face, for he himself felt differently; he realized that he was being made into a Man. Training camps can come to mean much more to a man than the mere gaining of knowledge as to how to hold a bayonet, and to stab the other fellow. They can be tailoring establishments wherein your

character may be cut, fitted, and made to order. Whether the outcome is a credit to the tailor depends on you, and thanks to the jolting refusal given by Marian, Jack Hinsdale sought to make a success of his job. When the three months of training were over even his best friends would not have known him. He was taller, firmer, stronger. He wore his uniform with a graceful dignity that arrested the gaze of every passer-by. The greatest change of all was in his expression. His whole face showed that he was working for something worth while. He was ready to stand by Uncle Sam to the last ditch. He was eager to go to the front and show to Kaiser Bill what the American soldier could do. Eager, yes; but there was only one thing that he wished before. He wanted a furlough of three days for Christmas, and he wanted it to see one—the girl who had made him what he was. If he could find admiration in her eyes, that would be enough. If she would give him the answer that he wished, all his labors were not in vain. And he would not go without making an effort to get that answer.

It was Christmas Eve, and the old house on the hill breathed the spirit forth into the night. From every lighted window hung a wreath of holly that seemed to call out to passers-by a merry greeting. From the street could be seen a crackling fire in the great old fireplace, and close by sat a dainty young girl knitting for the boys at the front. As "Uncle" Amos trudged through the snow-covered path around to the kitchen that was savory with the odor of pies and cakes already prepared for the morrow, he wondered why it was that she was alone.

"Dat ain't like Miss Marian; hit sho ain't," he muttered to himself. "But jest you wait tell I has 'sprized her with dis here coffin-looking box. Dis here am flowers, and I'll bet my hat."

He found his way through the house to the room where Marian was sitting, thinking, as she knitted—well who can tell of what? At any rate, her contemplations were interrupted by the old servant.

"Miss Marian, I done brought you dis box what was down to the station for you, and I wants to wish you a Merry Christmas already."

"Thank you very much, 'Uncle' Amos, for both of them. You'll find a little package in your usual place in the morning, and I hope it will make your Christmas merrier."

Almost before the old man had closed the door behind him Marian had the box opened, and her low laugh of delight registered her pleasure at what she found there. Yet there was a bit of mystery about it, for no card could be found to explain the roses of dainty pink embedded in an ocean of green. Finally, however, her search was rewarded, for when she held them up again to enjoy their beauty more, a long envelope slipped from the heart of them. With eagerness she tore it open and read it over. What did that mean? Slowly her puzzled countenance cleared, and finally her whole face was alight with happiness, pride, and—yes, there was a softened love note there, too, for she had read Jack Hinsdale's commission as captain in the U. S. A. She held the roses closer now, for they meant more to her than all her Christmas. Jack had made good; he had chosen this way to tell her; and she knew that hers was the first news of his success. With the deepest tenderness she kissed the paper. Jack was a Man now, and although he had not come to say it, she knew that still he was hers. She had refused him three months ago, not because she had not loved him, but rather because her love was so great that she wished him to make of himself all that he was capable of being. All the heart-ache at his sudden departure and separation was worth it. She was repaid a thousandfold by this.

She was not surprised when she heard a step on the porch, a loud ring at the door, and an exclamation from Uncle Jake, "Fo' goodness' sake! ef hit ain't Mr. Jack! Come right into de front room. Miss Marian am awaiting fo' you." He was right. Marian stood waiting, shyly waiting, with her arms outstretched. She did not have to wait long, however, for Captain Hinsdale had come to claim his own. He was A MAN.

A Soldier Boy's Christmas

MARY T. YELLOTT, '20

A cold and wintry day it was—December's cruel weather.
There was no wind—a cold so still he scarcely could tell whether
His feet were numbed or no. He was a soldier, 'twas in France,
And it was Christmas day. 'Twas said that night they would advance
Some twenty feet or more, and then—if chance there were a *then*—
There'd be a Christmas jollity amongst these noble men.
But he was young, this soldier boy, and e'en though he was brave,
And gladly would lay down his life the folks back home to save,
He could not drive away the thoughts which rose and would not down,
And how he wished that he could be back in his old home town.
He saw them there—his mother dear, and saw his father, too;
And there was little brother and his three sweet sisters who
Had bravely wished him Godspeed and had never shed a tear
To weaken his own Spartan bravery by betraying fear.
Gathered around the fire they sat as always they had done
At Christmas time, but ne'er before without the eldest son.
There stood the decorated tree, which last year he had trimmed.
At thought of it a boyish tear his manly eye bedimmed.
He saw them there, and in his fancy he could plainly hear
The flow of conversation, and it seemed so real and near,
'Twas almost as if he himself were with them by the fire,
And as it burned and crackled and the playful flames leaped higher,
He felt the warmth and knew that it was all an awful dream—
This thing called war; he was at home, surely it couldn't seem
So real—the fire, his dear ones, now he feels his mother's kiss;
Now—God in Heaven! 'tis gone, all gone! the momentary bliss
Is over. He is back in France, and as he wakes he hears the call,
"To arms, to arms, to arms, ye brave! This night determines all!"
And so it did, for when his comrades paused, the danger being o'er,
The soldier boy lay dead. 'Tis all too real, this thing called War.

Christmas—Somewhere in France

JANE TOY, '20

A brilliant moon was shining over the meadow where all was peaceful and quiet. Only the two lines of trenches casting their indistinct shadows across the uneven stubble showed any sign of life. The guns were silent for the while, though vigilant watch was being kept all along both lines. At the upper end of the meadow in a trench held by the American forces a man was silently pacing up and down, pausing at each observation point to make a careful survey of the land between the lines. He was alone on guard at this point, alone in the dazzling moonlight, while his companions rested.

He was quite an ordinary American Sammy. In some way his mind would travel back over the old Atlantic to pictures of the night of his return, when he should see his little family again and have them all about him. It was harder and harder to keep his attention fixed on that quiet line opposite in the bright moonlight, as tonight, Christmas Eve, recollections surged back with almost stifling force. He seemed to see his little son, to see all those dear ones across the water. He forgot the cold night air, the damp trench, the line in the moonlight opposite. He was no longer in France, but in a little town in America.

Suddenly a slight rustle in the grass in front of him aroused him from his reverie with a start. A few feet directly in front of him a German soldier was crawling warily across the open. In one hand he held a small round object, in the other a pistol aimed straight at the American. The two men glared at each other while the German raised the small black object to throw directly into the trenches behind the American where his companions lay asleep. It was a time bomb, and he was waiting, with a derisive look on his face for the guard facing him, until the time to release it.

Many emotions surged over the American; he had not been worthy of the trust that was given him; he had failed in his duty; his companions must die for his carelessness. What would they think of him back home if they knew!

The German drew back his arm to throw the bomb, still keeping the American well covered with his pistol. Gathering his strength for the throw, his arm shot forward. But quicker than he the American sprang from the trench, struck the big German's arm upward, and the bomb was sent backwards, not forwards. The men in the trench were awakened by a loud report, followed by another still louder, where the bomb had fallen harmlessly in the stubble.

They found his body lying there peacefully, and with great tenderness the boys carried it back to the trench.

All was silent. The meadows lay quietly in the shining moonlight of Christmas morning. Another man was on guard in the place of him who had done his duty. How proud of him they would be back home if they knew what he had done for them at dawn on Christmas morning!

SCHOOL NEWS

November 17: "Ma Sweet and Her Gals"

A droll entertainment was given for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday night, November 17th, in the Parlor, by the Lucy Bratton Chapter of the Junior Auxiliary. It was called "Ma Sweet and Her Gals." "Ma Sweet," Elspeth Askew, was supposed to be an old-maidish person from New England traveling with her own daughters and any other "accomplished" young girls who wished to attach themselves to the troupe. All the members of the Chapter were the "gals" who answered in chorus "Yes, Ma!" whenever "Ma Sweet" called upon them to perform. The whole entertainment was well carried out. Two solos by Fay White and Jessie Moye, and a clog dance by Patty Sherrod, were very good indeed. Among the other enjoyable features was an instrumental duet with Florie Bell Morgan at the piano and Elizabeth Bowne on the bass viol. Several very entertaining choruses were sung, one of which was "Listen to the Mocking Bird," sung both "forwards" and "backwards" (the latter accomplished by the performers turning their backs to the audience). The entertainment ended with the round, "Three Blind Mice."

The audience, a most appreciative one, seated on cushions on the floor, laughed until they were fairly weeping with mirth.

This was the first of the Chapter entertainments, and if the others are as good, St. Mary's has seven delightful evenings in store.

H. V. B.

November 24: Soldiers and Sailors Ball

On Saturday night, November 24th, St. Margaret's Chapter gave a "Soldiers and Sailors Ball" for the benefit of the American Red Cross. There was a large gathering of girls in sailor and soldier uniforms, accompanied by dainty Red Cross nurses.

The dancing began about 8:30 and continued merrily throughout the evening. On the side were sold ice-cream and sandwiches. One feature of the evening was a competitive dance among the best dancers on the floor, a prize being given to the couple chosen by the judges

as the most graceful dancers. The last two couples on the floor were Maud Moss with Mollie Taliaferro and Dorothy Powell with Margaret Springs, who were compelled to dance for some time before the judges could make a decision, so close was the contest; but the decision was finally in favor of Maud Moss and Mollie Taliaferro. Then there followed a thrilling Lucky Number dance, won by Jane Ruffin and partner. Dorothy Wood and Edith Inglesby on ukuleles, and Leila Meggs on the Hawaiian guitar gave a delightful musical number which was greatly enjoyed.

Many compliments were paid St. Margaret's Chapter for the ingenuity and originality displayed in the carrying out of the ball which was such a great pleasure to both participants and spectators.

E. B. L.

November 29: Thanksgiving Day Meeting. Captain Allen's Talk

A patriotic meeting was held in the Parlor immediately after dinner on Thanksgiving Day. The meeting was opened by the singing of Alma Mater by the School, after which Maud Moss read President Wilson's Thanksgiving Day Proclamation, and Mary Wilson read "Our Thanksgiving" from *Trench and Camp*, a paper issued in the various cantonments and National Guard camps all over the United States. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was sung at the conclusion of a most interesting meeting.

Capt. J. Stuart Allen, who is in charge of the military training at the University of North Carolina, and with whom St. Mary's girls were already acquainted, spoke to the girls in the School room later. His address was deeply interesting, especially his portrayal of trench warfare and his account of the Russian situation. His time was limited, and we feel that he had much more information and intensely interesting news "up his sleeve" which we trust that he will have an opportunity in the near future of presenting to us as graphically and vividly as what he has already given us.

We all feel it a great privilege to hear Captain Allen, one who has really been "Over There" in the front line trenches, and to learn of

his personal experiences. His accounts give us a better knowledge of the great war as it is experienced by those who have been in the midst of the fighting in France, and a deeper appreciation of just what it all means to "our boys" who are leaving on the transports every day to face those same experiences on the Western Front in Italy, and elsewhere.

In the smooth, natural run of our school life we are apt not to realize the greatness of the age in which we are living, nor appreciate the momentous issues of the great war as we should, and we trust that there may be many occasions throughout the year when we shall be given a personal glimpse of what is going on "Over There," that we may more fully be brought to realize these things.

E. B. L.

November 29: First Team Basket-ball Game

The second game between the first teams of the Sigma and Mu Athletic Associations was played on Thanksgiving Day. It was an exciting game, and became more exciting as the time passed. At the end of the second half the score was a tie. When the tie was played off the Mus won by one goal. Both teams showed a great deal of "pep" and fighting spirit, and much enthusiasm was shown on the side lines by the spectators, who cheered heartily for their respective sides.

The position of the players on the teams was as follows:

MU	SIGMA
Cabell	<i>forward</i> (Capt.) Waddell
McMullan	<i>forward</i> Scott
Lay, E.....	<i>jumping center</i> Ravenel
Powell	<i>side center</i> Mullins
Burke (Capt.).....	<i>guard</i> Chavassee
Glass	<i>guard</i> Battle

December 3: Second Team Basket-ball Game

The Second Basketball teams were organized December 1st and the first game between the Sigmas and Mus was played Monday, De-

cember 3d. Both teams are strong and the team work admirable. The Mus won with a score of 14-4. The players were as follows:

SIGMA	MU
Parks	<i>forward</i> (Capt.) Kern
Farmer	<i>forward</i> Lay, N.
Batts	<i>jumping center</i> Askew
Higgs	<i>side center</i> Sublett
Toy	<i>guard</i> Yellott
Ambler (Capt.).....	<i>guard</i> Barnard

Most of the game was played in the rain, but this did not dampen the enthusiasm of either players or spectators. The playing was good and the yells and songs from the side lines were full of spirit.

December 8: Dramatic Club Play

The Dramatic Club made its annual fall appearance in the St. Mary's Auditorium on the evening of Saturday, December 8th. Under the direction of Miss Davis this event has come to be looked forward to as one of the special pleasures of the year, and this year's production measured well up to preceding ones. The play was Martha Morton's comedy, "A Bachelor's Romance," and with its modern atmosphere and eighteenth century costumes, and its multiple romances, it made a strong appeal to the audience.

The principal parts, those of the elderly hero and his youthful ward, who prefers him to younger suitors, were taken by Aline Hughes and Mary C. Wilson. Both have acquitted themselves well in past performances at St. Mary's and both were at their best in this year's play. They were supported well by the other members of the cast, with the honors going to Dorothy Kirtland, as Miss Clemantina, and Millicent Blanton, the gallant younger brother.

The play again displayed Miss Davis's skill in casting the characters, in arranging the settings and costumes, and in the general training.

The proceeds of the play were for the Y. W. C. A. Fund, and it was the one regrettable incident to the occasion that they were not larger.

The program in full follows:

"A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE"

A Comedy in Four Acts

By MARTHA MORTON

PRESENTED BY

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Under the Direction of MISS FLORENCE C. DAVIS

Characters

David Holmes, <i>Literary Critic on The Review</i>	ALINE HUGHES
Gerald Holmes, <i>his brother, pleasure-loving man of the world</i>	MILLCENT BLANTON
Martin Beggs, <i>David's secretary and confidential man</i>	ELLEN LAY
Harold Reynolds, <i>on the staff of The Review</i>	DOROTHY WOOD
Mr. Mulberry, <i>a literary man, with a classical education which he cannot</i> <i>turn into money</i>	MARY DALL
Savage, <i>a modern literary man</i>	RUTH RUSSELL
Miss Clemantina, <i>a maiden lady with a sharp tongue</i>	DOROTHY KIRTLAND
Helen LeGrand, <i>David's sister</i>	ALICE SEED
Harriet Leicester, <i>a society girl</i>	JULE SAFFOLD
Sylvia Somers, <i>David's ward</i>	MARY C. WILSON
James, <i>a flunkey</i>	KATHERINE WHITE

Synopsis

ACT I—David's study.

ACT II—Helen's home, Grosvenor Square, the following evening.

ACT III—David's study, eight months later.

ACT IV—Clemantina's home in Edgware, near London, two months later.

The period of the play is about 1750.

December 10: Arthur Hackett, Tenor

The Peace-St. Mary's Concert Series of 1917-18 was opened auspiciously on the evening of Monday, December 12th. Peace and St. Mary's were both out in force and a very appreciative audience greeted Mr. Hackett.

"M. A. D." writes of the concert:

Arthur Hackett appeared last night in the first recital of the Peace-St. Mary's Concert Series for the season 1917-18. Mr. Hackett captured his audi-

ence with the opening number, which was a group of Irish folk-songs, "The Foggy Dew," "My Snowy-breasted Pearl," "The Low-backed Car." The singer revealed a rich melodious tenor of exceptional beauty, with the power to stir the emotions and speak direct to the hearts of his hearers.

The French group which followed was a triumph of brains, tone, and musicianship. "Le Rêve" from "Manon" especially showed the beautiful quality of Mr. Hackett's voice, as well as the finished skill of his style. "D'Une Prison" by Hahn as rendered by Mr. Hackett ran the gamut of human sorrow, touching the chords of longing, loneliness, and despair. "Ah! Moon of My Delight" from the "Persian Garden" cycle was a bit of fine singing, clear diction, and ideal interpretation.

A special favorite with the audience was the (a), (b), (c) number, "Passing By" by Purcell, "Requiem of the Sea" by S'teffen, and "Hail Ye Tyme of Holiedays" by Branscombe. These were sung with the exquisite simplicity and finish of the true artist, and Mr. Hackett responded to the encore with "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower."

Before the closing number of the program, Mr. Hackett announced that owing to a late train he had arrived in Raleigh just in time to take his place on the concert stage, and he wished to call the attention of the audience to "the noble and effective work which the accompanist, Mr. R. Blinn Owen, was doing without a single rehearsal, and to express his own thanks and appreciation." This was received with applause.

The program ended with a group of songs by American women composers, and proved that our women are not without the divine fire of creative power in music. "The Morning Wind" by Branscombe and "Come to the Garden, Love," by Mary Turner Salter, were particularly enjoyed.

And the *Raleigh Times* said:

HACKETT AND OWEN IN PLEASING RECITAL

The initial appearance of Arthur Hackett, American tenor, at St. Mary's auditorium in the Peace-St. Mary's series, was a glorious success for the young artist, and a rare treat for the audience of local music lovers and students.

Mr. Hackett's rich tenor voice made a profound impression, as evidenced by the numerous encores, even after the last number, according to the program, had been sung. Irish folk-songs, others of a French group, and Liza-Lehman's "Ah! Moon of My Delight," from "A Persian Garden," were particularly pleasing.

Four songs by American women composers were well rendered. Among them was "Coleen Aroon," by Miss Lily Strickland of Anderson, S. C.

The singer paid a glowing tribute to his accompanist, R. Blinn Owen, with whom he did not have a moment's rehearsal, Mr. Hackett's train arriving only a half-hour before the recital.

December 15: "An Evening of Miniature Opera and Minstrelsy"

The Saturday evening before the Christmas vacation was again this year the appointed time for Mr. Owen's "operetta," an event always looked forward to with a great deal of interest. Instead of one opera as in the past, Mr. Owen this year presented a series of shorter musical attractions which made up a varied and very agreeable program.

The *News and Observer* said of the evening:

The approach of the Christmas holidays was heralded at St. Mary's last evening by an entertainment full of fun, beauty, and originality. It was called "An Evening of Miniature Opera and Minstrelsy," and was received by the audience with genuine pleasure, testified by the abundant applause, which must have been satisfying to Mr. R. Blinn Owen, who was director of the entertainment, and to his assistants, Miss Martha Roberts, piano; Mr. Robert Jordan, violinist; Miss Marion Thompson, voice; and the members of the Chorus Class.

The program was in five parts, following in quick succession, each part complete in itself and calling for a different mood and different stage setting.

Part I was Sir Arthur Sullivan's comic opera in one act, "Cox and Box, or The Long Lost Brothers." Miss Mary Neal as "Cox," a journeyman hatter; Miss Virginia Williams as "Box," a journeyman printer; and Miss Audrey Stone as "Sergeant Bouncer," played their parts well and kept the audience in high good humor with song and dance, serenade and duet, and amusing bits of dialogue, from the moment of their appearance on the stage to the spirited trio "Rataplan, Rataplan, Rataplan," which was the finale of the opera.

Part II, under the direction of Miss Mabel Barton, was a group of fanciful and graceful dancers, representing the seasons, and were greatly enjoyed. These were: (a) Summer, "Butterflies." Dancers, Misses Lawrence, Morgan, Raney, Seed, and Yorke. (b) Autumn, "Leaves." Dancers, Misses Cabell, Dall, Parks, Robbin, Saffold. (c) Winter, "Snowflakes." Dancers, Misses I. Jones, M. Lyon, and E. Mason. (d) Spring. Dancer, Miss M. S. Morgan.

Almost before the applause had died away, the scene had changed to Part III, and the audience was in the land of fair Japan, of bright flowers and soft-colored lanterns, listening to the poetical love-making of Haru and Oguri, in Cadman's Japanese romance, "Sayonara." The melodies were very lovely, now and then suggesting "Madam Butterfly." Miss Marion Thompson as Oguri both looked and sang the part, and Miss Clarine Scull as Haru won all hearts. "I Saw Thee First When Cherries Bloomed" and "The Wild Dove Cries on Fleeting Wing" were specially effective. Then followed the chorus of Cigarette Girls from "Carmen," gay in costume and rhythm and very well sung by a chorus of sixteen girls, led by Misses Ambler and Askew.

The "Miniatures," which closed the program, were a novel and pleasing feature. A mammoth picture frame stood veiled in the center of the stage.

The veil was drawn aside, revealing a picture which at the magic moment stepped down from the frame and sang the song of her time. "Old English" was represented by Miss Helen Mason, who sang the ballad of "Barbara Allen." The "Old French" by Mrs. R. Blinn Owen, with a group of folk-songs of Auvergne. Antebellum days were represented by Miss Hilah Tarwater in "black mammy" costume, who sang Burleigh's "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Sinner, Pleas' Doan Let This Harves' Pass."

Songs for all the children in the world were represented by Miss Jessie Moyer in a group, "My Mother Said," "Peter Piper," and "Old Chinese Folk-Song." "1917" was an effective group of war scenes described by Miss Aline Hughes and illustrated by Misses Albertson, Bonner, Drane, Laughinghouse, Parks, Powell, and Seed.

The "Ultra Modern" was the "Queen of Society"—solo and ensemble—which was brilliantly done by Miss Clarine Scull and chorus. This was especially interesting to the girls of St. Mary's both for its tuneful melody and because of its author, Mr. R. Blinn Owen, the music director of the School.

The St. Mary's Muse

Subscription Price	One Dollar
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1917-1918

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18, *Editor-in-Chief*

SENIOR REPORTERS

KATHARINE P. DRANE, '18

ELIZABETH McM. FOLK, '18

JUNIOR REPORTERS

HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '20

ELLEN LAY, '19

MILDRED KIRTLAND, '20

ALICE SEED, '20

AGNES T. PRATT, '18, *Business Manager*

MARY C. WILSON, '20, *Assistant Business Manager*

EDITORIAL

"Just think how soon we will be going home for Christmas!" When one exclaims this joyfully, what happy pictures pop into our minds! First, the night of the Christmas tree, with its surprises, merry knocks, and Christmas carols. Everybody is happy then, enjoying the joys of the night as well as the prospect of joys to come. Next come the home pictures full of "visions of sugar plums," such as dances, parties, happy times around the blazing fire, and so forth, and so forth.

This Christmas is going to be different from those heretofore, at least it should be. Even the suggestion we had in Student meeting of not giving presents to each other shows that we are thinking about what we should make of this Christmas. There are so many, many people to whom this Christmas will only bring sad memories that it does seem rather selfish, doesn't it, for us to think of nothing but fun and the gifts we will receive. We will have fun, of course—lots of it, real truly fun—but it does seem that this is the time for us to show what we really believe Christmas spirit to be, not what it has grown to seem—the real Christmas spirit of giving, not receiving, of love and not selfishness.

ALUMNAE MATTERS

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.
			Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. John H. Holmes, Chapel Hill.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Walter Grimes, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

Mrs. Holmes to the Alumnae

Dear Members of the St. Mary's Alumnae Association Everywhere:

I want to get in touch with every one of you, if possible, and I have thought that our good old friend, the MUSE, would prove the best medium that I could find for this purpose. I have the honor of being your President for this year—a fact which you would not need to be told were we the real, live, well organized Association that I am sure we would like to be. That, however, we are not at present; but it is to this end that your Council is addressing its efforts this year, for our usefulness to our beloved Alma Mater is a minus quantity without proper organization. So we are hoping that in every town where as many as three St. Mary's girls can be found, a local chapter of the Alumnae Association will be formed this year. *As many as three are necessary*, for each Chapter should have a chairman, a vice-chairman, and a secretary-treasurer. No more than three *are required*, for three can carry out the definite suggestions upon which we are uniting our efforts at present. To accomplish this organization, the Council has asked me to visit as many places throughout the Carolina Dioceses as possible—a task which I have cheerfully undertaken because I am firmly persuaded that unless Christian people rally as they have never done before to the support of our religious and educational institutions, just as the country as a whole is doing to the support of its Government, these will, of necessity, be submerged in the crisis that is upon us. And what will it profit us if we win the war and lose the

Christian agencies that will make for our spiritual comfort and growth in the chastened, but new, world that will emerge from the war?

I have already, this fall, visited the following places: Wilson, Rocky Mount, Tarboro, Edenton, Elizabeth City, Norfolk, Washington, New Bern, Goldsboro, Fayetteville, Rockingham, Monroe, Charlotte, Concord, and Salisbury; and I want to tell you, *old* St. Mary's girls (of the Smedes régime, say), that love for the School is not a thing of *our* generation only, but I found everywhere girls of today who seem to love the place quite as much as we do, though I could hardly be expected to admit that it is in quite the same way!

The message that I have been carrying from the Council is quite simple, but I think it can be seen to be far-reaching. I will summarize it briefly:

(1) Organize—with chairman, vice-chairman, and secretary-treasurer.

(2) Meet twice a year—on November 1 (Founders' Day) and May 12 (birthday of the School).

(3) At the fall meeting accomplish these four things: First and foremost, have a pleasant social time together (not forgetting to talk about St. Mary's!); elect officers for the ensuing year; collect the annual dues (\$1); and *appoint a committee* who will make it their business to send in to the School an exhaustive list of the girls in their towns who should receive catalogues—*i. e.*, all those who will graduate or otherwise end their course at the high school during the next year or two, and also those already at other boarding schools (since sometimes girls are known to be dissatisfied with their school).

(4) At the spring meeting the matter of prime importance is the election of a delegate who will attend the annual meeting of the entire Association held in Raleigh during Commencement week; for without such a representative annual meeting as this would mean the Association is tied hand and foot in the matter of taking representative action that might be of value to the School. It is suggested also that at this May 12 meeting the Chapter might have as its guests the girls whom they wish to see go to St. Mary's the following fall.

With the Alumnae thus making themselves responsible for bringing the School into touch with its future clientele, and then keeping in intimate touch with the School themselves through sending a delegate to the annual meeting in Raleigh, good results along important lines are bound to follow.

A departure from the old-time annual alumnaal meeting (held in the Art Room at the School) is planned for the future. While the

delegates to the annual meeting will be entertained during the period of Commencement at the School, it is proposed to hold the Alumnaal meeting down town—say, at the Yarborough House—to be featured by a luncheon, to which the Association will invite not only the graduates, but also all the girls who will be otherwise ending their course at the School. In the opportunity thus afforded for free expression regarding the School, the Alumnae will get in touch with actual conditions and be prepared to meet the criticisms which no school escapes, and can take intelligent action which will carry weight on account of its representative character; and the girls will be inspired by the realization that instead of leaving St. Mary's forever behind them, they are returning to their homes to unite themselves with an association whose first object is St. Mary's.

Shall we not have such a meeting as this next May? I put it up to each Chapter to bring it about by sending a live delegate.

And now a word to the many Alumnae whom I have not yet visited: Would you like to have me visit you? If so, please make it known by writing to me, and I will do my best to arrange another itinerary to include all who feel that they need my help in getting organized.

I cannot close my letter without an expression of loving greeting to the old and the new friends whom I met in the places already visited this fall, and enumerated above. I am thinking of them all individually as I write, though I may not trespass upon my space to address them here by name. Their hearty interest and coöperation not only rendered my visit in their midst a very real personal pleasure to me, but led me to feel that if we can find a like response among the Alumnae elsewhere, our Association can look confidently forward to renewed life and greater accomplishment in the immediate future.

Hoping that I shall be swamped with replies before very long, I remain

Most cordially yours,

EMILIE SMEDES HOLMES,

President, St. Mary's Alumnae Association, 1917-18.

Address:

MRS. J. S. HOLMES,

Chapel Hill, N. C.

THE \$250,000 FUND

The Next Canvassing is to be in the Diocese of East Carolina

Canvassing for the \$250,000 Fund in the Diocese of North Carolina this fall has demonstrated the quality of the patriotism of the people of North Carolina. That is to say, the friends of St. Mary's are working for and giving to the Red Cross and the many things which call for time and money this year, but at the same time they are trying to maintain all necessary things in our Nation's life. In other words, they are making sacrifices, but they intend to make it *self-sacrifice* and not the sacrifice of this great educational institution of the Church. This is very encouraging.

Recently another thing has given us courage. Bishop Darst asked a representative number of men and women from the Diocese of East Carolina to meet him at St. Mary's School and consider the campaign in its relation to the Diocese. A goodly number responded. They came and inspected the School. The Rector and Faculty gave a reception in their honor. They took supper at the School and attended the evening service in the Chapel. They confessed they were impressed alike with what we have at St. Mary's and what we need and the necessity of taking care of the institution by endowment.

At a meeting of this committee from East Carolina, held on December 5th, a resolution was passed indorsing the plan of the Trustees to raise the \$250,000 Fund, urging the continuance of the effort at this time notwithstanding the many calls of the day, and asking Bishop Darst to appoint a special committee to coöperate with the special representative of the Board of Trustees in making plans for a systematic canvass in the Diocese of East Carolina as soon as the canvass

in the Diocese of North Carolina is completed, which will be about the 1st of February. The following committee was appointed by Bishop Darst:

Mr. George C. Royall, Goldsboro,

Maj. R. B. Huske, Fayetteville,

Mr. Frank Wood, Edenton,

Mr. C. S. Chamberlain, Kinston,

Gen. James I. Metts, Wilmington.

FRANCIS M. OSBORNE,

Special Representative of the Board of Trustees.

ALUMNAE WEDDINGS

TRIMBLE-BENEDICT: On Wednesday, October 10th, at Emmanuel Church, Athens, Ga., Anna Coates Benedict (S. M. S., 1905-09) and Lieut. Richard Brogden Trimble, 14th Cavalry, U. S. A.

STOCKTON-JONES: On Saturday, October 13th, at Trinity Episcopal Church, Asheville, N. C., Hortense Haughton Jones (S. M. S., 1909-11) and Richard Gordon Stockton.

RANDOLPH-MEARES: On Saturday, November 24th, at Asheville, N. C., Frances Exum Meares (S. M. S., 1908-10) and Donald Wills Randolph. At home, Norfolk, Va.

MCDUGAL-PARK: On Saturday, December 1st, at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Raleigh, N. C., Frances Park (S. M. S., 1909-14) and Capt. James E. McDougal, U. S. A.

DAWSON-TAYLOR: On November —, 1917, at Greensboro, N. C., Mary Elizabeth Taylor (S. M. S., 1912-13) and Capt. George H. Dawson, U. S. A., of Richland Hills, N. Y.

CANSLER-LONDON: On Saturday, December 15th, at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Charlotte, N. C., Mary Norcott London (S. M. S., 1912-13) and Lieut. Edwin Thomas Cansler, Jr., U. S. A.

(*Note.*—As the weddings of Hortense Haughton Jones and Anna Coates Benedict were confused in printing in the last number of the MUSE they are here reprinted correcting the error, with the apologies of the Editors for this error.)

ADVERTISEMENTS

Patronize those who patronize you. Remember that it is the advertisers who make the publication of the MUSE possible.

DON'T FORGET

TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE

and SODA FOUNTAIN

CORNER FAYETTEVILLE and HARGETT STREETS

Success in the Campaign for the Raising of the \$250,000 Fund to pay off the debt and provide additional new buildings, and the beginning of an Endowment Fund is of the utmost importance to St. Mary's.

Think of it, talk of it, and help in every way you can.

B. W. JONES

The
Best in
Groceries

Phones 667-668 528 Hillsboro Street

"You get them when promised"

Horton's Studio

Masonic Temple

"Workers in Artistic Photography"

St. Mary's Girls Always Welcome at

Hudson-Belk Company

Full line of Ready-to-wear, Hosiery, Gloves, Furnishings, Dry Goods, Shoes, Toilet Goods, Ribbons and Laces

ESTABLISHED 1858

H. MAHLER'S SONS

JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

M. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY

GROCERS

Wilmington and Hargett Streets

**BOYLAN-PEARCE
C O M P A N Y**

The Greatest Store
in the City for the
SCHOOL GIRLS

SEE
HERBERT ROSENTHAL
FOR REAL SHOES

Too LEARNED.—“That 'ere Sammy's an educated toff from 'arvard,” said Tommy Atkins, leaning on his spade. “I'm jolly well weary of 'is learnin' too, that I am. We're ordered to throw up trenches along the Marne, and as 'e picks up 'is spade, th' bloomin' college blighter says, says 'e: ‘Well, Tommy, come on; it looks like we're infra dig!’ And wot I says is: Blarst a college education, anyhow, eh?”—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Why Is
Brantley's Fountain
the
MOST POPULAR?

Ask the Girls

**MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND
VISITING CARDS**

CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED

Send for samples and prices

**Edwards & Broughton Printing
Company**

Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers

RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES
THE WAKE DRUG STORE
 Phones 228

HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE
 Phone 107
PROMPT DELIVERY

Thomas H. Briggs & Sons
The Big Hardware Men Raleigh, N. C.

Base Balls, Basket Balls
Tennis and Sporting Goods

Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company
 Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**
 Phone 529

PESCUD'S BOOK STORE
 12 W. Hargett St.

DARNELL & THOMAS
ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

RALEIGH FLORAL CO.
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

T. F. BROCKWELL
 All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.
 Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

FORCED COURTESY

I rose with great alacrity
 To offer her my seat.
 'Twas a question whether she or I
 Should stand upon my feet.

—Cornell Widow.

Stationery, College Linen, Pennants,
 Cameras and Supplies
 Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

JAMES E. THIEM

Bell Phone 135 RALEIGH, N. C.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE
FINE CANDIES PURE ICE CREAM
FRUIT

We carry the most complete line of Fruit and
 Candies in town.

111 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street RALEIGH, N. C.

H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,
 Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.

Raleigh, N. C. Phone 113

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Electric Light and
 Power and Gas

1376—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You

Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. GLASS The Ladies' Store
 Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses
 and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel
 210 Fayetteville St. RALEIGH, N. C.

WM. HELLER
THE FOOTERY SHOP
 RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE FASHION

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

*The college girls' store for Snappy, Classy,
Youthful Garments and Millinery.*

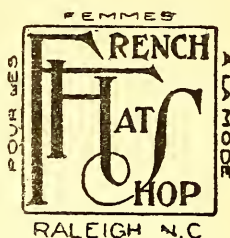
TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO COLLEGE
STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

ORDER YOUR CUT FLOWERS

FROM

J. L. O'QUINN & CO.

Phone 149



Exclusive
Millinery

WHITE ICE CREAM CO.

BEST
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

CORNER SALISBURY AND HARGETT STS.

SURPRISED.—Bertie (whose motor has broken down and who is compelled to ride in a trolley)—“Bah Jove! I had no idea these affairs were so popular!”—*Judge.*

ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?
BERNARD L. CROCKER
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.
Fire Insurance

Insure Against Loss by Fire
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited
Charles E. Johnson, Jr.
RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE
SHOES AND HOSIERY

C. D. ARTHUR City Market
FISH AND OYSTERS

ELLINGTON'S ART STORE
RALEIGH, N. C.

College Pennants, Pillows, Pictures,
Frames, Novelties

ROYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY
Made Fresh Every Day

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel

Dinners and Banquets a Specialty

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers
Steam Fitters
Hot Water Heating

S. Wilmington Street

PRETTY FAMILIAR.—Professor Fudge—"What do you mean, Mr. Jones, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Ludie Beethoven, Charlie Gounod, and Fred Handel?"

Jones—"Well, you told me to get familiar with the great composers."—*Musical America.*

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South

Most Direct Line to all Points North, South,
East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,
Washington, D. C.

J. O. JONES, Traveling Pass. Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Lafayette

A Cafe which invites the patronage of ladies. The girls of St. Mary's will enjoy the beauty and convenience of our modern, well-appointed dining place.

Fayetteville Street, next to Almo.

GET YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

From

Royall & Borden Furniture Co.

Patronize

STAUDT'S BAKERY

Hillsboro Street, Near St. Mary's School

Two Irishmen were crossing the danger zone in the Atlantic. Suddenly there came a crash.

First Irishman (excitedly to his friend)—“Mikey, Mikey! the boat is sinking!”

The blasé Michael—“Well, what do we care? The boat is not ours!”

PERRY'S ART STORE

S. Wilmington St.

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

BELL PHONE 503

SHU-FIXERY

J. R. KEE, Manager 103 Fayetteville St.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Shoes repaired while you wait.

Come to see our modern plant.

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

104 EAST HARGETT ST.

BELL PHONE 719

MISSES REESE & COMPANY

MILLINERY

L. SCHWARTZ

RICHMOND MARKET

Meats of All Kinds

BATES-ARRINGTON & COMPANY

PURE FOOD GROCERIES

Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

NORFOLK

RALEIGH
NEW BERN
GOLDSBORO

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

Location Central for the Carolinas.

Climate Healthy and Salubrious.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

(for girls and young women)

NOW IN 76th ANNUAL SESSION

SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGINS JANUARY 21st, 1918.

- St. Mary's
offers
instruction
in these
Departments*
- 1. THE COLLEGE
2. THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
3. THE ART DEPARTMENT
4. THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT
5. THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
6. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL
7. THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT*

In 1917-18 are enrolled 250 students from 16 Dioceses.

Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

*Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.
Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and
Dormitories.*

*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without
slight to the Scholastic training.*

For catalogue and other information address

*Rev. George W. Lay, D. C. L.,
Rector.*

The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Late Winter Number

January-February, 1918

ST. MARY'S CALENDAR, 1917-18

FEBRUARY-JUNE

February 13,	Wednesday:	Ash Wednesday. Lent begins.
February 22,	Friday:	Washington's Birthday.
February 23,	Saturday:	Lecture by the Hon. Theodore Marburg.
March 16,	Saturday:	"Scenes from the Life of a Bible Woman," by the St. Agnes and St. Monica Auxiliary Chapters, Parlor, 8:15.
March 17,	Sunday:	St. Patrick's Day.
March 23,	Thursday:	Last Quarter begins.
March 29,	Friday:	Good Friday.
March 31,	Sunday:	Easter Day.
April 8,	Monday:	Piano Recital. Miss Louise Seymour.
April 22,	Monday:	Faculty Recital.
April 29,	Monday:	Certificate Voice Recital. Mary Foote Neal.
May 6,	Monday:	Certificate Piano Recital. Dorothy Portlock Wood.
May 9,	Thursday:	Ascension Day.
May 13,	Monday:	Expression Recital. Alice Creswell Seed.
May 18,	Saturday:	Annual School Party.
May 20,	Monday:	Certificate Piano Recital. Helen Clifford Cooper.
May 25,	Saturday:	Annual Chorus Concert.
June 1,	Saturday:	Annual Dramatic Club Play.
June 2-4,		Seventy-sixth Commencement.

The St. Mary's Muse

LATE WINTER NUMBER

VOL. XXII

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 5-6

These War Times at St. Mary's

"Have you joined?"

"Of course!"

It does not matter what, it is the spirit that saturates St. Mary's life today, that whatever organizations are planned to carry on war work of any nature they are enthusiastically supported by the student body and faculty of St. Mary's. Everybody joins.

Red Cross work stands out most prominently, perhaps, as it was the first which was generally organized through the large First-Aid classes held last session. This present session has seen a live and successful membership campaign in which 100 per cent membership was accomplished in the resident student body and faculty; and of course many local students belong also. Following this campaign, active work has gone forward in the making of different garments for the Belgians and the hospitals, to be followed soon by a Surgical Dressing class. The Red Cross finds ready, enthusiastic support, whatever its call, at St. Mary's. Of course, knitting is continuous; that is now taken for granted.

Certainly next, if not so conspicuous in its activity, is the steady, unflinching offering in response to many varied calls. The announcements are made in the Chapel, and a little black box in the front hall, with its appeal posted above it, keeps us constantly reminded during the week to add a little as we can. To all of these there is a response.

The Thrift Stamp and War Savings campaign was splendid! And it still goes on and on. Every resident student of St. Mary's, as well as many others here, is an active member of this movement. The little Dormitory group have organized a Circle of Ten, each to buy at least one Thrift Stamp each week. And so the Government meets full and hearty support at St. Mary's in the Thrift movement.

But this is not all! We are supporting to the best of our ability both the Food and Fuel Administrations. Meatless and wheatless days and meals are kept unerringly. Only the simplest kind of refreshments are ever served at the parties, and often none at all. There is even a private organization among the students called the Anti-Candy Club, a part of the general club of America of that name. The buying and making of candy, except perhaps for the soldiers, is forbidden for the duration of the war. This is certainly a hard test of a school-girl's patriotism and willingness to help lick the Kaiser, but the Anti-Candy Club is growing.

The final movement afoot, which met with tremendous enthusiasm when it was announced, is the planting and working of the School garden by the students themselves. This is no joke; it means hard work, but a healthy, happy occupation for free hours. The outlook is bright for success in this as in all the other undertakings to help the war here in our little community life at St. Mary's.

At St. Mary's student, teacher,
Out in war array,
"Sammies, poilu, Belgian soldier,
Do our efforts pay?"

"Knitting needles, sewing needles,
Wheatless, meatless day?
Hoe and rake and watering pot—?"
"Keep it up!" they say.

St. Mary's and the Thrift Stamp Campaign

ELLEN B. LAY, E A II

The purpose of the Thrift Stamp Campaign is not only to raise funds for America's war work of 1918, but mainly to allow the man of little means to feel that he individually is *doing something* directly for his country, and to teach the American the quality of thrift, so necessary to our forefathers in Revolutionary times and today so essential to the winning of the great European war in the part we take with the Allies. When a small boy refrains from the enticing

stickiness of an all-day sucker, or from the glamour of the "movies," and invests his money so saved in thrift stamps, not only is he helping himself to become a better citizen, strengthening his character by unselfish loyalty and love of country, but also he is building up the reputation of the United States—making its future.

And thus the Thrift Stamp Campaign was brought to St. Mary's. We felt that as one small unit of America we should have an hundred per cent ownership of Thrift Stamps. A preliminary meeting of the student body was held. Mildred Kirtland gave a brief talk on what St. Mary's should do as a whole. The student body agreed that every girl, man, woman, and child, white and black, on the place should own a Thrift Card with one or more stamps on it, and that everything possible should be done to accomplish this end. A committee was appointed by Katharine Drane, president of the Senior Class, consisting of Mildred Kirtland, chairman, Mildred Jones, Elspeth Askew, Nancy Lay, Nina Cooper, Louise Pearsall, Henrietta Morgan, Mary C. Wilson, Margaret Rawlings, Catherine Batts, Helen Cooper, Helen Snyder. In a week this committee accomplished wonders.

Today, February 1st, every one at St. Mary's from little Ernest Cruikshank to old "Ducky," has started "licking the Kaiser." Every resident student, twenty-eight day students, twenty-one servants, twenty-four members of the Faculty, and all the Lays and Cruikshanks, own Thrift Stamps.

Although we have started off well, we have not finished. The campaign will continue throughout the year. Each girl should buy at least two stamps a week, so that by the end of the year we should have bought \$1,000 worth of stamps. We realize that the Thrift Stamps will teach us, the American people, to save in small things, and to be thrifty. Most of us, too, realize that "C'est le guerre," and that we must give up the little luxuries to which we have been accustomed. It will take unselfishness and self-denial for us to accomplish our plan by June, but, from our love of country and pride in our boys "Somewhere in France" we will and shall accomplish it!

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Sigma Lambda Literary Society

MARIAN DRANE, '19
KATHERINE PARKER DRANE, '18 } *Editors*

A Valentine

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18

Across the sea there flew a missive,
 Wrapped with tender care,
That no strange eye might see
 What a maid had written there.

She was aided by Dan Cupid,
 Who the missive sped away
To remind a distant soldier
 'Twas St. Valentine's own day.

O'er the great wide sea he sent it,
 Flying over sunny France,
To the place where those brave laddies
 Hold their very first advance;

Straight into a great, dark dugout,
 To a brown-eyed hero tall,
Who was waiting to "go over"
 At the coming day's first call.

Eagerly he grasped the missive,
 Read the tender message through,
Thanked God that his little sweetheart
 Of war and horror little knew.

He had read the little message,
 In a moment snatched from time,
And as he led his brave men over
 In his heart still rang the rhyme.

And the message, sped such distance,
Steeled his heart to brav'ry great:
Made this Captain risk his own life
For the saving of a mate.

Safely did he bring his mate back
From the land called "No Man's," bare,
Wounded badly, but still smiling,
Thinking of his "lady fair."

His heart kept singing, he grew well,
Thankful for the message true;
"Daddy, dear, u no I luv u,
No nife can cut our luv into."

Coasting

MURIEL DOUGHERTY, '22

Ding-a-ling! Ding-a-ling!

Margaret Hamilton put down her book and rose to answer the telephone.

"Hello! Who is this?"

"Hello! Margaret. This is Ray. A number of us boys are trying to get up a coasting party for tonight, and I want to know if you will go with me."

"I'd love to go, but my feet get so cold!"

Ray roared with laughter.

"Never mind, Margie; they won't get cold again if I have anything to say in the matter. We are going to build a bonfire at the top of the hill and one at the bottom."

"Oh! that is grand! Now I'll go with pleasure."

"I thought you would. At eight. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Ray."

.

At eight-thirty that night a crowd of boys and girls stood around a big fire at the top of a hill and looked after some boys who had just left to make the promised fire at the bottom of the hill. As far as you could see there was snow; everything looked beautiful in the

glistening outer garments of snow and ice. The fires lighted up the whole hillside, which glowed like one big shining ruby.

Soon the fun began. Each boy took down a girl, who sat in front on the sled. Some of the boys who had more nerve and were more expert took down two girls at once. Such laughter and other merry noises rent the air that old man Hezekiah, who lived in a little hut not far away, complained of a dreadful headache next morning caused by that noisy crowd.

The fires had almost gone out and everybody was tiring of the sport when some one suggested going to Robert Gordon's house to have the promised supper. The move was seconded and carried by many eager voices. Oh! Such a supper! Such fun!

Then they pulled back the rugs, turned on the Victrola, and danced. As the town clock struck two the last couple departed, after having what was rightly termed "an awfully good time."

"Our Bit"

E. S. R., '17

It's wheatless and it's meatless,
 And with some it's sweetless, too;
 And it's "Give it to the War Fund,
 Don't be a slacker, You!"
 It's a dollar here, a dollar there,
 Just give us all you can.
 For you know it's for your country:
 Would you fail your Uncle Sam?

And with us it's give us MUSE dues,
 And give it gladly, too,
 For you know the poor collectors
 Have to pay as well as you.
 And oh! we stop and give a sigh
 And say with many a moan,
 "Will I ever stop this giving,
 Even when I'm dead and gone?
 Alas! I'm just as busted
 As ever I could be,
 And still I have not finished,
 For I owe for two or three."

Well, it may seem hard to us, Girls;
We may think we're in the mire,
But just the same our hearts, Girls,
Are, every one, on fire.
For some day there will be an end,
And then how glad we'll be
That we have done our part, Girls,
At home and o'er the sea.

The Slacker

REBECCA BAXTER, '21

At first they had called him a slacker. Bill volunteered to go to France as an interpreter, but even then many who had professed to be his friends still called him a slacker, because he took an easy job which could be filled by men less physically fit than Bill. He had graduated from V—— University with the highest honors; he could speak French, German, and Spanish, and was considered one of the promising young men of the town. He was exceedingly popular with both men and girls, and was to have been married in June to Catherine Stokes, a very popular and attractive girl. But when the war broke out and all the boys joined the different military organizations, Catherine found public opinion too strong for her, and broke the engagement. Many people had said that Bill was only infatuated with Catherine, and he began to think so, too, when she broke the engagement as she did; in fact, he felt rather disgusted with her. He soon volunteered as an interpreter, and left for France within a few weeks.

For the first month or two Bill was stationed in Paris, but later he was moved to the small town of M——, within a few miles of the front. The town was in a rather dangerous position, being shelled and raided by the enemy Zeppelins continuously. Here Bill acted as a "Jack-of-all-trades"; he helped with the wounded and sick, sometimes even going to the front with the ambulances to bring back the wounded. He was a general favorite with the French officers, whom he charmed and delighted with his American wit and humor.

For about two weeks late in August a battle had been raging around M——. Sick and wounded were brought in every day by the hundreds, and many were reported captured by the Germans, which was considered worse than death itself. Finally there came a lull in the battle; nothing had been gained by either side and the casualties were great.

Some of the officers and Bill were sitting around the fire telling stories and seeming as cheerful as possible, when they heard something fall heavily against the door. Bill opened the door quickly and a wounded soldier stumbled towards him. From his story they learned that he had been captured, had one arm cut off and one eye put out by the Boches. Bill had heard much of this horrible treatment of prisoners, but this was the first time he had ever seen a victim, and he could not help exclaiming: "Good Lord! man, but you are plucky!"

"Oh, it's nothing. I—I got off easy compared to some of the fellows," he said brokenly. "Here are some German plans I managed to slip. Thank God I could bring them!"

After handing them the papers, he fell over in a faint and was carefully attended and made comfortable. Bill quickly translated the papers and found that the Germans had been reinforced and were planning an attack set for twelve that night.

The General's face was grave as he said:

"We must warn the boys at the front. It is a dangerous errand, but some one must go."

"Let me go, General. I know the way and I want to go. This plucky fellow," he said, pointing at the man asleep in the corner, "has made me half ashamed of myself."

The General tried to assure Bill that he was doing his bit, only in a different way, and there was no cause to be ashamed; but Bill insisted, and finally the General consented.

"Well, goodbye, my friend, and the best of luck. I do not know what we would do without you American boys."

Bill told them all goodbye and left for the front. He arrived nearly exhausted from struggling in the mud and slime through

which he had had to pass. He was just in time. A short while after the Germans opened fire, but they found the French ready and waiting. The attack was repulsed and the number of killed and wounded was slight. Bill, the slacker, was among the wounded, and his wounds were many and painful, but not fatal, though one arm had to be amputated below the elbow. But Bill considered that he gained a good deal more than he lost, for he won the heart of the young French girl who had nursed him.

One day when Bill was well on the way to recovery she was sitting beside him holding his hand in both of hers.

"I am glad your wounds are not very serious, Billee," she said. "You will be well soon."

"And then—" and Bill drew her towards him and whispered the rest.

About a month later Catherine Stokes read in the paper of Bill's brave act which had won for him the Cross of Honor, and also of his marriage to the French girl who had nursed him back to health.

O Cavalier!

(Styléd after Will Carleton's "Sleep, Old Pioneer")

E. W., '20

When the springtime buds are showing,
When the summer sky is glowing,
Or the harvest-time is here;
When the winter blast is blowing,
You dream, O Cavalier,
Safe within your sheltering home,
Away from care and strife.
You do not hear your country's call,
But lead your peaceful life.
Wealth and happiness surround you,
Calm your days, with naught to fear,
And a selfish arm has bound you.
See the dying souls around you,
Awake! O Cavalier.

Over there where men are dying,
And children's voices ever crying
For aid from far or near,
Look! Your country's flag is flying.
Come! O Cavalier.
Far away from your sheltering home,
Amidst the care and strife,
You must wave that spangled flag,
Protect it with your life!
Then we shall ne'er forget about you,
As our cause so just you clear.
And even though the world may doubt you,
Remember, we can't win without you.
So fight! O Cavalier.

Mère Manon's New Year

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18

Across the cold snowy stretches of fields the clustered houses of the village seemed to be deserted and quiet, buried under the heavy blanket of snow. It was Christmas Day on the calendar, but there was very little of Christmas in the hearts of the villagers of C——. There was scarcely enough food under any roof to keep body and soul together, and yet even this was gladly divided to help the boys at the front.

In the home of Mère Manon there was increased sorrow, for her Jacques, her one hope, joy, and comfort in life, was lying wounded in the hospital. She had received the message sent by one of his comrades quietly, bravely, as befitted a mother of France, and in the same quiet way had begun preparations for leaving home, for she must see her boy once more.

It was not long before the door opened and a tall girl with great brown eyes slipped in to help "Jacques' mother." There were no words exchanged between them, for they needed no words. When the mother left the little home, she turned to the girl at her side:

"Marie, pray that Jacques may be spared to his country and to me."

"Give Jacques my love and—and—" The rest was only a sob, a prayer, and Mère Manon set off through the snow.

At the railroad station, some miles off, there was a long, long wait, for troop trains were passing one after another, and the poor, timid little white-haired lady was almost lost in the confusion of coming and going. As the carloads of English Tommies passed, her thoughts would go back to all those mothers left at home. It was very late on that cold gray day before a kind official noticed her and established her in a very small corner of a supply train bound for the base hospital where Jacques might be.

It was late on that blustering Christmas morning before Mère Manon dropped off to sleep from exhaustion. She was asleep when the supply train was sidetracked to let troop trains pass, and still asleep when some accident happened to the engine. When she awoke the train was not moving, and on all sides there were only bare white fields on which the sun was palely trying to shine. As soon as the engine was repaired there were other troop trains wanting to pass. And so there was delay after delay until, two days late, the train pulled into D——, where the base hospital was situated. Mère Manon had only brought a very small parcel of food with her, all that had been in the house, and when she heard the station called it required all her strength to make her poor old aching feet take her out into the cold air. She did not notice the dazed stare of the trainman, who had forgotten her, but thanked him humbly for the little bit of food he offered her.

It was a long search she had then, a cold, weary one, until her poor old body seemed unable to stir a moment longer. But on she plodded, asking the same question—for “Jacques Manon.” Time after time she turned away disheartened, but finally in an old chateau a few miles from D——, a chateau of a kind French nobleman, she found him.

At her broken cry of “Jacques!” he showed no surprise, but joy shone in his face as he smiled up at her from the pillow.

“Mother!” he said. “I knew you would come.”

Both were silent for a time: there was no need for words.

But presently: “Mother, I shall be leaving you alone. I will not be here on New Year’s Day.”

"I shall be happy, my son, you died for your country."

It was that night, in the language of the soldiers, that Jacques "went west." And on the morning of New Year's Day they found his little mother lying with a smile on her face. She had gone to spend her "Happy New Year" with Jacques.

SCHOOL NEWS

December 19th: The Christmas Entertainment

On Wednesday night, December 19th, as we entered the dining-room for our last supper before leaving for the holidays, we found the tables most attractively decorated with tiny Christmas trees and paper doilies appropriate for the occasion. Christmas bells were hanging from the chandeliers, and the Christmas feeling was in the air. Most especially so when all the little trees were lighted, they alone lighting up the dining-room, and every one seemed carried right into a real Christmas night, as it would be were we all here for the 25th, the happy day itself.

A surprise awaited us—a surprise that proved one of the very nicest imaginable. At the end of our long anticipated Christmas supper we were all invited to be in the Auditorium at eight o'clock. Not a word had leaked out of anything that might be going to happen there. What could it be? An eager throng quickly gathered in the Auditorium at the appointed hour, where gay little program cards were handed around. It is hard to do justice to the entertainment that followed, given by the Seniors. "Holly Tree Inn" from "The Holly Tree" by Charles Dickens was the program in the form of a play in one act. The stage was most attractively set and the costumes were in perfect keeping with the time of Dickens' story, cleverly gotten up by the girls themselves. Elizabeth Folk and Agnes Pratt as Harry and Nora, the little runaways, were the central figures, and took their parts in a most realistic way, calling forth much applause from the delighted audience. They were ably supported by Aline Hughes and Katherine Drane as Jab Cobbs, the landlord, and Mrs. Cobbs, the landlady. Helen Laughinghouse as Captain Walmers, Harry's father, and Estelle Ravenel as Betty, the maid, and Helen Mason as the stableman of the inn, completed the cast. It would be hard to say who was best, so well was each part taken.

At the conclusion of the play, which proved a popular success with the girls, there was a rush for the Gymnasium, where the Christmas

Tree was to be held. The tree itself with all its gay decorations stood in the middle of the room and festoons from the light directly above added color to the scene. Cedar rope and wreathes were an effective and important part of the decorations, while the large room was lighted with candles placed in each of the many windows. After the crowd had gathered a silence fell over the room as in the distance could be heard the sound of voices singing the old carol, "Holy Night, Silent Night." The singing drew nearer and the procession of choir girls in white, bearing candles, entered the main door of the Gymnasium. Several beautiful carols were sung, followed by those of the little children, and concluded by "O Little Town of Bethlehem," in which all present joined.

All at once, in the momentary silence that followed, Santa Claus's voice rang out from the chimney of the little house in the corner, speaking words of welcome. Mary Neal took the part of Santa most successfully. He had an unusual number of good knocks to deliver for the amusement of the audience. When he had said farewell until another year and vanished down the chimney, the lights were turned on full and the general Christmas knocks, in the form of letters, which have taken the place of presents during war times, were distributed by Santa's elves, causing much fun for all. There were bags of candy and fruit, also, from the tree for everybody. So concluded one of the happiest nights at St. Mary's.

December 20th-January 15th: The Holidays

On Thursday, December 20th, at three o'clock, St. Mary's closed for the Christmas holidays, and happy crowds, homeward bound, left on every train.

Things at the School during vacation were quiet and the crowd remaining was smaller than for many years. It cannot be said that the latter part of the holidays at the School were uneventful, for the freeze, the worst cold weather witnessed in Raleigh in many years, kept things humming to keep up with the water and steam pipes.

It was for this reason that the opening after the holidays had to be postponed one week. Dr. Lay did not wish to risk the inconven-

iences threatened by the damage done by the freeze, as explained in a letter to the parents. Of course, this extra week's holiday added a great deal to the pleasure of the girls at home, and it will now be made up by an extra week at the closing of the session, delaying the Commencement until June 2d to 4th.

On Tuesday, January 15th, one week late on the School Calendar, St. Mary's reopened, and the girls came back, after happy vacations filled with many pleasures, ready for school work again. Those from the North told tales of wonderful skating, sleighing, and coasting, while those from the far South told of snow on orange trees and flowers, which had never been heard of, in this generation, at least.

The new year began well. Very few of the old girls did not come back, and we had the great pleasure of welcoming an unusually large number of new girls for the Second Term. May this Second Term prove as happy and prosperous as the first has been for all St. Mary's.

January 21: The Red Cross Membership Campaign

On January 21, 1918, a committee of thirteen girls was elected from the student body to run a campaign to obtain 100 per cent membership for the Red Cross in the School by the end of a week. The Faculty and girls met the swift campaign with ready response, so that by the end of the week every girl and teacher in School, except about nine, had either joined when asked, was already a member, or had renewed her membership. On Saturday, January 26th, forty-four of the day students were members—some joined and some were already members.

The record at present is as follows:

Members joined at St. Mary's, 1918.....	75
Of these, those renewed	12
Total membership, including Faculty and day scholars.....	224

January 21: Dr. and Mrs. Lay Entertain the Seniors

On Monday afternoon, January 21st, Dr. and Mrs. Lay delightfully entertained the Seniors at the Rectory. The cozy study and open fire added a touch of home, to the school girls' enjoyment, and a most pleasant social evening was spent with the Rector and his wife. De-

licious refreshments were served by Mrs. Lay, and it was with regret that the party broke up.

January 25th: Mrs. Lay Entertains the Faculty

On Friday afternoon, January 25th, the Faculty were delightfully entertained at the Rectory. On entering the parlor they were welcomed by Mrs. Lay and served to delicious creamed oyster, with olives and crackers, while just across the hall in the study Miss Dowd served tea, coffee, and sandwiches. It was altogether a delightful social affair, and was greatly enjoyed, as entertainments at the Rectory always are.

January 28th: Letz Quartette, Peace-St. Mary's Concert

On Monday evening, January 28th, the second concert of the Peace-St. Mary's Series was held in the St. Mary's Auditorium. The Letz Quartette rendered a delightful program. The numbers were unusually good, and beautifully rendered, opening with Beethoven's "Quartette No. 2 in G major" and closing with Grainger's charming song, "Molly on the Shore."

Judging by the hearty applause and the demand for encores, the evening was greatly enjoyed by every one.

The program was as follows:

THE LETZ QUARTETTE

HANS LETZ *1st Violin*

EDWARD KREINER, *Viola*

SANDOR HARMATI, *2d Violin*

GERALD MAAS, *Violoncello*

1. Quartette No. 2 in G major.....*Beethoven*
 Allegro
 Adagio cantabile
 Scherzo allegro
 Allegro molto, quasi presto
2. Quartette in F major.....*Dvorak*
 (American Quartette)
 Allegro ma non troppo
 Lento
 Vivace ma non troppo
3. Andante *D'Ambrosio*
 La fille aux cheveux de lin.....*Debussy*
 Molly on the Shore.....*Grainger*
 (Irish folk song settings)

February 4th: Two Basketball Games

The beginning of the new term in athletics was celebrated by a gala-day for the teams.

On Saturday, February 2d, the Gymnasium was the scene of a most exciting double-header between the first teams and junior teams of the Sigmas and Mus. Evidently exams did not leave any bad effects on the players, as both games were characterized by unusual quickness. The score of the first game was 11-6, and for the junior teams 22-15, victory in both cases belonging to the Mus.

The line-up for the first teams was as follows:

SIGMA	MUS
Waddell, E. (Capt.).....f.....	McMullan (Kern)
Cooper N. (Parks).....f.....	Cabell
Amblerc.....	Lay, E. B.
Mullinsg.....	Burke (Capt.)
Battleg.....	Glass

The line-up of the junior teams was as follows:

Hoke (Capt.).....f.....	Wilson, M. B.
Roysterf.....	Dougherty
Robbins, R. E.c.....	Barwis
Hawkins, M.g.....	Browne, E.
Collierg.....	Barber (Capt.)

February 9th: The Expression Class Presents "The Kleptomaniac"

On Saturday evening, February 9th, a charming little one-act play, "The Kleptomaniac," was given in the Auditorium by the pupils of Miss Davis's private expression class. As usual with Miss Davis's plays, the characters were well chosen. Rebecca Baxter acted very well indeed the part of the tearful lady who lost her pocketbook, and Dorothy Kirtland, as Frieda, was unusually good, though she had taken the part on very short notice. They were well supported by all members of the cast, making the entertainment a very enjoyable one.

The cast was as follows:

Mrs. John Burton (<i>Peggy</i>).....	REBECCA BAXTER
Mrs. Valerie Chase Armsby (<i>a young widow</i>).....	LUCY WILLS
Mrs. Charles Dover (<i>Mabel</i>), <i>a bride</i>	CARRIE McIVER WILKES

Mrs. Preston Ashley (<i>Bertha</i>).....	KATHERINE BATTS
Miss Frieda Dixon.....	DOROTHY KIRTLAND
Miss Evelyn Evans (<i>a journalist</i>).....	JANE TOY
Katie (<i>Mrs. Burton's maid</i>).....	MARY MOFFITT

February 12th: The Colonial Ball

On Tuesday evening, February 12th, the annual Colonial Ball was given in the Parlor. Promptly at eight-thirty the doors were opened and the colonial ladies in their gorgeous panniered gowns and powdered hair piled high and glistening with jeweled combs, accompanied by their escorts with powdered perukes and frilled coats, entered the ballroom, which was simply, but completely, adorned with American flags. The grand march, led by Katharine Drane and Estelle Ravenel, as George and Martha Washington, carried the scene far back to the days of the Colonies. The old-fashioned figures were the opening features of the evening's dance, followed by the Virginia reel and the dainty minuet. The minuet was danced by some very small Colonial ladies with their little escorts, being Mary Lyon, Eleanor Mason, Adelaide Boylston, Virginia Lay, Frances Green, and Isabel Jones.

The gay throng danced the evening out, the ballroom being filled with happy laughter and merry exchanges of old-fashioned greetings, with the courtly bows and dainty courtesies of long ago.

The nine-thirty bell brought this jolly, dancing crowd back to the realities of 1918, and to the realization that they must, on parting at the door, come back to the prose of today, and that it was the last evening of dancing before Lent. Very light refreshments were served, for these are war times now, and a very happy evening was ended as Colonial maid and escort passed out of the ballroom door.

The St. Mary's Muse

Subscription Price	One Dollar
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1917-1918

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18, *Editor-in-Chief*

SENIOR REPORTERS

KATHARINE P. DRANE, '18

ELIZABETH McM. FOLK, '18

JUNIOR REPORTERS

HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '20

ELLEN LAY, '19

MILDRED KIRTLAND, '20

ALICE SEED, '20

MARY C. WILSON, '20,

LOUISE TOLER, '19,

} *Assistant Business Managers*

EDITORIAL

Mid-Term Examinations

Mid-term Examinations are over, and there is one good thing that these examinations do for us—that is, they show us how hard we ought to have studied. And then just after these examinations we have another term beginning. If we have had a hard time with our “mid-terms,” we must realize that there are others still to come, and now is the time for us to prepare for them. Now is the time to get to work. Let's do it with all our might, and we will accomplish more than merely making final examinations easier for ourselves. There is *lots of fun ahead* of us this spring, but there is lots of work, too. Let's get down to it and all work hard together.

Plans for Red Cross Work

At a student meeting held just before Christmas it was decided that aside from the general knitting we should take up some other form of Red Cross work.

A committee of seven was appointed, Katherine Drane, Mary Dall, Rainsford Glass, Jane Ruffin, Novella Moye, and Rebecca Baxter, with Louise Toler as chairman.

This committee consulted with the Raleigh Red Cross Chapter to see what we could do, and found that we could make layettes for the Belgian babies, and hospital garments for the wounded soldiers. About sixty girls volunteered for this work, so we have secured materials for three layettes, which cost twenty-four dollars, and are ready to start work on them immediately.

Material has been ordered for a Surgical Dressing Class, and this class of thirty will be ready to start about the last of February.

This is a good beginning for the new year's work. Everybody is interested, and everybody must help. St. Mary's girls have always done what was expected of them; this time we are going to do more than that. It is to be one of the most successful of our undertakings in war interests, which we are proud to say have been many.


Lent

Ash Wednesday this year fell on February 13th, and Lent at the School was begun with an early celebration of the Holy Communion on that morning.

We face this Lenten season with perhaps a deeper feeling of seriousness than ever before. It is because the reality of this great world war in which we have taken the side of justice, honor, and democracy, is being brought close home to us at last, now that our boys are in the trenches, now that we have lost our first troop ship and some of the men on board with the sinking of the *Tuscania* this month. This tragedy has strengthened our determination to do "our all," to put every effort into the tasks before us, however great or small, to accom-

plish that final victory over militarism for the cause of democracy. It is in this Lenten season that we will seek strength—a greater strength than ever before—that we need now, to face that which we must face of struggle, sacrifice, and sorrow in the months, perhaps the years, ahead of us before the end of this great war.


At St. Mary's the free hours during Lent will be used by the girls in working towards different goals of war work. There will be sewing for the Belgian babies, garments for the hospitals, knitting and other forms of Red Cross activity. It is hoped and anticipated that Easter Day will find an offering which will be positive proof of the sacrifices we feel so glad and so willing to make this Lent, not only in the saving of money, but in the giving of time to accomplish those tasks we have undertaken as a bit in the world war, a bit which seems so little, but counts so much.



On Sunday, February 17th, at St. Mary's, Mrs. C. T. Patch, of Southern Pines, the mother of Anna Whitney Patch, a resident student, was taken very suddenly ill with a stroke of paralysis almost immediately on her arrival at the School for a visit to her daughter. Mr. Patch and his son were summoned, and arrived Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Patch died shortly after midnight.

The funeral was arranged for Tuesday morning, and Mr. R. B. Owen, Dr. A. W. Knox, Mr. W. E. Stone, Mr. J. B. Cheshire, Jr., Mr. B. G. Cowper, and Mr. M. DeL. Haywood acted as bearers in taking the body to the train on Monday. Mrs. G. W. Lay went on with the family to Southern Pines for the funeral.

The deepest sympathy of the whole School went out to the stricken family in their sudden bereavement, a slight expression of which was a beautiful floral piece sent by the students and Faculty.



ALUMNAE MATTERS

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	-	{ Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.
			{ Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. John H. Holmes, Chapel Hill.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Walter Grimes, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

PROGRESS OF THE FUND

REV. FRANCIS M. OSBORNE, *Special Representative of Trustees*

On January 15th a report was made to the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's School of the progress of the Campaign for the \$250,000 Fund. The Special Committee on Raising Funds, acting jointly with the Executive Committee, expressed their satisfaction with the result reported by the Special Representative in the canvass still going on in the Diocese of North Carolina, and some present stated that the amount so far raised surpassed their expectations—and all this notwithstanding some very obvious obstacles.

In February the campaign will begin in the Diocese of East Carolina, and when that Diocese has been canvassed it is hoped that the organization for work in the District of Asheville will be ready for work. Bishop Bratton of Mississippi, formerly Rector of St. Mary's, will address a mass-meeting in Trinity Church, Asheville, on February 10th in the interest of this movement.

ALUMNAE WEDDINGS

- TABER-SAFFOLD: On Wednesday, November 21st, at Montgomery, Ala., Evelyn Phillips Saffold (S.M.S. 1913-14) and Lieut. William Audley Taber, U. S. A.
- THOMAS-WILLIAMS: On Saturday, December 22d, at the Chapel of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City, Mary Webber Williams (S.M.S. 1913-15) and Winthrop Gordon Thomas, Signal Corps, U. S. A.
- DAWSON-BRAXTON: On Saturday, December 22d, at Goldsboro, N. C., Sadie Charles Braxton (S.M.S. 1914-17) and Joseph Green Dawson.
- BRYANT-SHIELDS: On Thursday, December 27th, at Trinity Church, Scotland Neck, N. C., Nannie Du Pré Shields (S.M.S. 1910-12) and David Franklin Bryant.
- HARRIS-GARY: On Saturday, December 29th, at Henderson, N. C., Annie Ruth Gary (S.M.S. 1909-11) and Samuel Rogers Harris, Jr.
- RIDDICK-JOSEY: On Wednesday, January 2d, at Trinity Church, Scotland Neck, N. C., Nannie Louise Josey (S.M.S. 1909-11) and Newsom Allsbrook Riddick.
- FAHRION-YATES: On Saturday, January 19th, Raleigh, N. C., Gladys Eccles Yates (S.M.S. 1912-15) and Lieut. Frank George Fahrion, U. S. N.
- GASSOWAY-BISSETTE: On Tuesday, January 22d, at Nashville, N. C., Lucie Bisette (S.M.S. 1913-14) and Julian B. Gassoway.
- PRICHARD-ARTHUR: On Tuesday, January 22d, at Winchester, Va., Bessie Wilson Arthur (S.M.S. 1906-11) and Samuel James Prichard. At home, 17 N. Market Street, Petersburg, Va.
- WRIGHT-TELFAIR: On Saturday, January 26th, at Christ Church, Raleigh, N. C., Elizabeth Alexander Telfair (S.M.S. 1910-15) and Lieut. Robt. Hazlehurst Wright.
- READ-BURDINE: On Wednesday, January 30th, at Trinity Episcopal Church, Miami, Fla., Bessie Anderson Burdine (S.M.S. 1912-15) and Lieut. Commander Albert Cushing Read, U. S. N.
- PERLA-CUSHMAN: On Tuesday, February 19th, at The Saville, New York City, Rebecca Waddell Cushman (S.M.S. 1903-04) and Leo Perla.
- MALCOLM-WHARTON: On Saturday, February 16th, New York City, Mary Catherine Wharton (S.M.S. 1908-09) and Douglas McKay Malcolm.

War Times

My Tuesdays are meatless,
My Wednesdays are wheatless,
 I'm getting more eatless each day.
My home it is heatless,
My bed it is sheetless,
 They're all sent to the Y. M. C. A.
The barrooms are treatless,
My coffee is sweetless,
 Each day I get poorer and wiser.
My stockings are feetless,
My trousers are seatless,
 But my! how I do hate the Kaiser!

—Selected.

When the Day is Done

I have eaten a bale
Of spinach and kale,
 And I've never raised a row.
I have swallowed a can
Of moistened bran,
 And I feel like a brindle cow.
I am taking a snack
From the old haystack
 In the evening shadows gray.
And I'm glad, you bet,
At last to get
 To the end of a meatless day.

—Washington Star.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Patronize those who patronize you. Remember that it is the advertisers who make the publication of the MUSE possible.

DON'T FORGET

TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE

and SODA FOUNTAIN

CORNER FAYETTEVILLE and HARGETT STREETS

Success in the Campaign for the Raising of the \$250,000 Fund to pay off the debt and provide additional new buildings, and the beginning of an Endowment Fund is of the utmost importance to St. Mary's.

Think of it, talk of it, and help in every way you can.

B. W. JONES

The
Best in
Groceries

Phones 667-668 528 Hillsboro Street

"You get them when promised"

Horton's Studio

Masonic Temple

"Workers in Artistic Photography"

St. Mary's Girls Always Welcome at

Hudson-Belk Company

Full line of Ready-to-wear, Hosiery, Gloves, Furnishings, Dry Goods, Shoes, Toilet Goods, Ribbons and Laces

ESTABLISHED 1858

H. MAHLER'S SONS

JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

M. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY

GROCERS

Wilmington and Hargett Streets

BOYLAN-PEARCE COMPANY

The Greatest Store
in the City for the
SCHOOL GIRLS

SEE
HERBERT ROSENTHAL
FOR REAL SHOES

JUDGE—"Are you Joshua that made the sun stand still?"

COLORED PRISONER—"No, sah; I'se Joshua what made de moonshine."—*Ex.*

"Do you always stutter like that?" asked the doctor, examining the new recruit.

"N-N-No, s-s-s-sir; o-o-o-o-o-nly, only wh-wh-when I t-t-t-talk."—*Exchange.*

Why Is
Brantley's Fountain
the
MOST POPULAR?

Ask the Girls

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND VISITING CARDS

CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED

Send for samples and prices

Edwards & Broughton Printing
Company

Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers

RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES
THE WAKE DRUG STORE
 Phones 228

HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE
 Phone 107
PROMPT DELIVERY

Thomas H. Briggs & Sons
The Big Hardware Men **Raleigh, N. C.**

Base Balls, Basket Balls
Tennis and Sporting Goods

Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company
 Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**
 Phone 529

PESCU'S BOOK STORE
 12 W. Hargett St.

DARNELL & THOMAS
ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

RALEIGH FLORAL CO.
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

T. F. BROCKWELL
 All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.
 Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

He kissed the maiden on the cheek,
 And she, without compunction,
 At once proceeded to obey
 The Biblical injunction.

—*Exchange.*

Stationery, College Linen, Pennants,
 Cameras and Supplies
 Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

JAMES E. THIEM

Bell Phone 135

RALEIGH, N. C.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE
FINE CANDIES PURE ICE CREAM
FRUIT

We carry the most complete line of Fruit and
 Candies in town.

111 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,
 Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.

Raleigh, N. C.

Phone 113

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Electric Light and
 Power and Gas

1376—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You

Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. GLASS

The Ladies' Store

Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses
 and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel
 210 Fayetteville St. RALEIGH, N. C.

WM. HELLER
THE FOOTERY SHOP
 RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE FASHION

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

*The college girls' store for Snappy, Classy,
Youthful Garments and Millinery.*

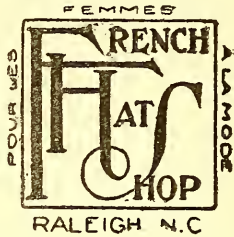
TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO COLLEGE
STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

ORDER YOUR CUT FLOWERS

FROM

J. L. O'QUINN & CO.

Phone 149



Exclusive
Millinery

WHITE ICE CREAM CO.

BEST
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

WILMINGTON STREET

TEACHER—"Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?"

STUDENT—"No, sir; I am taking it over again."

TEACHER—"Extraordinary resemblance; extraordinary resemblance!"—*Ex.*

ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?
BERNARD L. CROCKER
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.
Fire Insurance

Insure Against Loss by Fire
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited

Charles E. Johnson, Jr.
RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE
SHOES AND HOSIERY

C. D. ARTHUR City Market
FISH AND OYSTERS

ELLINGTON'S ART STORE
RALEIGH, N. C.

College Pennants, Pillows, Pictures,
Frames, Novelties

POYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY
Made Fresh Every Day

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel

Dinners and Banquets a Specialty

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers
Steam Fitters
Hot Water Heating

S. Wilmington Street

A Frenchman was coming up New York harbor on his arrival from France. As the steamer neared Fort Wadsworth, the sunset gun boomed. Turning to one of the passengers, the Frenchman inquired, "What was that?"

"That's sunset," was the reply.

"Golly! it goes down with a deuce of a crash over here, doesn't it?"

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South

Most Direct Line to all Points North, South,
East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,
Washington, D. C.

J. O. JONES, Traveling Pass. Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Lafayette

A Cafe which invites the patronage of ladies. The girls of St. Mary's will enjoy the beauty and convenience of our modern, well-appointed dining place.

Fayetteville Street, next to Almo.

See us for **PORCH FURNITURE**

Royall & Borden Furniture Co.

FAYETTEVILLE, STREET

Patronize

STAUDT'S BAKERY

Hillsboro Street, Near St. Mary's
School

MISS GREY—"Do you know a single French word?"

BRIGHT FRESHIE—"Oui."

MISS GREY—"Well, do you know another?"

BRIGHT FRESHIE—"Non."

PERRY'S ART STORE

S. Wilmington St.

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP

104 EAST HARGETT ST. BELL PHONE 719

MISSES REESE & COMPANY

MILLINERY

BATES-ARRINGTON & COMPANY

PURE FOOD GROCERIES

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

BELL PHONE 503

SHU-FIXERY

J. R. KEE, Manager 103 Fayetteville St.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Shoes repaired while you wait.

Come to see our modern plant.

L. SCHWARTZ

RICHMOND MARKET

Meats of All Kinds

Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

NORFOLK

**RALEIGH
NEW BERN
GOLDSBORO**

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

Location Central for the Carolinas.

Climate Healthy and Salubrious.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

(for girls and young women)

NOW IN 76th ANNUAL SESSION

SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGAN JANUARY 21ST, 1918.

*St. Mary's
offers
instruction
in these
Departments*

- 1. THE COLLEGE
- 2. THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
- 3. THE ART DEPARTMENT
- 4. THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT
- 5. THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
- 6. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL
- 7. THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

In 1917-18 are enrolled 250 students from 16 Dioceses.

Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

*Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.
Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and
Dormitories.*

*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without
slight to the Scholastic training.*

For catalogue and other information address

*Rev. George W. Lay, D. C. L.,
Rector.*

The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Early Spring Number

March, 1918

ST. MARY'S CALENDAR, 1917-18

FEBRUARY-JUNE

February 13,	Wednesday:	Ash Wednesday. Lent begins.
February 22,	Friday:	Washington's Birthday.
February 23,	Saturday:	Lecture by the Hon. Theodore Marburg.
March 16,	Saturday:	"Scenes from the Life of a Bible Woman," by the St. Agnes and St. Monica Auxiliary Chapters, Parlor, 8:15.
March 17,	Sunday:	St. Patrick's Day.
March 28,	Thursday:	Last Quarter begins.
March 29,	Friday:	Good Friday.
March 31,	Sunday:	Easter Day.
April 8,	Monday:	Piano Recital. Miss Louise Seymour.
April 22,	Monday:	Faculty Recital.
April 29,	Monday:	Certificate Voice Recital. Mary Foote Neal.
May 6,	Monday:	Certificate Piano Recital. Dorothy Portlock Wood.
May 9,	Thursday:	Ascension Day.
May 13,	Monday:	Expression Recital. Alice Creswell Seed.
May 18,	Saturday:	Annual School Party.
May 20,	Monday:	Certificate Piano Recital. Helen Clifford Cooper.
May 25,	Saturday:	Annual Chorus Concert.
June 1,	Saturday:	Annual Dramatic Club Play.
June 2-4,		Seventy-sixth Commencement.

The St. Mary's Muse

EARLY SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XXII

MARCH, 1918

No. 7

The War Garden at St. Mary's

"What do you mean by a 'War Garden' at St. Mary's?" you ask. Why, just this: there is a great scarcity of labor of all kinds and especially for garden and farm work, and yet Mr. Hoover, backed by the President and all good loyal Americans, says plant, and plant every square inch of ground available, for "food will win the war." So this spring must see the planting of crops not only on a larger scale on the farms, but home produce must be grown in every back yard, large and small. St. Mary's has a very large "back yard," and it must be planted and bring good results. But the question was, "Who shall plant it? Labor cannot be gotten." Full heartily came the response to this call from the girls themselves. They volunteered readily and the movement is showing splendid results.

The volunteers are organized in teams, each girl being responsible for her own presence, or that of a substitute, on certain days of the week, so that each day there will be at least twenty girls working after school hours. Miss Lee is the director and is in the field of action at all times. So far a uniform has not been hit upon for the farmers, but gymnasium suits prove a practical costume, with large straw hats for the sunny days.

The work goes on with great vigor, and farming has not only become a fad but a pleasure and an enthusiastic bit of war work at St. Mary's.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

ELIZABETH MCM. FOLK, '18	} <i>Editors.</i>
HENRIETTA M. MORGAN, '18	
HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '19	

After High School, What?

JANE TOY, '21

Patriotism is being brought before us today more strongly than ever before, and each of us is trying to give the best in us to the common cause, our country. To the boys who are in military training, to those who have enlisted, and to others immediately connected with the struggle there is no question as to the method of serving the Nation most effectively; but to the young girls of today, especially to those just graduating from high school, a question presents itself as to whether it is more patriotic to take up some short vocational training or to go to college. By going to college we mean a recognized institution, a junior college, or an "A" college, and there to take an academic course, while by a vocational course we mean taking only the training necessary for a special work to be immediately taken up in a short time. By either of these methods of training the high school graduate will render service to the Nation. But after careful consideration, is it not evident that the greater service will be rendered in taking the college course? For three reasons this seems true, and we should urge young high school graduates to carefully consider these reasons before being influenced through an over-zealous but shortsighted feeling of patriotism to take the vocational course.

To begin with, the average girl graduating from high school is too young to choose intelligently her life work. Her mind is not fully developed, and she does not really know herself. Further training is needed to bring out those qualities which should influence the choice of a life work, and a college course furnishes just this training.

Then, after the four years spent in gaining knowledge, culture, and mental training, the college graduate has learned to know herself and can readily choose the work for which she is best fitted by nature. And in this work she can render a most effective and efficient service to the Nation.

As well as preparing herself to be of the most effectual service possible, the girl who takes the college course is preparing herself to meet the country's greatest need. It is true that the call for vocational workers is great today, but this call is not for girls so young. It is for the older women, for those who have been idle and those who have completed their education and taken up no profession. Their work is here today, but the work of the young high school graduates is to be that of the future, of reconstruction after the war, and preparation for this task is their duty. In the days of reconstruction that will follow the war trained women will be needed for many calls, and what particular task will fall upon her the girl of today cannot know. Nor can she prepare herself for this task by immediate, hurried vocational training, but must by a careful college course lay the foundation upon which, with perhaps a short vocational training later, a career of most capable service can be built for that work which is most urgent.

This career, however, as such, is not the only point to be weighed. Aside from professional duties, other even greater responsibilities face the women of tomorrow. They are to be the homemakers, the community leaders, and for these great tasks they will need the preparation of a college education to render the greatest possible service towards the cultural growth of the community and the home. A college education can best give the mental training, the wide knowledge and broader culture necessary for the great task of making homes and leading the communities in the days of reconstruction after the war. These tasks are the greatest which lie in the immediate future of the girls of today, for on the efficient performance of them the development of the Nation rests.

In consideration of these three reasons, we urge the girls who are graduating from high school to make an effort to go to college. The question of expense can be met by any earnest, determined girl, for

in all our colleges there are opportunities for profitable work. In Smith and Wellesley so great is the spirit of these wartimes that on practically every door hangs a sign telling the things which the occupants can do to earn money. Thus the expense of a college course can be so materially reduced that it need hardly be considered.

Easter

SUSAN SMITH

Easter! The very name brings to our minds joyous memories—memories of flowers bursting into bloom, of birds singing in the trees, and of beautiful services in the little churches at home.

But, will Easter be the same this year? Can Easter bring the same joy and peace when so many of us are separated from our loved ones? The world is full of horror and suffering, and many hearts are now feeling their first real sorrow. Some may have lost all hope and may have become despondent. To the ears of these we would bring the good tidings, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." The world may be full of tribulation now, but Christ once for all, on that first Easter day, overcame the world; so we, this Easter day, can open our hearts and receive Him with joy.

For a time the world may be full of sorrow, but Christ reigns, and where He reigns righteousness and peace must prevail!

The Part that Peggy Played

HELEN LAUGHINGHOUSE, '18

Peggy held them up with pride—two perfectly good socks that she had knitted with her own hands. Wouldn't Bob be proud of her! She had planned from the very beginning of them the delight that they would bring to that big soldier brother of hers. He was tall, handsome, and strong, and to his adoring sister the embodiment of all that was fine and true. When the call for volunteers came he had been among the first to go, just as Peggy knew he would, and although

she hated to give him up, she was willing, glad, and proud for him to play a man's part and go at once.

She had spent many a happy hour making surprises for him, writing long letters to him, and doing all the little things she could to keep him satisfied and contented. She longed to help do something big, but in her heart she knew that it was just as necessary to have the folks at home do their part bravely and cheerfully as it was to send men to the front, and she had taken as her bit the job of being cheerful and keeping those about her cheerful, and incidentally doing all she could to keep up the spirits of the boys she knew at the front.

This was her first pair of socks, and she felt quite proud of herself for having conquered them and come out with such glowing colors. She never would forget the number of times she had taken out the heel of that first one, or the terrible time she had had with the toes; but now she had conquered it all and had two perfect socks to show for all her trials. Of course she was proud of them, and as she sat musing over her success the postman came, and with a smile and a cheery word handed her a letter.

Before he had barely started on his way again she had torn it open and with a smile on her lips prepared herself for an interesting perusal of the letter in question—it was from Bob!

Slowly the smile left her face, and in its place there came a look of disappointment. Peggy read part of it again:

Now, Sis, I think you are a perfect brick to knit those socks for me, and I had rather wear some of yours than anybody's in the world, but I am going to ask you to use them for somebody else. You see Tom Coltram is in my company, and I have been seeing quite a bit of him lately. He never gets any of the little things from home that count so much, and he is very blue and unhappy over here. He doesn't like army life, and I believe the reason is that he doesn't have the cheerful backing up of the folks at home. I want to ask you to do this for me. Sit down and write him a long, jolly, friendly letter, the kind you well know how to write, and send those socks along. Tell him you are proud that he is in Uncle Sam's employ, that you are expecting him to do big things, that you are interested in all that he does, and all that kind of thing. You don't know how it helps a fellow in this life we have to lead in the trenches. Think it over and you will see that I am right.

Always,

Your devoted brother,

BOB.

After all her work Bob didn't want her socks! But no, it wasn't that Bob didn't want them, she knew it wasn't. It was just his everlasting thoughtfulness for others less fortunate than he, and of course she would write to Tom, and send him everything she had if Bob wanted her to—besides, she had always liked Tom, anyway, and if she could make him more satisfied she would be glad to do anything in her power.

And so that is how, a month later when the mail was distributed in the dugouts of the ——th Regiment, U. S. A., somewhere in France, everybody was clamoring around a tall, broad-shouldered, sandy-haired soldier to know "who the lady was who sent those ripping fine socks." "Say, Tom, give me her address," said one; and in the other crowd another was heard to remark, "I wonder if she's as pretty as the socks she knits—they are the first pair I've seen yet that had any shape to 'em. These look like you could honestly use 'em for what they are meant for, instead of cleaning up your rifle with 'em."

Tom didn't say much, but he held closely the letter that had come with the socks, and he found time to read it over many times during the day.

Their part of the trench had been comparatively quiet for the last few days. Only now and then was there a shell from the Huns stationed only a few miles opposite their own dugouts, and the distant thunder of roaring cannon made them aware that somewhere along the trench Fritz was playing havoc with their brothers and receiving havoc in return.

It was Tom's night on duty, and so as he watched the yellow and green and red geysers of doom as they would spit and sputter in the distance, and as he kept a stiff watch for any mischief the Bôches might pull off nearer at hand, he could not help but find something to occupy his thoughts.

It is not a pleasant thing to take an inventory of yourself—to see where you are lacking and what you have failed in—certainly not for Tom, because he had to admit that so far his life had been a worthless existence. His mother had died when he was only a baby, his father had been too full of his business affairs to worry with him; his

sisters had done their duty by him—that was all. He had had nobody to appeal to the best that was in him, and so far it had never been awakened. Why had a letter, from a little girl whom he had known all his life as Bob Stafford's kid sister, stirred him to even think of these things. For the first time it occurred to him that Peggy was no longer a "little girl"—she must be eighteen, at least, and he always had liked her, too.

Then he found himself remembering that she was quite pretty. He could picture her as she had knitted those socks—her curly brown hair flying in the breeze, her large blue-gray eyes overshadowed by long black lashes, her tilted nose a trifle wrinkled as she worked over a particularly tedious part, but her red lips smiling—Peggy always had a smile, he remembered. It was quite remarkable how many of Peggy's characteristics he did remember! She was a fine little girl, and suddenly he longed to talk to her again, to tease her as he used to do when he and Bob had been carefree college boys; but most of all to tell her, as he really wanted to, what her letter, her socks, her very self, had come to mean to him. And so on and on his truant fancies wandered. Some day he would go back across the sea, if he wasn't "blown to Blighty" in the meantime, and when he got back he was determined that he would have made good, that he would not be ashamed to face this one person who had said she was interested in him. He would give her something of which to be really proud. He would give his life now, if need be, rather than have Peggy ashamed of him, etc., etc.

And while he was fashioning in his mind the way that he would come back to his old home, greet his old friends, and come at last to find the one to whom he would owe all his success, the wrath-red dawn had broken over the war-ravaged and blood-weary plains. A comrade who came to relieve him whispered a few words in the darkness, and Tom was gone. Not the same Tom who had taken his place the night before, but a youth who had cast off his cloak of indifference and dissatisfaction to become a new man, fired with enthusiasm to do great things; one who was glad at last that he was a soldier and eager to do his part in the deliverance of the world for democracy and right. Peggy had been the one to appeal to the dormant good beneath

his consciousness, and she had awakened a strong and illuminating flame that was going to change a man's outlook upon life and his surroundings.

Two weeks passed before Tom had a chance to do any of the heroic deeds that had filled his soul since that memorable night; but during that time his resolve had gradually strengthened into a grim determination. Meanwhile the Huns had begun to give more evidence of their presence, and every night there were fierce contentions between Tom's company and the enemy.

Bob, the capable captain that he was, was always where the fight was fiercest—giving to his men all the encouragement of his own vitality, and there was not one in his regiment who would not give his life for him. His personality was over all of them, and bound them closely to him. They admired and respected him; indeed, they knew from experience that there was nothing he would ask a private to do that he would not do himself. He was not afraid of anything, and inspired in his men the same courage and determination to win through at any cost.

The time came when it was necessary to send out a scouting party far into No Man's Land. Bob left a lower officer in command of the trench and with a band of picked men started on his way to find out all he could about the position of the enemy and any other information he might be able to gather. Their comrades watched them go with a cheery smile and a wish for the "best o' luck," but in their hearts they knew that they would never see all of them again. How many of them would "go west" they didn't know, nor did they dare surmise.

They waited far into the night before any news came from the brave little party, and then suddenly there was great excitement everywhere. The Huns had discovered them and were firing rapidly in their direction. A staggering, blood-stained youth was seen struggling toward the trench. When he reached the dugouts he was too exhausted to speak, but finally he muttered a few disappointed words: "Cap'n Bob—wounded—out there—" A cry rose from every man: "I'll bring him in, I'll go after Cap'n Bob"—"He must not die out there alone." The commanding officer lifted his hand: "Wait, men.

Listen to me. All of you can't go after him, but some of you must. Think before you offer. Let the men who have least to leave be chosen." For a second Tom was motionless. He could see a slim and dainty brown-haired girl bending over the bier of the brother whom she loved more than her life. He knew it would break her heart if Bob should not come back, and then—he saw suddenly that it was his chance to make atonement for the failure of his past life—to give to the girl who had changed his ideals happiness, to do it honorably, and to prove to her that if it was necessary he could die a *Man*—one of whom even she would not be ashamed. His face became transfixed as he stood there. He was as a man who had seen a Vision and was willing to do for it. With a cry of triumph he dashed over the parapet, and three others came rushing behind him.

Before he realized it he was on his way into the grim and terrible darkness of those blood-battered fields of hate. The light that came from the shrapnel bursting in midair was enough to show him the way; but he had to crawl along slowly at his best, careful not to disclose himself when the angry glow of a bursting shell was making of the sky an angrier red. He could hear his comrades now and then as they toiled along in the darkness, but he dared not speak; and so silently but none the less determinedly he struggled on as best he could. He fell headlong on the ground as a shell burst uncomfortably near him. As he went down his hand touched a pocket near his heart and felt a letter—even in the darkness he could see it, it seemed to him, and a phrase kept ringing through his head, "Don't forget, Tom, that I am proud of you, interested in you, and expecting big things of you." How long would it be before he could find Bob? If he could save him, then Peggy could be really proud of him—he had to save him, that was all. He didn't know much about praying, but out there in the darkness he breathed a short and fervent appeal to the God of soldier men that he should go through this ordeal bravely, and be allowed to finish it as a man would—after that nothing else mattered—but he must save Bob. Another shell came whizzing through the air, and then he knew nothing.

How long he had been unconscious he didn't know, but now he was keenly aware of several things at once. His head felt like a roaring

cannon, his sleeve was soaked with blood, and his arm hung limp at his side. Thank heaven, it hadn't knocked him out entirely—he could get there yet—and painfully he crawled on again. He fell over something—the body of a mate—“gone west” now—well, he hoped he hadn't died in vain; he wouldn't mind so much to die, if only he could succeed first in this undertaking.

It wasn't long before he found Bob, stretched out full length on the plain. Was he too late? He watched him intently for a minute and listened closely to his heart beat—yes, yes, he was still alive. His heart was feeble but there was hope. He dragged him slowly and with much pain behind him, dodging bursting shrapnel as best he could. He felt weak—but he could not faint now. He thought of Peggy and struggled doggedly on. Where were the other boys who had gone out as he did to save Bob? Had they all suffered the fate of the poor devil he had seen? Why didn't they come to help him now? At last he saw his own trench—he must reach it with his burden—in a minute somebody would come to relieve him. Now in a minute he would have Bob safe. Another shell sounded near him. If he just could shield Bob from that one surely he could reach his goal before another came. He bent forward as it fell, and Bob was saved once again—Yes, Bob was saved, but at what a price! It struck home—Tom realized it was his end, but he could die with a smile on his face—some one was coming from the trench now, they would take care of Bob—nothing else mattered. The comrades who had come to his aid reached him in time to hear him feebly utter these few words: “Tell—Peggy I—did—my—best—to—make—her—proud———of me,” and so he left them.

It was several months later that Bob took a transport for home at last. He wore a cross of honor on his coat, and to his sister most of all he was a hero of the finest type. He had gone through the valley of the shadow of death and come out a finer, stronger, braver, truer man for the ordeals through which he had passed. For a long time he could not bring himself to talk of it, but finally one evening as he and Peggy watched the sun sink in flames of soft violet, amber, and rose behind the distant hills, and felt the peace and tranquil joy of life after finding each other again, Bob pictured to his “little sister” softly and beautifully the story as his comrades had told it to him,

of his rescue, of the eternal sacrifice Tom had made for them. After the story was ended there was silence—a reverent silence which spoke more loudly than any words could what Peggy felt for the man who had given his life that she might have her brother back again. With a choking sob she put her arms around Bob's neck, and as she kissed his bronzed cheek he felt a tear fall from her heavy black lashes, which spoke in its pathetic way just how thankful this little girl, who had now become a woman, was in the making of Tom a hero "because of the part that Peggy played."

A Spring Day

MARY T. YELLOTT, '21

The last pale star fades in the bright'ning sky,
And heaven is overspread with rosy hue,
The moon welcomes her lord with weary sigh,
And earth is bathed in sparkling silver dew.
Now from the neighboring wood is clearly heard
The reveille of many a joyous bird.

—'Tis Dawn.

High in the azure dome of heaven the sun
Casts o'er the breathless world his burning smile;
The very zenith of his path is won—
Idle, without a shadow, rests the dial.
A moment of tense expectation, then
The busy world takes up its task again.

—'Tis Noon.

Deep stillness reigns, and in the glowing west,
All red and golden with reflected light,
The sun sinks slowly to his peaceful rest,
And earth is bowed before the coming night.
Deepens the sky, and now, aloft, afar,
Majestic hangs a single glorious star.

—'Tis Dusk.

Throughout the day, from Dawn till Twilight fell,
'Twas in the air—a something strange and new—
Vague murmurs and faint whisperings that tell
Of sunny days and skies forever blue.
Rejoice! the birds have caroled it all day,
Earth, heaven, sun, moon, and all things living say,
" 'Tis Spring!"

Talk Happiness

ELEANOR SUBLETT, '20

There is a well known old saying, "If you want to be happy yourself, make others happy; if you want to make others happy, be first happy yourself." And the easiest way to be happy is to talk happiness. How much these two words could mean if we would all think seriously of their real meaning and truth and try to act on them every day!

But to talk happiness is not so easy as it sounds, for oftentimes things go so wrong that it is much easier to show our unhappiness, if just a little, and gain sympathy, rather than to push back our troubles and think of making the others happy.

There is happiness everywhere if we just take time and thought to look for it. It is impossible not to realize that the age in which we are living is a very serious one. We each feel that we want to do something big, something that will count in this great world war. But we cannot all do the spectacular things, so it is for us who cannot to do the little things, to make the little world about us in everyday life brighter and happier because we are in it. Now, more than ever, there is need to look for happiness, and finding it, as we are sure to do, to talk it. To talk happiness to those about us will rest many a tired ear. It seems a little thing, but in the end the little things added together are what count.

Let us remember that, though we cannot fight in the front-line trenches, and cannot do the big things which seem to count so much, we can do one thing which will mean a great deal to those about us as well as to ourselves: look for happiness everywhere, for it is there to be found. Remember, others need to be cheered, and by talking happiness always we will make each and every person we meet just a little happier. This is surely worth while, and something which will count in the home life of this great war.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The War Gardeners

Gently, oh, tenderly, handle with care!
Loosen the earth with your hoe;
Pat it down softly, yet firmly, see there;
Moisten it just a bit—so;
Now stand aside, give it plenty of air,
And the dear little onion will grow.

In Quarantine

Oh, we're the jolly Quarantines—
A carefree bunch are we—
We laugh and sing the whole day long,
As you can plainly see.

'Tis fun to be a Quarantine
When all the world is bright;
But it's lucky you can't see us
At ten o'clock at night!

(The Wages of Disorder is—Poetry)

I saw a weeping maiden—
'Twas not so long ago—
I asked her what the matter was;
She answered soft and low,
"The soulful poetry of Keats
Always affects me so."

Rejoice, ye glad St. Mary's girls—
Light both of heart and purse—
The last Pay Day has come and gone,
And with it went the worse;
And if the worst is yet to come,
'Tis right here in this verse!

M. T. Y., '20.

When Kitty Had a Cold

VIRGINIA FLORA

A-chew! Kitty sneezed so hard that she dropped the powder-box on the floor. Oh, goodness! along with everything else she was catching cold. Nothing went right: her hair would not comb, her hoop would not stand out right, her dress was a mess, and everything was all wrong. She was just sprinkling the last touches of powder on her hair when she heard the "Honk-honk" outside. Of course Sidney always did things like that. Now Jack would not have honked for her; he would have come in and waited; but Jack— Oh, well, she did not intend to think of him at all. She picked up her coat and ran down the steps, kissed her mother, ran out the door, and got into the waiting car.

"Oh, Sidney, you are the funniest looking thing I ever saw!"

"Well, I feel like an idiot all right." He was dressed in a George Washington costume with short pants, ruffles on his wrists, and a powdered wig. She was dressed like Martha Washington, with hoop skirt and her hair piled up high on her head and powdered. They were on their way to Peggy Stewart's colonial ball. On the way they passed Jack with Margaret Mitchell.

"It is so odd that he has started rushing her all of a sudden, isn't it? I used to think that you all had a case up. What happened?" said Sidney, as they passed, for Kitty's head was turned the other way. Why did Jack persist in rushing that horrid girl? She did not reply to Sidney's remark.

They were nearly the first to arrive. Another thing to irritate her. A-chew! A shower of powder came down this time.

"Kitty, you are getting a cold," came in a chorus from the girls in the dressing room. Yes, she was getting a cold and she knew it. Why did everyone persist in telling her? What was the matter with her, anyway? She felt as if she wanted to cry and cry.

"Jack is adorable, don't you think so, Kitty?" Margaret Mitchell asked as she entered the dressing room.

"A-chew! What did you say, Margaret?" But Kitty was out of

the door and nearly down the stairs by then. Sidney met her and so saved her from running into Jack.

It was near the end of the dance. They had danced the minuet and were nearing the last dance when Jack broke on Kitty. "Oh, goodness, what is going to happen?" thought Kitty. A-chew!

"Come on, let's sit it out," said Jack, leading Kitty to the den. She was so tired she did not really care where she went or what she did.

"Kitty, please let's be sensible and make up. I am just as sorry as I can be. Aren't you?"

A-chew! But not a word did she say.

Jack sat and looked at her for about five minutes. How pretty she was! Why didn't she say something?

"Why did you rush that awful girl, J-a-c-k?" This came from Kitty in a half sobbing voice.

"Oh, Kitty, you are adorable!" He put her head on his shoulder and she let it stay there. He started to kiss her, but she stopped him.

"Oh, you will get germs, Jack. I have an awful cold—a-chew!"

Nevertheless—

SCHOOL NEWS

The Honor Roll for February

The Honor Roll for the fifth school month, February, was again led by Henrietta Morgan of the Senior Class, who has made a splendid average during her three years at St. Mary's.

	<i>Av.</i>	<i>Hrs.</i>
1. Henrietta Morgan, '18	96.0	(17)
2. Helen Cooper, '21	93.5	(12)
3. Katherine Alston, '21	93.0	(21)
4. Bessie Folk, '18	93.0	(13)
5. Aline Hughes, '18	92.8	(16)
6. Elizabeth Kitchin, '19	92.1	(17)
7. Elizabeth Baker, '22	92.0	(15)
8. Mary Yellott, '21	91.4	(21)
9. Nina Cooper, '21	91.0	(20)
10. Katherine Drane, '18	90.4	(20)
11. Mary Strange Morgan, '23.....	90.6	(15)
12. Mary Hoke, '20	90.2	(20)
13. Jane Toy, '21	90.1	(22)

February 23d: Hon. Theodore Marburg, Former Minister to Belgium, Speaks in the Auditorium

On Saturday night, February 23d, Hon. Theodore Marburg spoke on "Aims of the War" in the St. Mary's Auditorium. Mr. Marburg was United States Minister to Belgium under the last Republican Administration.

Mr. Marburg began his address with a few appealing sketches of the life and spirit of the men at the front. One of these was of a Christmas Eve dinner in 1916 at the Foreign Office, where some young officers were gathered that night. He told how in the general discussions of the evening a Christmas tree was mentioned, at which a bright idea seized one of the men. In the middle of the table stood a little palm tied with a string, to which some one attached a notice, "Do not cut the string, or the palm will turn into an artichoke"—this would make a Christmas tree. Immediately gifts began to come forth to adorn it. Bits of string, a broken knife, a card, an empty

match-box labeled "A matchless present," a stopper from a decanter labeled "A corking present," and so on. Then a jumping-jack was hit upon as being an absolute necessity for a complete Christmas tree, and one was produced, being made of a chunk of bread with knives and forks for arms and legs. This was set in a conspicuous place to the joy of the crowd. Such little bits of their humor give an idea of the spirit of the men who are fighting for us, an example to us not to go around with a long face after our work is done, but to work hard and be cheerful as well as courageous.

Mr. Marburg next stated the duty of the United States at the present time, that of sending men, ammunition and food for them, and ammunition and food for our allies. Germany cannot win this war, for wrong itself cannot and never has, in history, come out victorious, and "No man in the whole of history has made such a mistake as the German Kaiser."

Then followed a brief resumé of the development of Germany's prosperity through conquests, and the final throwing aside of all that had been gained in art, science, music, and all the branches of that higher intellectual culture, "owing to the lack of gray matter of one man," the Kaiser, and his lust for material wealth and political power. It must be proven to Germany that in the present age gains such as Belgium, which she invaded, confessing it a wrong all the while, Poland, etc., cannot pay. Germany must be beaten, not for revenge, but to eliminate for always the idea that might makes right.

With regard to a future League of the Nations, Mr. Marburg spoke at length, outlining the present plan for such a union. A union it must be which need not necessarily aim to enforce peace, but which would take away the license of making war at will, offering a plan for conciliation, for time to consider, "a cooling-off period."

In conclusion, Mr. Marburg gave some accounts of personal interviews with several interesting personages, including King Albert and the Queen of Belgium, and Sir Edward Grey of England. These were intensely interesting and added much to our impressions of them made through the news world.

It is hoped that St. Mary's will again have the pleasure of a visit and address from Mr. Marburg.

February 25th: The Indoor Meet

The annual indoor meet was held in the Gymnasium Monday afternoon, February 25th. Almost the entire School was present, with all the enthusiasm the Gym' could hold, and every participant was made to feel justly proud of her work in the meet. The showing, on the whole, was excellent from both sides, a number of girls making very high percentages out of the possible 60 points. At the end of the program the score was a tie and had to be settled by a relay race. This was also very close, but the final victory went to the Sigmas.

The scores for the different events were as follows, each event counting 10 points to the side winning the highest number of points:

<i>Events</i>	<i>Individual Scores</i>			
	<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Mu</i>	<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Mu</i>
Ropes	85	82	10	0
Traveling boom	181	177	10	0
Marching	0	10
Buck	176	174	10	0
Box	211	215	0	10
Front leaning rest	179	184	0	10
Boom vault	113	111	10	0
Bowling race	0	10
Relay race	10	0

Highest Individual Scores:

Battle, 60 out of 60.....	5	0
Hoke, 59 out of 60.....	3	0
Ball, Batts, Barber, 58 out of 60.....
Total score.....	58	40

Those who made over 50 out of the possible 60 points:

<i>Sigma</i>		<i>Mu</i>	
Battle	60	Barber	58
Hoke	59	Dall	58
Batts	58	Yellott	56
Mullins	57	Barwis	55
Royster	54		
Hawkins, M.	54		

March 6th: Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, at the City Auditorium

On Wednesday night, March 6th, a large proportion of the School attended the last session of the North Carolina Social Service Conference in the City Auditorium. There were several songs, "America," "Dixie," and "The Star Spangled Banner," sung by the whole audience, conducted by Mr. R. Blinn Owen with his usual enthusiasm and good leadership. There were several other musical numbers on the program, and, after a talk by Dr. D. H. Hill, the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, was introduced.

Of course everyone has heard of Mrs. Booth's great work in prison reform, and it was a great privilege to hear her tell of her personal experiences, of her great love and interest in her "boys," and of the many times their "little mother" had been able to help them. Mrs. Booth is a wonderfully magnetic speaker and held the interest of her audience to the very last, inspiring them with her zeal "to do something for somebody," to help some of the other "Johnnies" of the world to respect and help themselves.

March 8th: First Volley-ball Game

The volley-ball season was ushered in with an exciting game Saturday night, March 8th. This first game, a good indicator of the spirit of the School with regard to this branch of athletics this year, was characterized by quickness, skill, and an unusual degree of enthusiastic interest. The final whistle closed the game with a score of 30 to 17 in favor of the Mus.

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Mus</i>	<i>Sigmas</i>
Barber	Battle (Capt.)
Burke	Waddell
Lay, E.	Hoke
Lay, N.	Royster
Hill, R.	Yorke
Powell (Capt.)	Cooper, N.
Browne, E.	Collier

March 10th: Miss Mills, Assistant Student Secretary of the Board of Missions, Addresses the Students on Visit to the School

Miss Dorothy Mills, Assistant Student Secretary of the Board of Missions, was the guest of the School at the Rectory for several days while on her way to Elon College to the Student Volunteer Conference. St. Mary's sent two representatives to this conference, Susan Smith and Katharine Drane, elected by the Auxiliary Council, who accompanied Miss Mills from Raleigh. The conference at Elon proved delightful and inspiring, and an account of it will be given later in THE MUSE.

On her return to St. Mary's Miss Mills gave a stirring talk on the missionary work and opportunity for missionary work in China. She has just come from China, and it seemed as if that country was sending a message, a call, to us through her. She acted as a window, as it were, through which we could get a peep into China—a China with one eye wide awake and fast opening the other one also. Here is old China, with her bound feet, superstitions, ignorance, and heathenism, full of fear and misery, yet plodding year in, year out, in the same old way because it was all “good enough for their fathers, and so is good enough for them.” But out of this old China there rises a new China, progressive, awake, and Christian, full of hope and happiness, demanding teachers, doctors, and ministers faster than they can be supplied. And shall we ignore this call for help?

Miss Mills interested the girls so deeply that after her talk thirty or more gathered around her in the Parlor while she gave further facts and details of Chinese life and customs.

It was indeed a very great pleasure to have Miss Mills at the School, and she will always find a warm welcome at St. Mary's.

March 16th: “Scenes from the Life of a Bible Woman”

On Saturday night, March 16th, St. Monica's and St. Catharine's Auxiliary Chapters united in giving a play, “Scenes From the Life of a Bible Woman,” under the direction of Susan Smith and Helen Battle, the authors of the production. The scene was laid in Wuchang, China, and was the story of the work and influence of a Chinese Bible Woman against the superstitions of her own people. She brings sick children, tortured with red-hot needles by the native

doctors, to the white doctors, who heal their bodies. And she tells them of Christ who heals their souls. The atmosphere of Chinese life was maintained throughout and the characters were well chosen. Ella Pender as the Bible Woman, Mary Mullins as Shasi the sick girl, Polly Freeman as Deaconess Hart, and Louise Bacon as Shasi's mother were especially good.

The entire performance, with the underlying idea of the play itself, a decidedly new and interesting one, and the way in which it was carried out, was a great credit to both the authors and all those concerned in it. The originality of the whole was decidedly appealing.

Faculty Notes

St. Mary's is always interested in the work of the Woman's Club of Raleigh, and we are especially interested this year, as Mrs. Lay is the president of the club. Also, during the winter both Mr. Stone and Dr. Lay have given lectures in different departments of the club. In December Mr. Stone lectured in the Art Department on "The Historical Development of Art in the Ancient World." During February Dr. Lay lectured in the Literary Department on the "Sophocles Trilogy." Miss Hester and the Seniors attended Dr. Lay's lecture, which proved both interesting and enjoyable.

A number of the faculty have been greatly interested in the University Extension Course lectures, given by Dr. Greenlaw, Dr. Pierson, and Dr. Henderson of the University of North Carolina. The subject of the course this year dealt with different phases of Russian history, and have been intensely interesting to those who attended the lectures. Miss Myrick, Miss Frances Bottum, Miss Agnes Barton, and Mlle. Rudnicka were among those from the School who have enjoyed the course.

The Local Exemption Board of Raleigh, calling for volunteer workers from the teachers of the schools of the city, found St. Mary's ready to help. Mr. Cruikshank volunteered to direct the special work to be done by the volunteers, and Miss Frances Bottum, Miss Agnes Barton, and Miss Margaret Bottum have been faithful aids in the work. It is only a "bit," but has seen a successful conclusion under Mr. Cruikshank's able direction and the willing assistance he has gotten from the teachers of the city schools.

The St. Mary's Muse

Subscription Price	One Dollar
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnæ, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1917-1918

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18, *Editor-in-Chief*

SENIOR REPORTERS

KATHARINE P. DRANE, '18

ELIZABETH McM. FOLK, '18

JUNIOR REPORTERS

HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '20

ELLEN LAY, '19

MILDRED KIRTLAND, '20

ALICE SEED, '20

AGNES T. PRATT *Business Manager*

MARY C. WILSON, '20,

Assistant Business Managers

LOUISE TOLER, '19,

EDITORIAL

Lent is usually a time of good hard work, and this year it has been more truly so than ever, for besides our regular work we have been sewing and knitting for the Red Cross, studying surgical dressings, and working in the garden. When Easter comes and all the world seems to be waking up all fresh and beautiful, we are apt to feel, too, that we have been loosed from some heavy weight, and that we must immediately show our relief and happiness in some big way. Do not let all this energy run wild, girls. Hoe a row in the garden and afterwards you will feel you have had just as good a time, and you will also feel that you have really "done something."

After Easter, you know, too, comes the "home stretch" to commencement. Those of us who have been working hard must keep it up, and do just a little bit more anyhow, and if we've been lagging behind, let's take a good breath and keep on with all our energy to the finish. We seem to find things worth doing, so let us do as well as we possibly can.

Home Again

These days if you meet anyone with a countenance just beaming for all the world, you know without a second thought what is behind that smile. She has been home for a spring vacation week-end, or is about to enjoy that pleasure. There is nothing to replace the intense joy of that hard-earned week-end at home in the spring. It does the individual good, it does the general atmosphere around us good to be filled with the happiness that radiates from those trips. Before going you work with intense energy, smiling all the while with the anticipation of the pleasure to come; on returning you are still smiling, with the memories of all the good times a stimulus to work harder than ever. Perhaps it is the brevity of these little vacations that makes the joy the keener, but they bring back to the School a lot of sunshine. And also a lot of renewed energy to spur up the final months of school work.

ALUMNAE MATTERS

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.
ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.
			Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. John H. Holmes, Chapel Hill.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Walter Grimes, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

Alumnae Notes

Following up the visit of the President of the Alumnae Association, Mrs. John S. Holmes of Chapel Hill, to a large part of the Alumnae Chapters last fall, the Alumnae Council is now planning for the Alumnae Luncheon, which it is hoped to make one of the features of Commencement. It will be given on Monday of Commencement Week, June 4th, and the details will doubtless have been arranged by the time of the publication of the next MUSE.

It is planned to observe Alumnae Day, May 12th, at the School this year on Ascension Day, which is the preceding Thursday, May 9th. The Raleigh alumnae will be invited, as usual, to be the guests of the School at luncheon on that day, and following the luncheon Miss Mabel Barton, the Director of Physical Training, will present a program of her pupils in æsthetic dancing and drills.

Following the example of the Class of 1904, who last year turned over their class fund to the Endowment Fund, the Class of 1915 is now preparing to invest its class fund in a Liberty Loan Bond and present it to the School for the Endowment Fund.

With the Class of 1905

"Margaret DuBose" (Mrs. Isaac T. Avery of Morganton, N. C.) writes the following very interesting letter:

"I have our Class Letter with me now, which was started in February, 1915, and I thought you might be interested in an item or two from each girl. I

started it and it went to Anna Clark Gordon (Mrs. Wm. J. Gordon of Spray, N. C.), who writes about the interesting work at Spray and her young daughter, Anna Barrow. (I knew her husband when he was a Sewanee boy—he was *so* wise.) Then Rena Clark (Tarboro, N. C.), who was much interested in playing golf—generally with Annie Gray Nash. Then to Ida Evans (Warrenton, Va.), who speaks of visiting Mamie Rossell, seeing Jean Carson and Heloise Beebe. She is in charge of the Warrenton Library. Effie Fairley (Mrs. N. C. English, Monroe, N. C.) tells of her two daughters and the S.M.S. girls she met at Ret Ruff's wedding. Ellen Gibson's (Mrs. Don MacRae, Concord, N. C.) letter was one long "reminis" of Far Countree—and telling about the movie scenarios she wrote and saw played in Concord, and of her kindergarten. Forie Grant (Wilmington, N. C.) has been teaching in the Wilmington Public Schools—the sixth-grade boys. Dorothy Hughson Goodell (Mrs. Philip Goodell, Montclair, N. J.) writes of the two babies (she has three now) and her visit to Morganton and Asheville. Sadie Jenkins Battle's (Mrs. G. C. Battle, Asheville, N. C.) letter is about her lovely home in Asheville and the S.M.S. girls she has seen. Bessie Poe Law (Mrs. Paul E. Davis, Wilsons Mills, N. C.) hadn't seen a member of the class in the whole eleven years! She has a small son six years old and strongly advises matrimony. Mossie Long (Rockingham, N. C.) writes of her trips and poultry business, and Mamie Rossell (Staten Island, N. Y.) has been to the Library School run in connection with the New York Public Schools, and is now a full-fledged Children's Librarian (doesn't that sound fascinating!). Linda Tillinghast married her cousin Angelo, so she is still a Tillinghast. He is in training at Fort Dade, near Tampa, Fla., but she is in Spartanburg, S. C.

"The letters themselves are certainly interesting. . . . Do remember me to all the St. Mary's friends."

Mrs. Avery modestly omits any mention of her own very interesting family of five, who form one of the very distinct assets of the class.

Alumnae Personals

Letters from the girls of last year's class, now well on toward the end of their first year of teaching, give very encouraging reports of their experiences and success. Virginia C. Allen at Hickory, Alice Latham at Hendersonville, Emma Badham at Edenton, and Rubie Thorne at Hemingway, S. C., are evidently all doing well.

St. Mary's girls are, of course, well represented among the women who have gone to Washington to place their services at the disposal of the Government. Frances Strong, '...., Rebecca Merritt, '...., and Louise Merritt, '...., are three who have gone from Raleigh alone, and they find the work no sinecure.

Dorothy Valentine Brown ('10-'11) of New York City, a graduate of the Training School for Nurses of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, sailed in January with a hospital unit for active work in France. Elise Gordon Stiles ('11-'13), who is in her last year of training at St. Luke's, is now recovering from a severe illness, which necessitated a serious operation. She is convalescing at the home of her relatives in New York, and hopes to return to the hospital to graduate with her class in April, completing her period of training after graduation.

Esther Barnwell Means, '04, who has for several years been engaged in Social Settlement Work, during the last year in Philadelphia, sailed in February for France to take up Y. W. C. A. work there.

Grace Crews, '14, who graduated last spring from the Children's Hospital, Washington, D. C., has just entered upon her duties as Superintendent of Nurses at Watts Hospital, Durham, N. C. Miss Lillian Fenner is Dietitian at this hospital.

Miss Eleanor Walter Thomas has completed her work for the Master of Arts degree at Columbia University and received the degree. She is now teaching temporarily in one of the New York City high schools, but has not definitely decided upon her plans for next year.

Alumnae Weddings

KELLY-ADAMS: On Saturday, February 23, at Cary, N. C., Mabel Jamie Adams (S.M.S. 1917-18) and Samuel Graham Kelly. At home Petersburg, Va.

STRONACH-McADEN: On Saturday, March 2, at Raleigh, N. C., Mrs. Bennie McAden Potter (S.M.S. 1905-06) and Mr. John Bardton Stronach.

BIGGERS-MAXWELL: On Tuesday, March 5, at Christ Church, Pensacola, Fla., Evelyn Cameron Maxwell (S.M.S. '13) and Ensign Robert Lowery Biggers, U. S. N. R. F. C.

PRICE-HERBERT: On Saturday, March 9, at Christ Church, Greenville, S. C., Leone Sidney Herbert (S.M.S. 1911-12) and Capt. E. C. Price. At home Greenville, S. C.

GATLING-MARDRE: On Wednesday, April 3, at St. Thomas' Church, Windsor, N. C., Clara Urie Mardre (S.M.S. 1915-17) and Mr. John Morris Gatling.

SAULS-ROBERTS: On Saturday, April 6, at Savannah, Ga., Lois Mershon Roberts (S.M.S. 1914-15) and George Elton Sauls.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Patronize those who patronize you. Remember that it is the advertisers who make the publication of the MUSE possible.

DON'T FORGET

TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE

and SODA FOUNTAIN

CORNER FAYETTEVILLE and HARGETT STREETS

Success in the Campaign for the Raising of the \$250,000 Fund to pay off the debt and provide additional new buildings, and the beginning of an Endowment Fund is of the utmost importance to St. Mary's.

Think of it, talk of it, and help in every way you can.

B. W. JONES

The
Best in
Groceries

Phones 667-668 528 Hillsboro Street

"You get them when promised"

Horton's Studio

Masonic Temple

"Workers in Artistic Photography"

St. Mary's Girls Always Welcome at

Hudson-Belk Company

Full line of Ready-to-wear, Hosiery, Gloves, Furnishings, Dry Goods, Shoes, Toilet Goods, Ribbons and Laces

ESTABLISHED 1858

H. MAHLER'S SONS

JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

M. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY

GROCERS

Wilmington and Hargett Streets

BOYLAN-PEARCE C O M P A N Y

The Greatest Store
in the City for the
SCHOOL GIRLS

SEE
HERBERT ROSENTHAL
FOR REAL SHOES

ONLY A LITTLE, HOWEVER

Mary had a little lamb—

We'll tell you in a trice—

You see it was not meatless day,

And Mary had the price.

—Selected.

Why Is

Brantley's Fountain

the

MOST POPULAR?

Ask the Girls

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND VISITING CARDS

CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED

Send for samples and prices

Edwards & Broughton Printing Company

Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers

RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES
THE WAKE DRUG STORE
 Phones 228

HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE
 Phone 107
PROMPT DELIVERY

Thomas H. Briggs & Sons
The Big Hardware Men Raleigh, N. C.

Base Balls, Basket Balls
Tennis and Sporting Goods

Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company
 Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**
 Phone 529

PESCUD'S BOOK STORE
 12 W. Hargett St.

DARNELL & THOMAS
ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

RALEIGH FLORAL CO.
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

T. F. BROCKWELL
 All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.
 Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

A goat ate up all our jokes,
 And then began to run;
 "I cannot stop," he softly said,
 "I am so full of fun!"

—Selected.

Stationery, College Linen, Pennants,
 Cameras and Supplies
 Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

JAMES E. THIEM

Bell Phone 135

RALEIGH, N. C.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE
FINE CANDIES PURE ICE CREAM
FRUIT

We carry the most complete line of Fruit and
 Candies in town.

111 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,
 Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.

Raleigh, N. C.

Phone 113

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Electric Light and
 Power and Gas

1376—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You

Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. GLASS

Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses
 and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel

210 Fayetteville St.

The Ladies' Store

RALEIGH, N. C.

WM. HELLER
THE FOOTERY SHOP
 RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE FASHION

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

*The college girls' store for Snappy, Classy,
Youthful Garments and Millinery.*

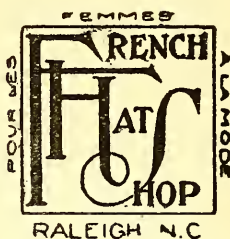
TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO COLLEGE
STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

ORDER YOUR CUT FLOWERS

FROM

J. L. O'QUINN & CO.

Phone 149



Exclusive
Millinery

WHITE ICE CREAM CO.

BEST
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

WILMINGTON STREET

Their meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad;
She gave away her bright young life—
The only one she had.
And there beneath the willows
Is where she's lying now:
For there's always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow!

—Selected.

ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?
BERNARD L. CROCKER
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.
Fire Insurance

Insure Against Loss by Fire
Best Companies Represented, Bonding Solicited
Charles E. Johnson, Jr.
RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE
SHOES AND HOSIERY

C. D. ARTHUR City Market
FISH AND OYSTERS

ELLINGTON'S ART STORE
RALEIGH, N. C.
College Pennants, Pillows, Pictures,
Frames, Novelties

EOYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY
Made Fresh Every Day

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel

Dinners and Banquets a Specialty

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers
Steam Fitters
Hot Water Heating

S. Wilmington Street

THE LESSONS OF THE WAR

"So you are saving up to buy an airship? You are quite an ambitious little boy."

"Yes, sir; I wants to fly over Jimmie Mack's backyard and drop bricks on him."—*Selected.*

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South

Most Direct Line to all Points North, South,
East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,
Washington, D. C.

J. O. JONES, Traveling Pass. Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Lafayette

A Cafe which invites the patronage of ladies. The girls of St. Mary's will enjoy the beauty and convenience of our modern, well-appointed dining place.

Fayetteville Street, next to Almo.

See us for **PORCH FURNITURE**

Royall & Borden Furniture Co.

FAYETTEVILLE, STREET

Patronize

STAUDT'S BAKERY

Hillsboro Street, Near St. Mary's
School

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You are mighty right, doctor," said the young man, sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."—*Selected.*

Teacher: "What is lyrical poetry?"

Pupil: "Poetry originally sung by a liar."—*Selected.*

PERRY'S ART STORE

S. Wilmington St.

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

BELL PHONE 503

SHU-FIXERY

J. R. KEE, Manager 103 Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Shoes repaired while you wait.

Come to see our modern plant.

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP
104 EAST HARGETT ST. BELL PHONE 719

MISSES REESE & COMPANY
MILLINERY

BATES-ARRINGTON & COMPANY
PURE FOOD GROCERIES

L. SCHWARTZ
RICHMOND MARKET

Meats of All Kinds

Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

NORFOLK

**RALEIGH
NEW BERN
GOLDSBORO**

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

Location Central for the Carolinas.

Climate Healthy and Salubrious.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

(for girls and young women)

NOW IN 76th ANNUAL SESSION

SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGAN JANUARY 21ST, 1918.

*St. Mary's
offers
instruction
in these
Departments*

- 1. THE COLLEGE
- 2. THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
- 3. THE ART DEPARTMENT
- 4. THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT
- 5. THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
- 6. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL
- 7. THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

In 1917-18 are enrolled 250 students from 16 Dioceses.

Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.

*Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and
Dormitories.*

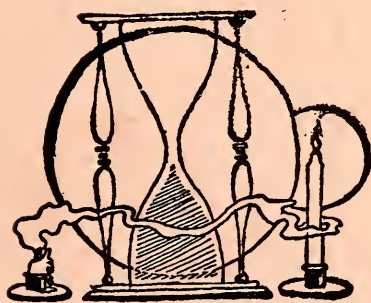
*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without
slight to the Scholastic training.*

For catalogue and other information address

*Rev. George W. Lay, D. C. L.,
Rector.*

The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Spring Number
April-May, 1918

ST. MARY'S CALENDAR, 1917-18

APRIL-MAY.

Saturday,	April 20:	8:00 p. m.	St. Elizabeth's Chapter.
Monday,	April 22:	8:30 p. m.	Faculty Recital.
Saturday,	April 27:	8:30 p. m.	University of North Carolina Dramatic Club.
Monday,	April 29:	8:15 p. m.	Certificate Recital. Miss Mary Neal, Voice.
Saturday,	May 4:	8:15 p. m.	Inter-Society Debate. Epsilon Alpha Pi vs. Sigma Lambda.
Monday,	May 6:	8:15 p. m.	Certificate Recital. Miss Dorothy Wood, Piano.
Thursday,	May 9:	Ascension Day. Holy Day.	
		11:00 a. m.	Holy Communion, with Sermon.
			Exercises Commemorative of Alumnae Day.
		1:15 p. m.	Alumnae Luncheon.
		2:45 p. m.	Meeting of the Raleigh Chapter.
		3:30 p. m.	Festival Program.
Saturday,	May 11:	Juniors entertain Seniors.	
Sunday,	May 12:	Alumnae Day. 76th Birthday of St. Mary's.	
Monday,	May 13:	Certificate Recital. Miss Alice Seed, Elocution.	
Saturday,	May 18:	Annual "School Party."	
Monday,	May 20:	Certificate Recital. Miss Helen Cooper, Piano.	
Saturday,	May 25:	Annual Recital of the Chorus.	
	May 27-29:	Senior Examinations.	
	May 28-30:	Final Examinations.	
	June 1-4:	COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.	
Saturday,	June 1:	8:30 p. m.	Annual Recital of the Elocution Department. Tennyson's "The Princess."
Sunday,	June 2:	11:00 a. m.	Annual Sermon. Rev. W. W. Memminger, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.
Monday,	June 3:	11:00 a. m.	Class Day Exercises.
		3:30 p. m.	Annual Alumnae Meeting.
		8:30 p. m.	Annual Concert.
Tuesday,	June 4:	10:30 a. m.	Graduating Exercises. Address by Rev. W. H. Milton, D.D., Wilmington, N. C.

The St. Mary's Muse

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. XXII

APRIL-MAY, 1918

No. 8

St. Mary's and the Third Liberty Loan

It will be remembered that in October the St. Mary's students pledged and gave \$250 in Liberty Bonds to the St. Mary's Endowment Fund.

Now follows the campaign throughout the country to raise three billion dollars as the Third Liberty Loan since the United States entered the war. And the St. Mary's girls, in the same way they have met every call, have pledged and raised more than \$100 for bonds in this third loan. These bonds they will also make a gift to the St. Mary's Endowment Fund.

The raising of \$350 in Liberty Bonds, aside from the work of the entire student body in purchasing War Savings Stamps, is significant of the earnestness with which St. Mary's girls are meeting the call of their country.

This response from the students, two-fold in its result, first a "bit" towards helping the great loan, and then a larger "bit" towards the St. Mary's Endowment Fund, is far more than a "bit" in the spirit of the giving.

The Garden is Growing!

We are keeping at it on sunny days, with hoe and rake, and the garden is growing! If you do not believe it, come and see the crops: the lettuce, the onions, the radishes, the peas, the cabbages, etc., etc. It is a comforting sight to the hard-working war gardeners at St. Mary's to witness the fruits of their labors thriving in the sunshine,

and it is a tremendous inspiration towards the extension of the garden crops. And the satisfaction of the gardeners in seeing the first red radishes appear with lettuce on the table as a positive proof of their efforts is almost too much for those who are not in the garden teams.

"Just watch our garden grow!"

"Clean-Up Week"

When "Clean-up Week" struck Raleigh it found St. Mary's girls enthusiastic advocates and ready workers. In fact, so great has been the enthusiasm that every free hour of daylight has found girls on the campus with hoe and rake, scythe and grass mowers. They are out before breakfast, after breakfast, after lunch, and after school, and that is not all, for the extra hour of daylight that the Government has given us this year gives an extra hour of daylight after supper, and every rake and mower is busy until the study bell rings at eight o'clock.

Those who volunteered for the clean-up work are divided into twos and each pair given a "plot" on the campus to put in apple-pie order; not only that, but to keep so until the end of the session. A "decoration" is to be given the girls who keep their plot best and the competition is running high. The mowers are signed up for so far in advance that those who are slow must hustle to catch up. And everybody is hustling! The weather is the only backslider; were it not for the rain all the grass would have been cut for Sunday, April 21st, and at the conclusion of "Clean-up Week" St. Mary's would have been ready to pass any inspection from the public eye. But the lost time will be made up immediately the sun appears. No weather can discourage the St. Mary's clean-up workers!

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Sigma Lambda Literary Society

MARIAN DRANE, '19
KATHARINE PARKER DRANE, '18 } *Editors*

The Sun Dial

ALINE HUGHES, '18

In a low, old-fashioned garden,
 'Midst mignonette and phlox,
Surrounded and protected
 By stately hollyhocks,
For years, through sunny hours,
 The Dial had marked the time—
Entwined with clinging flowers,
 Had well fulfilled its rhyme.

Its face, all gray and aged,
 In letters worn and old,
Bore the simple motto,
 The Dial's duty told:
"I mark the sunny hours."
 And many a child and man
Had stooped above the Dial
 Those happy words to scan.

From childhood on to manhood
 Those of that race and line
Had read the Dial often
 In hours of gay sunshine.
The happy, chubby children
 Had stretched on tiptoe there,
Their proud, intent young heads now bent
 'Neath toss of sunny hair.

And once, in softest moonlight,
 A man and maiden fair
Had leaned above the Dial
 To read the message there.

And later, when the sunny hair
And black had turned to snow,
The same aged lovers often read
The happy message through.

And last there came a message
From Britain's wise, great throne.
The Dial heard and trembled,
In grief all turned to stone.
No longer could he mark the hours;
He was now an hour too slow.
In shame he blushed, and bid the flowers
All o'er his face to grow.

Soldiers All

ELIZABETH WADDELL, '19

The hour was late and the evening twilight was taking the place of the afternoon sunlight. The low underbrush, just turning a light green, contrasted with the darker green of the tall pines. A tiny path was the only opening through the thick spring growth. Down this path a tall boy in uniform hurried along, but stopped beneath an old pine that cast its shadows across a cool, babbling mountain spring. The boy was scarcely twenty-one, but was slightly overgrown. His dark eyes and hair shaded in with the tan of his skin, and his muscular limbs added to his well-built frame. A white setter stood at his side and watched at intervals the boy's movements and the long winding path that led to the valley. He seemed almost to understand the circumstances that were weighing themselves in his young master's mind, for at every far-away beat of the drum he would listen intently and sniff the ground.

They stayed there only a few moments, this solemn, yet congenial pair, for the boy had taken his last drink in the familiar spring and was shouldering again his gun and knapsack. He gave a sad but stern command to the dog, who understandingly turned and slowly trotted up the now darkening trail. The boy's eyes dimmed for a few minutes as he turned in the opposite direction. He knew the touching meeting that would take place in a tiny cottage back up the

trail as soon as the dog should reach it. And, indeed, it was a touching one. A little woman in black had not moved from the spot of parting until she heard the quick pant of the dog beside her. Then she stooped and put her arms around him and buried her face in his tangled white hair, the first tears of sorrow filling her eyes. But only for a moment did they stay, for she, too, was willing to do her part cheerfully. Instead, she smiled and murmured a little wordless prayer in her heart, which so many mothers have so often said, "God help me to be a soldier with my son!"

The Romance of a Christmas Package

MARIAN DRANE, '19

It was Christmas Eve night and the people of Carrsville were determined to give the soldiers who were encamped there a jolly good time. They were all assembled, a gay, laughing crowd, in the large town hall, which was all aglow with lights, warmth, and cheer. The Christmas tree was loaded with bags and Red Cross Christmas packages for the soldiers, and was glistening with lights and candles.

The young girls of Carrsville distributed the packages among the boys, who were scattered about the room. Murray Stanley had received his presents and, having slipped from the crowd, was standing in the far end of the hall, unaware of the noisy crowd, gazing intently at something he had found hidden in one sleeve of the warm woolly sweater which was in his package.

"Hey, Murray! What's this, a love letter hidden in your package?" greeted Bill Whitley, his chum.

Slipping the note in his pocket Murray answered him:

"Not quite, old sport. Only a Christmas wish, and a mighty good one, too. It makes a fellow feel like life is pretty much all right, after all, when he realizes that there are people in the world who can send such a sincere wish to a stranger."

"Well, who is this person who has got you going so?" Bill asked, showing increasing interest.

"She signed her name 'Dorothy Hunt,' and she seems to be going to school at Wellington."

Bill's face lighted up with surprise, but when he answered Murray there was no sign of the scheme which was working in his mind. Bill was a lover of jokes, and here was a good chance to have some fun with Murray.

"Murray, I dare you to write to that girl and make her think her fine sweater has been wasted on a good-for-nothing, ignorant Sammie who doesn't know how to appreciate it."

"She is not the kind of girl who would mind that at all," protested Murray. "But I will take you up on it."

.

The next morning when Dolly Hunt got her mail she found a small, dirty, cheap letter addressed to her in a smudgy handwriting.

"What on earth is this?" she wondered, looking at it more closely.

"It's that letter you have been expecting from Joe Green of the Army," giggled one of the girls who was coming out of the post-office with her.

"Well, I am sure I would ask Joe Green to use a typewriter if he can write no better than this," answered Dolly, laughing. Tearing it open, she read:

MISS HUNT:

The packag i receved and the swetter is nice an warm. also i like the letter an if you want to do a good turn by a lonesom soljer pleas mum rite to me agin.

yours truly,

MURRAY STANLEY.

"He must be a rough one," thought Dolly. "But maybe this is one way I can do my bit."

.

When Murray received an answer from Dolly Hunt it was just what he had expected—encouraging, cheerful, and friendly. Having decided that she was a girl in a hundred and certainly worth knowing, he determined to meet her. He did not show his answer to Bill, and when the next letter came from Dorothy Hunt he forgot to show

that to Bill. "Anyway," he thought, "Bill is showing too much interest, and this is my job."

Their correspondence kept up for several months while Bill was in training, and with every letter from her his determination to meet her was strengthened, as also was his desire to drop the illiterate letter writer's part that he had taken up on Bill's dare.

Early in May, Murray was given a two-day's furlough. His family lived far away and it only took him a minute to decide where he was going. So when he announced his intention of going to Wellington everybody took it as a matter of course—that is, all except Bill, who looked on in silent enjoyment.

"Goodbye, boys!" he called back as the train was leaving. "Bill, you had better come on and chaperone. Don't worry, I'll have a good time, all right!"

Murray settled back in his seat as the train started forward for what seemed to him was going to be a long trip. But the pictures of the coming meeting were so interesting and so pleasant that he was startled when the porter called "Wellington! All off for Wellington!"

It was late afternoon and, having gotten a room at the hotel, he called Wellington College, and after waiting for an interminable time, under the circumstances, he heard Dorothy's voice at the other end of the line.

"And what time may I come—eight o'clock? All right, good-bye," and Murray hung up the receiver, keyed up with anticipation.

"Well! I am certainly in it now!" exclaimed Dolly in amazement to the girls around her. "You know that poor soldier boy I have been writing to, to try to cheer him up? Well, he is in town and coming out to call!"

"You're not going to let him come, of course," said Jane, who had rushed over to the phone to hear who and what the phone call was for Dolly.

"Yes, I am, too—he seemed to want to come very much, and, well, I feel sorry for that boy. Anyway—" Dolly paused; she knew that the hour would not be wasted for him, she would make him enjoy himself—for Dolly was that kind.

"All right, I only hope you enjoy wasting a perfectly good evening on an ignorant, boring STICK!" Jane flung back as she went out.

"Don't you worry. I bet I will!"

Eight o'clock came, and so did Murray Stanley, right on the stroke. He did not have to wait long before Dolly, a tall, dark-eyed Dolly, walked in, smiling cordially and holding out a welcoming hand to him, whom she found to be tall and of an entirely pleasing appearance.

Murray smothered his amusement as they sat down and surprise dawned gradually in Dorothy's face—and increased more and more at every word he spoke, though she was making every effort to conceal it.

"He really seems to be very nice, and, well—his English is PERFECT!" thought Dolly in growing amazement.

So evident was her astonishment and confusion that Murray could stand it no longer and plunged into explanation.

"You see, I liked that first note of yours so much that I decided I would like another, and when one of the boys joked me into using that pose of an illiterate Sammie, I decided it would be a pretty good plan. That was a good turn Bill Whitley did me!" he laughed.

"Bill Whitley!" exclaimed Dolly. "Why, he is one of my best friends. We used to climb trees together! Do you know him?"

"Slightly," answered Murray—a light was dawning. "We have chummed together since our second year at college. He did not tell me he knew you. Well, I never!—but that is Bill. I might have guessed."

When ten o'clock came the big school bell rang and Murray had to leave, after a delightful evening for them both; but he had permission to come again as soon as he could get another leave.

Dolly was silent when the girls questioned, and they drew their own conclusions with reference to the "stick."

When Dorothy unwrapped a huge box of pink roses next morning she gathered them up in her arms, murmuring, "And to think! if it had not been for that note in the Christmas package all this could never have happened!"

The Biography of a Piece of Chewing Gum

LUCY LAY, '23

"The first thing I can remember is being sold by an old South American woman to a man in a white uniform, after first being rolled into a little ball. I was put in a basket with a great many other little balls and soon felt that I was moving. I could hear water beating against something, so I very naturally concluded that I was on board a boat."

"After we arrived at our destination we were put through many very painful processes, of which I have only a vague memory. I do remember, however, that at the end I was pressed out flat and a very pretty girl wrapped me up in a piece of white paper. I had heard one of the workers in this factory remark on how busy they were with an order for ten hundred thousand packages of chewing-gum for Red Cross 'comfort bags' for the soldiers. Of course all this meant nothing to me then, but later I understood it. A bright red wrapper was slipped over me and I could see no longer. All was pitch-black darkness."

.

"Well! I wish you would look, a package of Wrigley's pepsin chewing gum! Well, old friend, I certainly am glad to see you! I haven't had any Wrigley's since I left England a month of Sundays ago," said Dick Brewster, an American aviator behind the lines "Somewhere in France."

"Here, Tom, you take one, and Jim, you the other. I am going to give the others to the little Virginian who has been looking so blue lately, and take mine up with me this afternoon. General Roberts just told me that I would have to go on an errand for him this afternoon." General Robert's "errands" were famous for their dangers.

"Well, Dick, here's the best o' luck; we have to go for our instructions now. We don't envy you much, though." His chums shook hands with solemn thoughts in their hearts but smiles on their faces, for they allowed themselves neither to show nor voice their fears.

"This says 'good for the nerves, clears the brain,' so you need not worry about me," laughingly replied Dick, placing the chewing gum in his coat pocket as the friends parted.

It was nearly four that afternoon when Dick's machine glided gracefully off the landing field into the air. He was a little late and slightly worried because his engine had behaved a little queerly that morning and he had forgotten about it until too late to have it overhauled by the mechanics. He could not stop now, for General Robert's directions had been, "Go straight over the enemy's line, as high as you can fly, and investigate the moving troops from the left of the line to the front of the right." Dick was now almost as high as he had been directed to go, and for the first time in any flight he experienced a little dizziness. He must dart downward now so that he would be able to take the pictures of the left line. Just as he started his drop he heard an anti-aircraft rifle bullet go "ping" by his shoulder. "A close miss," he thought to himself, continuing his downward flight. A minute later he heard another "ping." Heavens! it was in his gas tank. What was he to do? The priceless fluid was dripping already; it would take scarcely a minute to empty it. He snapped the camera while he had a chance, but how could he get back with the films? Suddenly a saving thought struck him. He had one lone piece of chewing gum in his pocket. Hastily reaching there, he took the gum, chewed it up, and stuck it over the hole from which the gasoline was escaping.

Saved! at least for the moment! He continued his flight, now pressing to the right. Reaching there without any mishap, he took his second picture and returned to his lines.

Late that evening Dick Brewster was the happiest man in France; at least he thought so. General Roberts had told him that the films had turned out very plainly and had already proved their value to the Staff in that plans for the attack of the morrow had been made. "And all because of one little piece of chewing gum," thought Dick. How true that old folk song,

"For the want of a nail
The kingdom was lost!"

The Letter That Was Never Finished

AUDREY STONE, '19

"Polly, the 53rd has arrived in France."

Polly glanced up from the book which she was reading.

"What was that, mother?"

"The 53rd Regiment arrived in France yesterday," repeated Mrs. Norfleet, who had just come in.

"Why, mother, surely Tom has not gone to France so soon. Why didn't he—"

With that Polly rushed blindly out of the room, trying to conceal the fast-gathering tears. Her mother saw, however, but understood as only mothers can.

Alone in her room, with her head buried in her pillow, pretty blue-eyed Polly Norfleet sobbed out her sorrows. Why had not Tom written her? It had been six weeks now since any letters had come. In fact, there had been no communication since his last furlough home. Up until then her old chum had written her constantly during his time spent at the officers' training camp, and then after he had become Lieutenant Tom Jackson. They had been the best of friends since infancy. How she even now loved the old doll that he had saved his pennies to buy for her! Together they had romped, played, and studied through their school days. Then had come the parting of the ways when Tom had entered Harvard two weeks before she left for boarding school. There had been letters, however, and vacations, too—no chance for either Tom or Polly to forget. In Tom's sophomore year war had been declared on Germany and, although only twenty, he had left college at once and entered Oglethorpe, but first had gone by to see Polly. 'Twas then she had known. How proud she had been to introduce the tall, handsome "soldier-to-be" to all her friends! To Polly, now so unhappy, that seemed years ago, whereas in reality it had only been about eleven months. Since then something had changed Tom. "Perhaps he has fallen in love with some other girl." She began sobbing anew at the thought. He had been the same old Tom on his last furlough, or he had seemed the

same in what little time she had seen him. He had only been there four days, and, unfortunately, Cousin Jack had been spending his furlough with them at the time. Even at the station, when she and Jack had gone to see him off, she had noticed nothing different. Tom had gone on back to camp and, just as formerly, Polly had waited, but no letters had come. Being only eighteen and very light-hearted, she had not given up hope entirely until today. "There were many things, she thought, "that could have happened to keep him from writing." But now he had gone to France without so much as writing a card to her. At last, exhausted from continuous sobbing, Polly fell asleep, and so her mother found her several hours later.

.

Two years later we find a much older looking, soberer Tom, now Captain Jackson, "going in" again, but this time as an old veteran at the fighting game. For no longer does his heart stop beating when one of the numerous rats shoots by his face while out on a promenade along the sand bags. Long since he had become accustomed to sleeping in cold, damp cellars overrun with big, black rats.

As Tom took his place in the front-line trench again just two years after his departure from America, some one on the right cautiously greeted him:

"Why, hello, Tom Jackson! I never thought to see you or anyone else from home here tonight."

Tom turned. By the light of a flare out in "No Man's Land" he recognized his companion on the right.

"John Trenton! of all people. When did you get here?"

It was no other than Polly's Cousin Jack. Very quietly they talked over the happenings back home, but neither mentioned Polly because Tom, although dying to ask about her, was too proud to do so, and Jack thought Tom knew more than enough already about her. Finally the latter asked:

"How's Polly, Tom?"

"Polly?"

"Yes, Polly. Don't try to appear so innocent. Do you think that I am not on to it after all these years?"

"John Trenton," began Tom, "you don't mean that! Why, I thought that you yourself were engaged to Polly."

"Me? Whatever made you think that? Polly Norfleet has never given one single thought to any man except you."

Tom was dazed.

"Well, Jack, when I was home on my last furlough current report said that you and Polly were engaged, and until tonight I had believed it. I stopped writing to her without any explanation, for, loving her as I did, I could not write as a friend to her whom I believed engaged to another. But if the Lord lets me live until tomorrow I will—"

Suddenly a blinding red flare lighted up the sky behind and with a whistling sound their shells were on the way towards the Bêche trenches. It was the signal for the first three waves to get ready to go "over the top." Tom was ready. He had been over before and had been wounded, but for all that he was as willing and eager to go as the latest newcomer. A line of bursting shells lighted up No Man's Land. Then the big guns behind both lines began thundering at each other. Shells went flaring, screaming, and bursting through the air. Several men wounded and a few killed fell around Jack and Tom. Soon the word came down: "First wave get on and near the scaling ladders." Ten minutes afterward with the blast of the whistles another order was sent along the line: "Over the Top With the Best of Luck and Give It to Them."

Tom and Jack rushed out over No Man's Land. The German shells were flying in every direction. Men were falling on every side. But Tom went on. Suddenly he stumbled over a falling body. It was Jack. He turned aside and rushed on in his wild frenzy to reach the first-line Bêche trench. All at once he saw coming, aimed at him, a hand grenade. There was a terrific explosion. Tom Norfleet had fallen wounded in No Man's Land.

.

As the new nurse came on duty early Tuesday morning in the second ward of an American base hospital "Somewhere in France," the convalescing patients welcomed her joyously but with a multitude of

requests. From one to another of this "down-hearted" bunch she went, doing each one's bidding, until she reached the last bed, where a man lay with bandaged eyes. She started back and almost fainted.

"Tom!" she gasped.

Quickly she gained control of herself and went forward. In a strange voice she inquired.

"Is there anything you would like me to do?"

"Yes," he answered, seeing and knowing nothing of all that was going on in the new nurse's mind, "I want you to write a letter for me—an important one to The Girl back home."

Scarcely breathing lest she should reveal her identity, Polly Norfleet, the new nurse, sat down by Tom's bed. She had never thought that she would have to undergo the ordeal of writing a letter for him to the girl who had taken her place. It would have been better to have stayed at home.

Then he began his letter:

"MY DEAREST:

"Will you ever forgive me? I was wounded, but not seriously, in a raid last week. Today I am in V. hospital, but not for long. Jack told me all just before he went 'West,' and I'm coming home, Polly—"

"Tom!"

Her heart was too full to say more, but there was no need. Eyes were not necessary for Tom Norfleet to claim his own. His letter was finished, but—in a different way.

Robert Haig, American Citizen

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18

It was a warm May night, and Middleton, a small city in the northern part of the United States, lay calm and sleepy under the starlight, waiting for the glow in the eastern sky to brighten into moonrise. Spring was in the air. It was felt even by Robert Haig, as he paced up and down beneath the elm trees, now fast paling into their spring garb. But Robert was not thinking of the springtime.

He was grappling with the hardest problem that had ever confronted him during the years of his hard young life.

Early in his life he had realized the dominating will of one personality, his father's, and, moreover, he had realized the purpose that had guided that will of William Haig, naturalized American, late Gustav von Handenburg, German citizen. Always the German tongue had been spoken in the privacy of the home, and it was *Der Vaterland* that was the moving purpose surrounding and enveloping his father's life. When William Haig had been summoned home across the sea to serve his fatherland with the skill he had acquired, he had gone obediently, even gladly, to that service, leaving his nine-year-old son in his wife's charge with full instructions that he should follow in his father's footsteps. Robert remembered his mother's tears and promises when his father left, and at first they were faithfully carried out, but she was a frail little woman. Deprived of a will to dominate her own, she had let herself drift on, breaking one promise after another until she had slipped out of Robert's life and left him to face the world alone. Alone, yes, and yet not once had he been free from the power of that arm stretched out across the sea, an arm indeed that through his father's influence had smoothed the way before him to education and opportunity, and yet an arm that ever forced a consciousness of the power of its grasp. More than once he had wished to join his father in Germany—"but no, you are needed most in Amerika." And then his father had died.

It was shortly after this that Germany had invaded Belgium. Robert had devoured all the information he could get; he had suffered with the Belgians over the horrors of Louvain and Bruges; yet his love for his Fatherland and his sense of loyalty had bid him keep faith through all. The arm across the sea had bid him wait until called.

It was then that his little friend and playmate had become to him "The Little American." A daughter and granddaughter of Army officers, her patriotism was summoned forth to the highest extent by the trumpet of war. Of course she had immediately wished to become a Red Cross nurse, but when her parents refused, her ardor, not

in the least quenched, turned eagerly to Red Cross work at home, to the supporting of a Belgian war orphan, and to the stirring up of patriotism in all of her friends. But in this latter regard Robert Haig was her stumbling block.

"Don't you hate, *hate*, HATE those horrible Germans?" she had demanded of him indignantly. And he had said no, facing the battery of her blazing brown eyes, and knew in saying it that he was facing his final sentence from her. His stand, however, had strengthened him in his loyalty for a brief time, and even now it brought a glow to his face to know that he had stood as a soldier should. He had taken his medicine, too, "standing by his gun." In the language of their childhood she had said in a quiet, tense voice, "Bobby, I cannot play with a German. I am an American. Good-night."

He had left her home miserable, lonely, trying to smother his loneliness with the thought that he had been true to his father and to Germany. This smothering process was rather a failure, for though he would not retract one step from the stand he had made, yet deep inside of him he knew, knew well, that he, too, was an American. He loved the great wide land that had been his home, its ideals and all that it stood for.

And so the years had slipped by—one, two, nearly three—and the United States, April 6, 1917, entered the world war against Germany. In Middleton a parade and other patriotic demonstrations had celebrated the occasion. During a speech on the Old Middleton village commons Robert had found himself on the edge of the crowd, beside a very much excited young person in Red Cross costume. She was trying to help her curly-headed little brother, with brown eyes much like her own, to see the speaker. Robert remembered now the child's face as he looked up at his sister.

"Margy, I isn't comfable."

He had gently lifted the little fellow to his own shoulder, meeting her eyes across the curly head as he did so. After the speech was over, when he tried to lift Billy from his shoulder, the chubby arms had clung around his neck and the baby voice had said:

"Oo's nice man. We bes' sojer mans for Unc' Sam."

Dazzled by the charm of Billy's smile, he had glanced at Marguerite, to hear her say, "I am sorry you have not seen fit to stand on Uncle Sam's side. Come, Billy. Thank you, Mr. Haig."

That was a month ago, and he recalled how proudly she had walked away, the little boy waving his flag. And tonight, for his father's sake, he must do that act which would turn that proud head away from him forever. Must he do it? His inheritance and training bade him obey without question the summons of that arm across the sea. Yet must he have no loyalty for this land of his own, of his life and love? Der Vaterland was truly his father's land, but this was his; this great big, independent, democratic America was his own homeland.

He put his hand to his head as if to erase something from his sight, but it stood there in bloody letters, that summons to "Come to the Old Home Café at 11 p. m., Tuesday. Be prepared to serve. Third table to right." He had figured out the code and knew well what the summons meant. The prospect of such a summons had long hung suspended over his head. Should he, must he, obey it? If he did not they would "get him" sooner or later, and death would be mild in comparison to the treatment he would receive. His mother's and father's last instructions to him had been, "Be true to the Fatherland." Against them stood his heart and soul, both for America, and the words of Marguerite, "I am sorry you cannot be on Uncle Sam's side," cut him to the quick. Faster and faster Robert Haig walked in the dark shadows of the elms. It was ten minutes of eleven. Vaguely he heard music; what was it? He stopped, some one was singing. Sweet, clear, proud, and triumphant the words rang out on the night:

"Then conquer we must,
For our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,
'In God is our trust'
And the star-spangled banner—"

He whirled about and looked into a brightly lighted room, across a dark lawn. Just inside the long open window stood a slender, dark-

eyed girl, pouring out her song, unconscious of the man alone outside, conscious of only one listener, for at her side, his cocked hat over one sleepy brown eye, stood Billy, gravely saluting the flag of which she sang.

Outside a man felt peace—peace at last had entered his sorely wrung heart. His weary head dropped to his hands.

“Mein Gott!” The old familiar language slipped unconsciously from his lips. He only knew that he was saved; saved from that evil against which his whole being rebelled—better death than that. He straightened and stood with bared head until the joyous strains were over. His soul was at peace. They might “get him,” but what did he care, for

“Conquer we must,
For our cause it is just—”

.

A week later in a training camp in the South a new recruit to Uncle Sam's Army proudly gave his name, “Robert Haig, American Citizen.”

SCHOOL NEWS

March 22d: Mr. Frank A. Whipple, of Hampton Institute, Addresses the School in the Parlor

On Friday evening, March 22d, Mr. Frank A. Whipple, publicity agent of Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., accompanied by a colored quartet from the Institute, gave a most interesting program in the Parlor. After Dr. Lay's pleasing introduction of Mr. Whipple, the quartet sang several well known negro songs, such as "Steal Away to Jesus," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," etc., immediately followed by Mr. Whipple's address in the interests of the Institute.

He told of the small beginning of this now large and splendid Institute, begun with a few small buildings and now numbering over one hundred and fifty, covering many acres of ground, accommodating over a thousand students. All the buildings were erected by the students themselves, who are taught all trades at the Institute. The great farm is run by the students, as are all the necessary industries connected with the life of the Institute. Mr. Whipple gave some striking illustrations of the ideals and standards set by the school for its students carried by them back home. To work where they are most needed and where they can do the greatest good to the greatest number of their people is one ideal well worked out in the plan of community service by summer trips in different communities to spread the canning industry and others, directed towards the uplift and welfare of the negroes of the South.

We were all greatly pleased with Mr. Whipple's manner of address and glad to learn of the fine work of Hampton Institute and its growth. We will certainly speak a good word for it at every opportunity, and appreciated greatly the part of the quartet in the program which was so delightfully arranged for us by Mr. Whipple.

March 23d: Mr. George B. Lay Lectures on Birds

On Saturday, March 23d, Mr. George B. Lay gave a lecture in the St. Mary's Auditorium on "Birds." Mr. Lay is a member of the Audubon Society of America, and is now a senior at the University

of North Carolina and acts there in the capacity of assistant in the geology department. He has delivered this lecture, with a splendid collection of slides, in a number of places, and he certainly showed himself well up on his subject. Mr. Lay's lecture was most interesting, especially to those present of the Nature Class at St. Mary's, and we wish him all success in his further work along this line.

March 25th: Volleyball Game

On Monday morning, March 25th, the "Gym" was the scene of an exciting double-header in volleyball. The first teams played a close game which closed with a score of 31-29 in favor of the Mus. The second teams, which played between halves, also ended the game in a Mu victory.

The line-up for the first-team game was as follows:

MU	SIGMA
Browne, E.	Cooper, N.
Burke	Battle (Capt.)
Powell (Capt.)	Waddell, E.
Barber	Hoke
Lay, N.	Royster, V.
Hill, R.	Collier
Glass	Mullins

April 4th: Expression Recital

On Thursday afternoon, April 4th, a most enjoyable entertainment was given in the Auditorium by the Expression pupils. The program was as follows:

I

"THE LITTLE MINISTER"—*Barrie*

Scene: At Nanny's Cottage

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Babbie	REBECCA BAXTER
Gavin Dishart.....	MARY MOFFITT
Nanny	KATHERINE BATTS
The Doctor.....	BEATRICE TURNER

II

"A Second Trial".....	MARY HOKE
-----------------------	-----------

III

Springtime a la Carte.....ANNIE HIGGS

IV

Da Thief	{ALICE SEED
Fleurette		
Going Home		

V

A Sisterly Scheme.....RUTH RUSSELL

VI

Scene in a Restaurant (a monologue).....DOROTHY KIRTLAND

A very appreciative audience gathered to hear the recital and all the selections were splendid, especially those by Alice Seed and Dorothy Kirtland. The scene from "The Little Minister" was very well rendered, and those taking part deserve a great deal of credit. The part of "Babbie," taken by Rebecca Baxter, was very natural and attractive, and the Little Minister and Doctor were properly dignified, while Nannie with her Scotch dialect and pitiful awe of the two dignitaries was unusually good. The audience could certainly thank the Expression pupils and Miss Davis for a very enjoyable and entertaining afternoon.

April 8th: The Second Faculty Recital

The second faculty recital of the year was given in the Auditorium on the evening of Monday, April 8th, by Miss Louise Seymour, piano, assisted by Mrs. R. Blinn Owen, lyric soprano.

The best example of perfect time and technique was probably the Sonata C major by Beethoven, which was most thoroughly appreciated.

The *News and Observer* of the next day said:

"Miss Louise Seymour of the St. Mary's faculty gave a most finished and delightful recital last night, assisted by Mrs. R. Blinn Owen, lyric soprano. Miss Seymour made a success of the evening, her playing is most satisfying and interesting. Mrs. Owen possesses a voice of light quality and her high notes come with ease and purity. There was a good audience despite the rain."

The program was as follows:

I

Præludium and Gigue (from First Partita).....*Bach* (1685-1750)
Sonata, C major, Op. 53 (First movement)....*Beethoven* (1770-1827)

II

Petites Roses*Cesek*
A Toi*Bemberg*
Aria, from "Morning of the Year".....*Cudman*

MABEL SELLS OWEN

III

Impromptu, A flat major*Chopin* (1810-1849)
Ballade, G minor

IV

Serenade, B flat minor, Op. 3.....*Rachmaninoff* (1813-)
Romance, Op. 24.....*Sibelius* (1865-)
Impromptu, F minor, Op. 31.....*Fauré* (1845-)

**April 9th: Secretary McAdoo Addresses Mass Meeting at City Auditorium
as the Third Liberty Loan Campaign is Launched**

On Tuesday, April 9th, Secretary of Treasury, William G. McAdoo, addressed a great mass meeting in the City Auditorium, as part of the city's program in launching the Third Liberty Loan campaign in Raleigh. In spite of the cold wind and rain the large building was full to overflowing with an enthusiastic crowd to hear the message of our renowned Secretary. All the schools and colleges were represented in full, the day having been made a half holiday in the city, and the Boy Scouts and employees of the Norfolk Southern Railway were there in uniform, adding to the representations. American flags and the Third Liberty Loan posters effectively decorated the stage and balconies, the latter with their messages of "Don't be a slacker. Be a Liberty Loan backer!" "Halt the Hun," "Fight, or buy a bond," etc., attracted everyone. The State College boys in their khaki uniforms filled the middle balcony, and during the time before the program began their band played popular war songs such as "Over There," "Good-bye, Broadway, Hello France!" and others, much to the enjoyment of the gathering crowd.

As Secretary McAdoo, the Governor of the State and other prominent representatives took their places on the stage, from A. & E. came the bugle call "Attention!" and all the boys rose while the large Service Flag of the college was unfurled, showing nearly a thousand stars. The audience cheered again and again.

The formal program was opened by the singing of "America" by the audience, led by Mrs. Horace Dowell. The chairman then introduced Governor Bickett, who made a delightful and pleasing speech introducing Secretary McAdoo to the assembled crowd. The audience rose to its feet with cheers as Mr. McAdoo acknowledged the introduction. He told them in his quiet, business-like way what they could do individually to help in the loan campaign, from buying a Thrift Stamp to buying a big Liberty Bond, or in wearing half-soled shoes and omitting woollens from their dress. He explained in detail the magnificent life insurance and compensation plan of the United States Government for our soldiers and sailors in the service of the country now in effect. He emphasized the importance of each of us doing our all with all our might in the great crisis that is facing us and our allies. He took his seat amid a storm of applause from an audience which he had more than convinced of the crying needs of our country, each determined to do all possible towards raising funds for the country's need, if only that of buying a Thrift Stamp. Can't you see Uncle Sam pointing his finger at you, as he is doing in that famous poster, and saying, "Have YOU done and given ALL you could?"

St. Mary's attended the mass meeting in full number and with full enthusiasm for the pushing of the Third Liberty Loan. The School regretted the fact that Mrs. McAdoo, a St. Mary's alumna of recent years, could not accept the invitation to be in Raleigh and pay a visit to her Alma Mater at this time.

April 13th: The Return Class Parties

SOPHOMORES TO SENIORS

On Saturday night, April 13th, the Sophomores entertained the Senior Class in the Muse Room. Soon after the guests arrived a

very original guessing contest began. The "School Picture Frame" disclosed a succession of tableaux representing familiar advertisements and it was great fun to guess them. There were "Overland Cars," "Campbell's Soup," "Buster Brown Stockings," "Kohinoor Snap Fasteners," "A Skin You Love to Touch," "Cream of Wheat," and others. At the last "Rastus," of Cream-of-Wheat fame, walked out of the frame with refreshments for the guests—not Cream of Wheat, though! The refreshments were delicious and everybody was enthusiastic over the corn-bread fingers, a war-time substitute for cake.

FRESHMEN TO JUNIORS

On the same evening the Freshman Class entertained the Juniors in the Parlor, where a delightful dance was given in their honor. The room was attractively decorated with the colors of the two classes. There were the Grand March, "Paul Jones," and other figures, as well as the one-step and waltz. Delicious punch was served throughout the evening with corn-bread fingers, the now popular substitute for cake at St. Mary's these war times. The evening was immensely enjoyed by both Freshmen and Juniors.

THE "PREPS."

And the "Preps." having no sister class to entertain, and feeling a bit ostracized, had a party in the "Gym" to which all the members of the class were cordially invited. The feature of the entertainment was a contest in representing some other girl in school. Some of the take-offs were splendid. Dancing followed throughout the evening amid a great deal of amusement over the various costumes. There were no refreshments! It being a cold, rainy night, the Preps. decided to postpone the refreshments until a hot afternoon ice-cream party could be held, thus wisely planning two parties in the place of one! (But it must be added that the Freshmen were most generous with their punch at the back Parlor door, which the Preps. passed on the way from their dance.)

April 15th: Spring Athletic Meet

On Monday morning, April 15th, the Spring Athletic Meet was held on the basket-ball field. Mus and Sigmas were out in good numbers with plenty of enthusiasm. The field days are looked forward to with intense interest and are probably the most interesting athletic events of the year for the two associations which take part. The Fall Meet, it will be remembered, was won by the Mus with a score of 260—238½. The scoring this time was somewhat different in the method of averaging points, each event counting 20 points, with first, second, and third places counting 5, 3, and 1, respectively. The scores were a tie in events, each side winning three of the six events, but the Sigmas made 26 points in taking first, second, and third places in the Running Broad Jump, Basket-ball Distance Throw, and first and second places in Hop, Step, and Jump, giving them the victory with a score of 86—61.

The scores of the different events were as follows:

<i>Events</i>	<i>Individual Scores</i>			
	<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Mu</i>	<i>Sigma</i>	<i>Mu</i>
Running broad jump	195	160	20	0
Longest Jump: Cooper, N., 14'4''			5	
Hoke, 14'3''			3	
Parks, 12'11''			1	
Potato race			0	20
Basket-ball distance throw			20	0
			5	
			3	
			1	
Pitch ball			20	0
Hop, step, and jump			0	20
1st. Cooper, N., 29.11			5	
2d. Hoke, 29.7			3	
3d. McMullan, 26.9				1
Relay			0	20
			—	—
			86	61

The St. Mary's Muse

Subscription Price	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	One Dollar
Single Copies	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	/	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1917-1918

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18, *Editor-in-Chief*

SENIOR REPORTERS

KATHARINE P. DRANE, '18

ELIZABETH McM. FOLK, '18

JUNIOR REPORTERS

HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '20

ELLEN LAY, '19

MILDRED KIRTLAND, '20

ALICE SEED, '20

AGNES T. PRATT, '18, *Business Manager*

MARY C. WILSON, '20,

LOUISE TOLER, '19,

} *Assistant Business Managers*

EDITORIAL

The garden work has recently been held up by the weather, but the gardeners have merely laid their hoes aside to bring them out again with the sun. They have been very faithful and energetic about the work, and the garden has shown good results.

The Red Cross members have lately been engaged chiefly in finishing up the eight layettes for Belgian babies. These are practically completed now and will be turned over to the Raleigh Chapter. Of course, too, the socks and sweaters have been growing, and knitting-bags are always in evidence.

Twenty-six of the Red Cross members have been taking a course in Surgical Dressings. The girls and teachers were divided into two groups and instructed by members of the Raleigh Red Cross chapter, Miss Sarah Cheshire and her assistant, Miss Gladys Dewar, teaching one class, and Mrs. Ashe and her assistant, Miss Coke, teaching the other. The work in these classes was faithfully done, and all those who have stood the examinations have come through with flying colors.

We are very proud, of course, of the hearty response to Dr. Lay's suggestion about the \$100 bond in the Third Liberty Loan, but have we paid for all our Pay Days and for our MUSE, and have we all bought our Thrift Stamps? Do not forget these things. You know, as Mr. McAdoo said, it is the little things that will help—buying a Thrift Stamp, having our shoes half-soled, and so forth. Of course a \$100 bond seems lots bigger than a twenty-five-cent Thrift Stamp, but if it is the most you can do, of course Uncle Sam will be mighty glad to have you do it, and then you are not giving but lending, towards an awfully good investment for yourself, too. Is your Thrift Stamp Club leading this week? If not, see what you can do to give it a shove forward.

Miss Urquhart With the Red Cross

Miss Helen Urquhart, for the past five years in charge of the Latin at St. Mary's, received an emergency call to the National Red Cross Headquarters in Washington the last of April, and on being released from her duties at St. Mary's by the Rector, she left for Washington in time to take up her new work on May 1st. She has a secretarial position at the Headquarters and is much pleased with the opportunity for service which the work affords. Miss Daisy Waitt, a graduate of St. Mary's and of Columbia University, has taken Miss Urquhart's work at St. Mary's for the rest of the session.

Miss Urquhart has taken a deep interest in the Red Cross work in Raleigh, and after completing a course in shorthand and typewriting, has been acting as volunteer secretary to the Assistant Divisional Director of the Red Cross at Raleigh.

Miss Urquhart's address is care National Red Cross Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

ALUMNAE MATTERS

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.
			Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. John H. Holmes, Chapel Hill.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Walter Grimes, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

Elise Gordon Stiles (S. M. S. 1911-'13); 1893-1918

Shortly after midnight on the night of May 1st the Ocean Steamship Company's steamer "City of Athens," a few hours out from New York City on its way to Savannah, was rammed by a French cruiser inward bound and sunk in some ten minutes. Though the warship used every effort to save the passengers and crew, only half of those on board, about seventy in all, could be saved. Among the lost was Miss Elise Gordon Stiles, very dear to a legion of friends she made during her four years at St. Mary's, as well as to many who have known her elsewhere. In her St. Mary's suffers the first loss among those who have been a part of the School, which may be attributable to the war.

Miss Stiles grew up at "Malbone," the family home, on a plantation near Cartersville, Ga., and entered St. Mary's in September, 1911. She specialized in Domestic Science and took the Certificate at the Commencement in May, 1913. The following September she returned as Assistant Housekeeper, which position she filled very satisfactorily for two years. In October, 1915, she entered the Training School for Nurses of St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, and was graduated with her class on April 25th of this year. During the late winter she suffered from a serious illness and had not entirely regained her strength. She was therefore advised by the St. Luke's Hospital physicians to spend the summer in rest and was on her way

home for that purpose, expecting to return to the Hospital to complete her course in the fall and then take up her profession.

Miss Stiles had many devoted friends among her St. Mary's and St. Luke's acquaintance, and her loss is deeply felt.

From Some St. Mary's Girls in Wartime

Vacation Farm Work at Vassar

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., April 18, 1918.

Your letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. . . . I look back upon that year I spent at St. Mary's as the happiest of my life. . . . I wonder what it is that is so wonderful, that all the girls who ever went there dearly love it. I never spent an unhappy minute there.

It was most interesting doing farm work Easter vacation, but I must admit it was a bit strenuous. After a few days, however, I became quite accustomed to it and managed to work seven hours a day. Some of the girls worked up to eight hours, but I found I could accomplish more by seven hours hard work than by trying to stretch the time over eight. I am so glad the St. Mary's girls are gardening, too. . . .

Most sincerely,

JACKSONIA WATT.

(Jacksonia Watt, whose home is at Griffin, Ga., left St. Mary's in October, 1915, to take up a course in The Hartridge School, New Jersey, in preparation for Vassar. She graduated last year from the Hartridge School, and is now in her Freshman year at Vassar. She was one of the group of Vassar girls who gave up their Easter vacation to work on the college farm.)

A news item in the *New York Times* said of this:

"Twenty Vassar girls who volunteered to remain over at the college for the Easter holidays are toiling every day in the Shakespearian gardens. Dressed in middy blouses, bloomers, and heavy sweaters, they start at 7:30 o'clock in the morning and work all day. They are manifesting considerable enthusiasm for their work, and are looking forward to the summer work on the farm. Forty-four girls have already signed up for the regular farm work."

The War Spirit in the Cold Spell at Goucher

GOUCHER COLLEGE, BALTIMORE, MD., March 9, 1918.

Our Class Letter (which is still alive) and the individual girls I hear from keep me in touch with the old life, so that I scarcely realize how many changes must be taking place. . . . Today is marvelously bright and springful, and I only wish it were possible to run down and spend a few hours in that lovely old grove. . . . My semester grade card, which just reached me, shows that my third term's work has been satisfactory. Our examinations this year were very delayed for, because of coal shortage, College was forced to close a week early just before Christmas, and after vacation there was hardly a week when we didn't miss a day. Administration buildings, of course, had to be shut down on Monday, but in order to bridge this we had classes in the parlors and halls of the dormitory buildings, and made up laboratory on Saturdays. I don't think I shall ever forget those first three weeks in January. The halls were only half-heated, for some of our boilers had burst, and then, of course, we never had more than twenty-four hours of coal ahead. It was simply bitter out of doors, and there was no use in going to libraries or homes out in the city, for every one was in the same boat, and through it all I think the spirit in college was better than I've ever seen it—less complaining and more effort to really see things through—to make the best of everything.

Father returned to Mexico the first of January, and I had hoped that mother and I could join him there this summer. However, I feel that there is a more urgent call just at present for the college graduate than tripping about, so I am planning to spend the summer definitely preparing myself for some phase of war work. Just at present the Vassar idea seems quite inviting and practical. . . .

Sincerely,

JOSEPHINE S. WILSON.

(Miss Wilson, who graduated from St. Mary's in 1916, is this year graduating from Goucher College. Of her record there St. Mary's is proud. Since she wrote the foregoing letter she has qualified as an interpreter in Spanish in the Government service, and will take up her new work just as soon as she is able to leave Goucher.)

From the Front

No. 6, GENERAL HOSPITAL, B. E. F., FRANCE,
March 30, 1918.

At last I have a definite address and I would so like to have THE MUSE sent me here. We have been here about four weeks, but it has seemed impossible for me to write. When we first arrived we lived in seclusion, as one of the girls developed measles, and only came out of quarantine in time for the "drive." At present we are very busy—in fact, it is simply impossible for us to do all we should. The "Tommies" are wonderful, so brave and plucky—never a moan, no matter how much pain they endure. I have never seen such suffering before.

I am so glad of my training—I really never appreciated it before—for it lets me do what little I can to help, and the whole thing is so frightful one could never realize it unless they were here in the midst of it all. It certainly is for all of us not to do our bit, but just a bit more than we possibly can. Sincerely yours,

DOROTHY V. BROWN.

(Dorothy Valentine Brown came to St. Mary's from her home in Rutherford, N. J. She left St. Mary's in May, 1911, and trained for three years in the Training School for Nurses of St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, in which course she has been followed by a number of St. Mary's girls—Julia Horner Cooper, '14, Arabelle Thomas, Annie Huske Robinson, '17, and Nancy Woolford being there at present. Since her graduation from St. Luke's, Miss Brown had been practicing her profession in New York City. She sailed for France with a Red Cross unit in January.)

All Hail, America!

A St. Mary's girl who has lately won special honors is Miss Selma Katzenstein, '90, now president of the Dallas (Texas) Conservatory of Music. Miss Katzenstein entered the country-wide contest started for the selection of a new national anthem of which both words and music should be entirely American, and was awarded first prize in the Philadelphia district for her anthem, "All Hail, America!" for which she both composed the music and wrote the words.

Miss Katzenstein came to St. Mary's from Warrenton, N. C. Both Miss Dowd and Mr. Owen think highly of her new composition. "All Hail, America!" has been endorsed by the Texas Senate as a State and National anthem, and Miss Katzenstein was invited to Fort Worth to conduct the anthem sung by a large chorus of soldiers accompanied by a military band of fifty pieces. The anthem has also won decided favor in a number of States with the Congress of Mothers.

The words of the anthem are as follows:

Dear land of ours, may Heav'nly powers
Protect and guard thee ever;
And guide thy path, and give thee faith,
And joy in high endeavor,
To seek the light in honor's eyes,
Nor be content with lesser prize;
To strive to win a noble fight
In God's most holy sight.

CHORUS:

All hail, America!
Our love for her, a very star,
Shall light our way to Heaven's door,
And joy forever more!

We'll sing in praise of other days,
And many a deed of glory
Of thy great past, whose fame shall last
And ring through song and story,
Of triumphs of thy daughters fair
In noble lives beyond compare,
And battles by thy brave sons fought,
And many a wonder wrought.

CHORUS.

Not hate, but love shall thy heart move
For men of every nation,
Whom wondrous fate sends to thy gate
To seek for their salvation.
Beneath thy skies they shall rest,
And joy and freedom on thy breast;
Their noble worth thou'lt reverent learn,
And with love's ardor burn.

CHORUS.

Thy hero-sons shall train their guns
 'Gainst wrong and fell oppression;
 Brave love shall lead on honor's steed,
 And gain at last possession—
 Of strongholds where the intrenched foe
 Their flaunting tokens boldly show,
 The banners of the right unfurled
 Shall float o'er a new world!

CHORUS.

Alumnae Visitors

Among the girls of recent years whom it has been a pleasure to have back at St. Mary's from time to time lately have been Helen Peoples, '15, of Townesville, N. C., now teaching in the Suffolk, Va., High School; Fannie Stallings, '16, of Suffolk, teaching this year in the County High School at Drivers, Va.; Lula Jones, of Martinsville, Va., who visited Agness Pratt; Martha Wright, of Boardman, N. C., Ethel Yates, of Camden, S. C., and Frances Hillman, of Nashville, Tenn., who had been making a round of visits and went from St. Mary's to Nashville; and Elizabeth Tarry, of Townesville, N. C., so well remembered in St. Mary's dramatics and through her part in the Song Book.

Alumnae Weddings

SAULS-ROBERTS: On Saturday, April 6th, at Wesley Monumental Church, Savannah, Ga., Lois Mershon Roberts (S.M.S. 1914-'15) and Mr. George Elton Sauls.

PRITCHETT-LEAK: On April .., at Wadesboro, N. C., Effie Shepherd Leak (S.M.S. 1910-'12) and Dr. Charles Bernard Pritchett.

ROBERTSON-ROSEMOND: On Monday, April 15th, in Christ Church, Greenville, S. C., Sue Gordon Rosemond (S.M.S. 1913-'14) of Hillsboro, N. C., and Mr. Owen R. Robertson, Lieutenant National Army.

DAVIS-BROWN: On Tuesday, April 23d, at Concord, N. C., Lucy Young Brown (S.M.S. 1909-'10) and Mr. Amos Davis. At home, Winnsboro, S. C.

PERLEY-SLOCUMB: On Saturday, April 27th, at Fayetteville, N. C., Helen Terry Slocumb (S.M.S. 1908-'10) and Mr. Fred A. Perley. At home, Black Mountain, N. C.

COOK-SMITH: On Tuesday, April 30th, in St. Thomas' Church, Washington, D. C., Olive Ernestine Smith (S.M.S. 1909-'14) and Major Giles Bernestine Cook, Surgeon, 116th Infantry, United States National Army.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Patronize those who patronize you. Remember that it is the advertisers who make the publication of the MUSE possible.

DON'T FORGET

TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE

and SODA FOUNTAIN

CORNER FAYETTEVILLE and HARGETT STREETS

Success in the Campaign for the Raising of the \$250,000 Fund to pay off the debt and provide additional new buildings, and the beginning of an Endowment Fund is of the utmost importance to St. Mary's.

Think of it, talk of it, and help in every way you can.

B. W. JONES

The
Best in
Groceries

Phones 667-668 528 Hillsboro Street

"You get them when promised"

Horton's Studio

Masonic Temple

"Workers in Artistic Photography"

St. Mary's Girls Always Welcome at

Hudson-Belk Company

Full line of Ready-to-wear, Hosiery, Gloves, Furnishings, Dry Goods, Shoes, Toilet Goods, Ribbons and Laces

ESTABLISHED 1858

H. MAHLER'S SONS

JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

M. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY

GROCERS

Wilmington and Hargett Streets

**BOYLAN-PEARCE
C O M P A N Y**

The Greatest Store
in the City for the
SCHOOL GIRLS

SEE

HERBERT ROSENTHAL

FOR REAL SHOES

CAMOUFLAGE ON THE FARM

The honest farmer's apple crop

Has been dispatched to town.

The barrels look this way on top:

O O O O O O O O O O O O O

And this is lower down:

O O O O O O O O O O O O O

—Selected.

Why Is

Brantley's Fountain

the

MOST POPULAR?

Ask the Girls

MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND VISITING CARDS

CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED

Send for samples and prices

**Edwards & Broughton Printing
Company**

Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers

RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES
THE WAKE DRUG STORE
 Phones 228

HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE
 Phone 107
PROMPT DELIVERY

<p>Thomas H. Briggs & Sons <i>The Big Hardware Men</i> Raleigh, N. C.</p>	<p><i>Base Balls, Basket Balls</i> <i>Tennis and Sporting Goods</i></p>
---	--

Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company
 Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**
 Phone 529

PESCUD'S BOOK STORE
 12 W. Hargett St.

DARNELL & THOMAS
ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

RALEIGH FLORAL CO.
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

T. F. BROCKWELL
 All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.
 Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

Hush, little Thrift Stamp,
 Don't you cry;
 You'll be a war bond
 Bye and bye.

—Selected.

Stationery, College Linen, Pennants,
 Cameras and Supplies
 Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

JAMES E. THIEM

Bell Phone 135 **RALEIGH, N. C.**

CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE
FINE CANDIES PURE ICE CREAM
FRUIT

We carry the most complete line of Fruit and
 Candies in town.

111 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street **RALEIGH, N. C.**

H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,
 Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.

Raleigh, N. C. Phone 113

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Electric Light and
 Power and Gas

1376—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You

Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. GLASS

The Ladies' Store

Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses
 and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel
 210 Fayetteville St. **RALEIGH, N. C.**

WM. HELLER
THE FOOTERY SHOP
RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE FASHION

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

*The college girls' store for Snappy, Classy,
Youthful Garments and Millinery.*

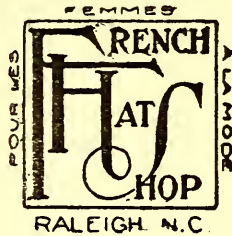
TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO COLLEGE
STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

ORDER YOUR CUT FLOWERS

FROM

J. L. O'QUINN & CO.

Phone 149



Exclusive
Millinery

WHITE ICE CREAM CO.

BEST
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

WILMINGTON STREET

Their meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad;
She gave away her bright young life—
The only one she had.
And there beneath the willows
Is where she's lying now:
For there's always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow!

—Selected.

ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?
BERNARD L. CROCKER
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.
Fire Insurance

Insure Against Loss by Fire
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited
Charles E. Johnson, Jr.
RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE
SHOES AND HOSIERY

C. D. ARTHUR City Market
FISH AND OYSTERS

ELLINGTON'S ART STORE
RALEIGH, N. C.

College Pennants. Pillows, Pictures,
Frames, Novelties

ROYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY
Made Fresh Every Day

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel

Dinners and Banquets a Specialty

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers
Steam Fitters
Hot Water Heating

S. Wilmington Street

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You are mighty right, doctor," said the young man, sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."—*Selected.*

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South

Most Direct Line to all Points North, South,
East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,
Washington, D. C.

J. O. JONES, Traveling Pass. Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Lafayette

A Cafe which invites the patronage of ladies. The girls of St. Mary's will enjoy the beauty and convenience of our modern, well-appointed dining place.

Fayetteville Street, next to Almo.

See us for **PORCH FURNITURE**
Royall & Borden Furniture Co.
FAYETTEVILLE, STREET

Patronize
STAUDT'S BAKERY
Hillsboro Street, Near St. Mary's
School

Teacher: "What is lyrical poetry?"

Pupil: "Poetry originally sung by a liar."—*Selected.*

PERRY'S ART STORE
S. Wilmington St.

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED
BELL PHONE 503

SHU-FIXERY

J. R. KEE, Manager 103 Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Shoes repaired while you wait.
Come to see our modern plant.

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP
104 EAST HARGETT ST. BELL PHONE 719

MISSES REESE & COMPANY
MILLINERY

BATES-ARRINGTON & COMPANY
PURE FOOD GROCERIES

L. SCHWARTZ

RICHMOND MARKET

Meats of All Kinds

Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

NORFOLK **RALEIGH**
 NEW BERN
 GOLDSBORO

**VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH**

Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service

Location Central for the Carolinas.

Climate Healthy and Salubrious.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL

RALEIGH, N. C.

(for girls and young women)

77TH SESSION BEGINS SEPTEMBER 19, 1918

SESSION DIVIDED INTO TWO TERMS.

EASTER TERM BEGAN JANUARY 21ST, 1918.

*St. Mary's
offers
instruction
in these
Departments*

1. THE COLLEGE
2. THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT
3. THE ART DEPARTMENT
4. THE ELOCUTION DEPARTMENT
5. THE HOME ECONOMICS DEPARTMENT
6. THE BUSINESS SCHOOL
7. THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT

In 1917-18 are enrolled 250 students from 16 Dioceses.

Twenty-eight Members of the Faculty.

Well Furnished, Progressive Music Department. Much Equipment New.

*Thirty-six Pianos. New Gymnasium, Dining Hall and
Dormitories.*

*Special attention to the Social and Christian side of Education without
slight to the Scholastic training.*

For catalogue and other information address

*Rev. George W. Lay, D. C. L.,
Rector.*



The
St. Mary's Muse

Raleigh, N. C.



Pre-Commencement Number
May, 1918

ST. MARY'S CALENDAR, 1917-18

MAY

Saturday, May	4:	8:15 p. m.	Inter-Society Debate. Epsilon Alpha Pi vs. Sigma Lambda.
Monday, May	6:	8:15 p. m.	Certificate Recital. Miss Dorothy Wood, Piano.
Thursday, May	9:		Ascension Day. Holy Day. 11:00 a. m. Holy Communion, with Sermon. Exercises Commemorative of Alumnæ Day. 1:15 p. m. Alumnæ Luncheon. 2:45 p. m. Meeting of the Raleigh Chapter. 3:30 p. m. Festival Program.
Saturday, May	11:		Juniors entertain Seniors.
Sunday, May	12:		Alumnæ Day. 76th Birthday of St. Mary's.
Monday, May	13:		Certificate Recital. Miss Alice Seed, Elocution.
Saturday, May	18:		Annual "School Party."
Saturday, May	25:		Annual Recital of the Chorus.
Monday, May	27:		Certificate Recital. Miss Helen Cooper, Piano.
	May 27-29:		Senior Examinations.
	May 28-30:		Final Examinations.

JUNE

	June 1-4:		COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.
Saturday, June	1:	8:30 p. m.	Annual Recital of the Elocution Department. Tennyson's "The Princess."
Sunday, June	2:	11:00 a. m.	Annual Sermon. Rev. W. W. Memminger, D. D., Atlanta, Ga.
Monday, June	3:	11:00 a. m.	Class Day Exercises.
		3:30 p. m.	Annual Alumnæ Meeting.
		8:30 p. m.	Annual Concert.
Tuesday, June	4:	10:30 a. m.	Graduating Exercises. Address by Rev. W. H. Milton, D.D., Wilmington, N. C.
		3:00 p. m.	Annual Meeting of the Trustees.

The St. Mary's Muse

PRE-COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

VOL. XXII

MAY, 1918

No. 9

The Seventy-Sixth Commencement Season

Commencement Program

Saturday, June 1, 8:30 p.m.—Annual Recital of the Elocution Department in the Auditorium: Tennyson's "The Princess."

Sunday, June 2, 11:00 a.m.—Commencement Sermon in the Chapel by Rev. W. W. Memminger, D.D., Atlanta, Ga.

5:00 p.m.—Alumnæ Service in the Chapel.

Monday, June 3, 11:00 a.m.—Class Day Exercises in the Grove.

1:00 p.m.—Alumnæ Luncheon at the Woman's Club, followed by Annual Alumnæ Meeting.

5:00 p.m.—Annual Exhibit of the Art Department in the Studio, with Exhibits of the Domestic Art work and of the Red Cross work of the year.

8:30 p.m.—Annual Concert in the Auditorium.

9:30 p.m.—Rector's Reception in the Parlor.

Tuesday, June 4, 11:00 a.m.—Graduating Exercises in the Auditorium; Annual Address by Rev. W. H. Milton, D.D., Wilmington, N. C.; Closing Exercises in the Chapel.

The Commencement season is a week later than usual, this year, on account of the week's delay in reopening after the Christmas holidays.

The annual meeting of the Trustees is held on the afternoon of Commencement Day.

There will be twelve graduates from "the College" this year, seven Certificates in Music, Art, Elocution, and Domestic Science, and a large number of Certificates in the Business School.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

Edited by the Epsilon Alpha Pi Literary Society

HENRIETTA MORGAN, '18	} <i>Editors</i>
ELIZABETH McM. FOLK, '18	
HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '19	

Dance of the Fairies

MARY T. YELLOTT, '21

The twilight deepens, folding all the earth
 In shadows of the all-embracing night.
 A star is born; emboldened at its birth,
 The cricket strikes a treble chord, and light
 Flames up, around as if by magic, soft
 And flick'ring light of all the glowworm clan,
 That lends its aid at fairy meetings oft—
 At fairy meetings all unknown to man.

A mystic ring of light is formed; without
 The darkness reigns. The cricket gives the sign—
 A thousand voices answer with a shout
 As the wee folk appear, a shimmering line
 Of fairy maids, in dewey cobweb clad,
 Led by the Queen herself, in gossamer
 Of rainbow spun—a fancy that she had,
 And most becoming. Now the orchestra,

Without ado, struck up a lively air,
 The cricket at the fiddle leads the band,
 And every fairy cast aside dull care
 And danced in ecstasy, now hand in hand,
 Now whirled about alone. More loud and gay
 The music grows, till suddenly their mirth
 Dies—hark! the midnight hour! Each weary fay
 Has vanished. Darkness rules the silent earth.

Chapel Hill

JANE TOY, '20

Chapel Hill, as its name implies, is situated among the hills of North Carolina. On one of the hills, long ago, a Chapel was built, from which when later the town started it derived its name. Now the Chapel is forgotten, but the University town lives and flourishes, a memorial, as it were, to the little Chapel, and it is one of the pleasantest and loveliest spots to be found throughout the entire South. Situated on the hill tops, it has a spirit of airy freedom, surrounded by woods on all sides. All around the town these woods extend, always within pleasant walking distance, and their nearness is eagerly taken advantage of by the inhabitants of the town. There are, easily accessible, innumerable paths leading into the woods and through them, always inviting a restful walk among the beauties of nature. The town itself is also, however, not lacking in natural beauty. It is simply laid out; in fact, it seems to have had very little definite planning, but to grow up as good sense, desires, and convenience dictated. One long street runs through the town, beginning and ending in country roads. Half way between the ends of this street, the business section of the town is located. On either side of this, and on the cross streets which meet the main one, homes are situated. These are neither elaborate nor pretentious, but as a rule pretty and comfortable, especially so since most of them are set far back in large yards, the trees, flowers, and shrubs in which add greatly to their charm.

Just below the "business section," before the homes begin, the University is visible from the street. It is seen from behind an old rock wall (these cementless walls of broken stone and covered with ivy are one of the characteristic features of Chapel Hill), extending as far as one can see a rolling green lawn, crossed by paths and dotted with many magnificent trees and stately stone buildings. When one enters between the stone posts, which form the gate, the impression remains the same. As one advances other buildings are visible, and if one crosses the campus directly, the athletic field and the large stadium are reached. These, when deserted, have an air of greater

lonesomeness and desertion than any other part of the grounds, for the contrast between this desertion and their characteristic crowded, excited bustle is so great as to bring out the effect very strongly. In desolation, however, they possess a certain large, quiet beauty, and one can picture them filled with an enthusiastic throng of athletes. Coming back from the athletic field, the arboretum is visible at the right. This is a small park, or landscape garden, which has been developed comparatively recently. It is a beautiful spot, its curving walls, beautiful shrubs and flowers, all arranged to give exactly the right effect—the effect of orderly, restful beauty.

It is not, however, only in the natural beauties of Chapel Hill that its charm lies, but in its mental and social atmosphere. This is one of occupation in a common, congenial work, accompanied by a wide-awake interest in world affairs, military as well as artistic and scientific. Chapel Hill, though far out of the path of the world's activities, is neither asleep nor disinterested. Indeed, quite the contrary. It is vitally interested in all world affairs, and in the attitude toward them she shows a calm self-confidence, as if rising superior to the material disadvantages of limited population and resources and out-of-the-way position, and taking her place among the larger towns or, in fact, great cities of the world. In this attitude there is no dissatisfaction at their disadvantages, but rather appreciation of them as advantages and enjoyment of them as such. And it is in this, perhaps, that the greatest charm of Chapel Hill lies. The quiet enjoyment of the beauties and pleasures of the country, coupled with comprehending outlook upon the world.

“That Montrose Kid”

JESSIE MOYE

Meekins came down the broad staircase of the Clutchfield mansion on his usual nightly round of inspection just as the old clock, which had been presented to the oldest Clutchfield by Louis the Fourteenth of France, tolled out nine strokes.

Meekins, a stooped old darkey with graying hair, was a relic of the ante-bellum days. Under this old Southern roof he had seen the family live, expand, and then diminish to the last and only living heir, generally known as "Dr. Billy." As he pattered about, the old darky recalled with sadness the happy days before his young master and mistress had died, leaving Billy an orphan at fourteen. Meekins had been a kind and faithful protector, and after William had returned from college and had established a growing practice in the Southern city as a skillful surgeon, he began to cherish hopes of serving another mistress.

But it seemed that the house was doomed to misfortune. One night Dr. Billy again entrusted the care of the estate to the old servant and sailed away to some foreign port.

.

And now, just as the ancient timepiece struck nine, a key turned in the latch, the door flew open, and there stood a dark and handsome young man clad in mufti, whose bags showed the wear and tear of much trouble.

"Fo' de Lawd, Marse William!" exclaimed the old darky. And it was indeed "Dr. Billy" who, after four long years of absence, had at last returned. "Fo' de Lawd! Ain't changed a bit—nice an' brown in dem glad rags!"

"Same old Meekins. How is everything?" the man greeted him. Then, glancing around, "Well, it is good to be back." He crossed the hall and passing his eyes over the handsome drawing-room where the family portraits had hung for centuries, he lingered over a portrait of his mother, a laughing young girl, with a mass of yellow ringlets and eyes deep wells of blue. The old man followed his glance.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "That Montrose kid next door resembles her," and a queer, almost amazed expression came over his face.

"In mo'n looks, suh," the old man echoed, and smiled furtively.

"I would like a fire in the library, please."

A few minutes later as he sank into the luxury of his great arm-chair, smoking his briar pipe, his mind recalled the gloomy afternoon when he had found "that Montrose kid" perched in the arm of this

very chair, looking like a dainty yellow butterfly ready for flight. The Montroses—that is, Admiral Montrose and his seventeen-year-old daughter, Persis, “The Kid”—were Dr. Billy’s neighbors. Persis, a sensible child, quick to understand, kind to all, beloved of young and old alike, was not cut out for an irresponsible fly-away. She had learned at an early age the duty of service and had mastered more than the arts of interpretative dancing and making fudge. Dr. Billy was interested in this unusual child as he might have been in his own kid sister had she lived.

That afternoon she had come over to help him “face it out”! Had it only been four years ago, that afternoon?

“Dr. Billy”—she always struck straight at the point; he liked that—“dad says you insist on staying here and seeing this thing through, but no man should try to bear up under the ridicule of those jealous gossips, and it is not fair to yourself.”

“Every man has misfortunes to strive against, Persis,” he said, grimly.

“Surely, but every man does not have a Helen North, ambitious for a family name and so on, to string him up and then drop him in favor of public opinion. The minx!” Her childish countenance was screwed into a funny combination of scorn and hate. He smiled in spite of himself. She continued: “You will have to go away from it all, anywhere; to India, say. There is lots you can do for those poor heathen.” Here, indeed, was a ray of hope, but he answered dryly:

“Rather anxious to put me out, eh?”

But she ignored this. “Dad and I are a kind of self-appointed rock of defense, and you must—it is quite the conventional thing to do, to nurse your broken heart, and India is the place to forget.” That child was ingenious! He had entirely forgotten that he must forget, and thought only of the cowardice it would be for him to leave. Trust Persis to put things in an agreeable light. But as Dr. Billy always made decisions, as well as incisions, quickly, “Kid,” he said, “you are right, those Indians do need me. I am going.”

Helen had not acted well. When her uncle, whose heiress she was, had had a serious accident and was unsuccessfully operated on,

Dr. Billy had his first "case." The staff had insisted that no one could have saved "the old money-bags"; but tongues began to wag. The young doctor could not rest. He determined never to lift the knife again. It was all too much for the frivolous Helen, and with all good grace she broke the engagement. That plucky Montrose Kid, now, she— The clock striking twelve broke upon his reverie. Meekins stuck his head in at the door.

"Meekins, probably you are wondering at this sudden return?"

"Ain't no denyin' it, suh."

"It is because the boys in France need me now worse than the Indian hospital, and my first duty is to my own country. I am leaving for France in a few days."

"Leavin' agin?" The tones were pathetically disappointed. I wus hopin'—but Meekins paused, embarrassed. "Yas, suh! you is right. Dey needs you wus dan Ah needs a massa and mistis." The younger man wheeled. "You shall have her, Meekins, a new mistress, if she will agree. Funny, how stupid one can be. I have waked up night after night, out there in India, dreaming of some angel, and now I realize that it was not mother. It will be rather a shock to you, perhaps, and certainly none the less to me, but—" he paused in confusion.

"Hits Miss Montrose! De Clutchfield blood do tell! An Ah knowed it all de time!—cain't fool dis nigger, no suh."

"And tomorrow we will see," the young man broke in. But at sight of the old negro's face he stopped, his heart missed a beat. "What is it, Meekins?"

"De Admi'al, he had to go into suhvice, and Miss Montrose boun' to go into suhvice, too—she's a Red Cross nurse in France."

"Pack my bags again, immediately. I will leave for France tomorrow." And the luckless Dr. Billy slipped away again as suddenly and as quietly as he had come, leaving Meekins to wonder if it had all not been merely a dream.

Two months of service in France ended in a futile search for Persis. Finally, still hoping, he settled in a hospital just behind the front lines. Here he performed many skillful operations and gradually regained his self-confidence. A month later the Huns bombarded

the position and many of the medical staff were wounded, and among them Dr. Billy, who received a paralyzing blow in his right side and a piece of shrapnel in one eye. He could serve "over there" no longer, and he knew it. Thank God, Persis had sent him to India, for there he could still use his ability to good effect. In an unconscious condition he was rushed to the base hospital at G——.

When the little French surgeon examined his wounds, Dr. Billy heard him purr, "An interesting case for my wife; will you ask her in, Henri?"

A dainty blue-eyed nurse made her way to his cot.

"Persis!" At last—but the French surgeon's wife. My God! the usual luck. Why wasn't he used to it?

He sank into unconsciousness again. What he said in his delirium only Persis knows, but when he awoke she sat by his side, chafing his cold hands.

She smiled as he recognized her again. "There is another way to serve, Dr. Billy, and one that appeals to me most for a while. Let's cable Meekins to expect his new mistress when you are navigating again." Then, twinkling over his puzzled look, added, "Surgeon Marchand's wife was too busy to see you then—"

For once his lode star had not deserted him, and he decided that this was a fine old world after all!

The Autobiography of a Thrift Card

NINA COOPER, '20

My history began on December 24, 1917, when I came to the little town of "Spot Cash Crossing" in an express car. I was taken by a tall man and had my first stamp put on me. On December 25th, with one stamp on me, I became the property of a pretty little girl, who was very delighted at me for a X-mas present. From then on I took special note of my life. My little mistress dashed about the house, showing me separately to each of her brothers and sisters with the exciting remark, "Look! what Santa Claus brought me."

Santa Claus had also brought several other thrift cards to the other children of the family. A little boy of nine had a card with which I became very closely associated. Together we were kept by Daisy's mother, since our owners were so small that we could not be trusted to them. Our first week was very thrilling and exciting for us both, since we were pulled out and examined at all times of the day. We spent the greater part of our time, left alone in the same pigeon-hole, in long conversations. Our first conversation gave me a great deal of light on the story of our family. My companion had had his ears wider open than I, and so had caught more information, which he willingly imparted to me. I learned from him that the United States Government needed vast amounts of money, and one way of borrowing it was through us. We were to back the people to be thrifty and save. The Government's purpose was for every person in the country to have a thrift card, and when they decided to lend their money to Uncle Sam, instead of buying candy, ice-cream, or the like, they would buy a thrift stamp. A thrift stamp meant a great deal to my mistress, since her brother was going to France, and when she wanted him to know how she loved him, they had told her it would be by saving her money and buying stamps, which would give the Government money to buy big guns, ships, etc.

One night we talked almost till sunrise. I said:

"I bet I am filled out first."

"Oh, no, you don't know what a good master I have. He will make money and I know he will buy stamps with it."

"Well, we will see who fills up first," said my companion.

"Did you know their father promised the last four stamps to the one who gets a stamp on the twelfth spot first?"

"Yes, I am well aware of the fact, and am quite sure I will be the one," said he.

The very next day my twelfth spot received a stamp! Daisy, who was continually begging for the stamp which her aunt had promised for the twelfth spot, succeeded in making her aunt buy the stamp. She then put it on the twelfth spot!

The next night my companion was so furious he wouldn't speak civilly. "Well, it just wasn't fair," said he.

"You can't say that, for Daisy's father is a lawyer, and would certainly do right. You know our owners had saved their money, and I had seven and you nine stamps, then when Daisy's aunt covered the twelfth spot she claimed the last four stamps, which was a bright idea."

"Bright idea! It wasn't fair, that's all."

"Oh, yes, for her father said it was perfectly fair."

But the next day her father gave four stamps to each of the children, and now I have only four spaces unfilled, while my companion has three.

Weeks passed before we became any nearer filled out. Then the happy minute for me! Daisy's birthday came, and she would not have any cake, for she said the sugar and flour and money must all go to the boys in France, so Daisy's mother, instead of making her a cake, gave her four stamps, and so I beat my companion in filling out.

The night of Daisy's birthday was our last night together, and when I said "Good-bye," my companion replied, "You certainly beat me fairly, but remember, though you become a war savings stamp tomorrow, I will become one in a few weeks.

The next day I was deposited at the postoffice, and my place in the pigeon-hole was filled by Mr. Warsavings Certificate with a stamp on him.

Only a Private

ELLEN LAY, '19

"Want a ride, Mister Soldier?"

Harry Wooding glanced around at the grinning crowd of faces and saw that the shock-headed youth grasping the wheel of a rather worse-for-wear Ford had addressed him. Now, Harry had not received any invitations out to supper, dances, or joy rides during the months he had been at Camp Wister. He had come to the colors from a country town where he had led a farmer's life in the summer and attended the university nearby in the winter. Harry's comrades in training had found him an agreeable, bashful chap, easy to get along with, yet he

seemed to prefer his own society to that of others. Harry was bashful. He had started off his career at camp keeping to himself the free moments, so that now he was forgotten among the boisterous crowd. He was feeling a little peeved with himself and terribly blue when this unusual form of relaxation unexpectedly presented itself.

"Great little car all right," said the boy as Harry climbed in.

"You betcha life!" responded Harry with feeling.

"B'longs to m'uncle. Gosh! I bet he'd do something awful to me if he found out I swiped his car. Say, my name's Jimmy. What's-cher name? What's-cher rank?" questioned Jimmy, inspecting Harry for insignia of rank.

"Harry Wooding, private," said Harry.

"Humph, I bet if I was old 'nuff I'd be a captain or somethin'." Harry replied to this that somebody had to do the dirty work, and that anyway he expected to be a general before the war was over. Jimmy glanced at him sideways, taking the length and breadth, his honest gray eyes, black hair and ruddy skin, a figure which gave the impression of strength of mind and body.

"Aw, well, I reckon you'll rise. You look like a captain, anyhow."

"Why?" asked Harry quickly. He wanted to learn.

"Aw, I dunno; you're big an' proud lookin' of Uncle Sam an' your men."

"Well," sighed Harry, "I am only a private."

"I bet-chu're a darn good one."

.

"That hair! those eyes! Ye gods!" thought Harry. He knew that she was just freezing to death in her thin white costume, although it was early April, but she surely did look— Well, Harry longed to throw his warm sheepskin coat around her shapely shoulders and to fling his equally warm heart at her feet! He strolled along looking for the best movie in town, which wasn't saying much. He noticed the girl laughingly waving to some one, and turning saw Jimmy in a miniature chauffeur's costume gliding along in his uncle's Ford, bent low over the wheel as if racing and glancing occasionally at an imaginary wrist watch. At the crossing Jimmy stopped in the middle

of the street, absorbed with gears and unconscious of the angry traffic around him. His acting was superb.

Laughing gleefully, Harry looked at the girl where she paused on the curb about two blocks away, staring with frightened look now up the hill above Jimmy, now at the boy in the Ford. Harry gave one glance up the hill, understood, and started on a run for Jimmy. Racing toward the crossing where Jimmy still stood came a huge truck piled high with a heavy load of barrels and boxes. The driver tried to stop it in vain. On it rushed.

"Jimmy! Get out! Jimmy, do you hear? Get out!" yelled Harry as he ran, for it was evident that Jimmy was trying to save the precious car in preference to himself.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" the whole street took up the cry. Harry ran on, stumbled, fell. The street groaned. The truck was almost on the boy. Harry was up and on again. Reaching the Ford, he snatched Jimmy bodily from the car and gained the sidewalk just in time as the big truck swung down on the little car, spinning it around and crushing it against a post. The street breathed again.

Harry tenderly carried his little friend, who had fainted from fear and excitement, into a drug store. Jimmy soon opened his eyes and glanced up into his rescuer's face.

"Gosh!" he murmured, as a girl pushed her way through the crowd and stooped over him.

"Jimmy, darling, are you all right?" she questioned eagerly.

"Aw, cut out the soft stuff, Sarah," said Jimmy. Thus assured that her little brother was himself again, Sarah turned to thank his rescuer and caught him bashfully stepping into the background.

"Say, Harry! You come back here!" commanded Jimmy. He turned to look straight into Sarah's tearful eyes. He never could recall just what happened next. He felt a warm hand grasp his and he clung to it unconsciously. He heard the girl say something about typhoid and his never having been strong since, and—a splendid and brave soldier in an emergency. He saw Jimmy sitting up and pointing an accusing finger at him.

"Say, Harry, you have been holding Sarah's hand for three minutes by my wrist watch." And he had blushed and come down to earth.

"Won't you let me drive Jimmy home?" said Harry, turning eagerly to the girl. She expostulated, Jimmy was tickled to death, and it all ended by Harry's hastily dashing around the corner and excitedly borrowing "the car" from his comrades. They had never seen Harry act so flustered and meandered after him "to see the show." When Sarah seated herself beside Jimmy in the car she saw four smiling soldiers standing at mock attention as Harry cranked up the Ford. He grinned sheepishly at them and jumped in the car.

"Sarah, why don't-chu sit up in front with Harry?" asked Jimmy, and Sarah saw Harry's ears grow red.

"Well, you see, that would leave you alone——"

"And if you two sit behind, you see, I have the engine for company."

"Oh, you made a rhyme, Harry!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Kiss the back of your hand, quick! Let's see, a, b, c—first, last, first, last—oh, Harry, the first name of your best girl begins with S." The situation was rapidly becoming embarrassing for the bashful Harry, and he was glad to reach Jimmy's house.

"Now that your Ford is smashed up, Jimmy, you'll have to let me come and take you to ride."

"Ain't-chu goin' to take Sarah, too?"

"Why, of course, if she has time, I er—er——"

"I'd simply love to go," said Sarah. "By the way, Jimmy has not introduced us. I am his sister, Sarah Newsom."

"And I am Harry Wooding, only a private, Miss Newsom."

"You have proved yourself a general in heart, Mr. Wooding. Jimmy and I will be most proud to go with you. Come, Jimmy; you look pale, child. Goodbye," she said graciously to Harry with a warm smile; "I hope you can come and see us soon." Harry could and would indeed.

Harry returned slowly to the owners of the automobile, the better to collect his thoughts, and was received with jubilation.

"Didn't know you had a girl, Wooding."

"Some looker, too."

"Gosh! how'd yuh do it? She was hypnotized all right."

"You're some cool cucumber! Why didn't yuh invite yer friends to ride with yuh? Seems to me after lendin' yuh the swell car and the gas yuh might-uv interdoosed us. Why, yuh might-uv sold that gas for all we know!"

A few weeks later as the notes of "taps" were sounding through the still air, Harry realized that he was the happiest man alive. He was no longer self-conscious, his bashfulness was leaving him. On his sleeve were his corporal's stripes. His captain had told him that he deserved them, that he was a born officer, and was liked by both men and officers. Harry had won something else he perhaps prized more highly. In those few short weeks Sarah had seen the splendid character of this man, his big ideals, and had loved him.

Once, when Jimmy, through no fault of his own, had given them a few short moments alone, Harry had spoken of his love, saying that of course she could not care for a fellow like him, who was only a private. But evidently Sarah did care, and a great deal was said in low voices, so low that Jimmy, surprising them, was not sure of what he heard.

And now, as Harry drifted off to sleep, one May night, he thought again of his mother's letter, and of Sarah's mother's words to them one night, and of that date next month when a slender band of gold should be added to the sparkling jewel already on her hand.

In Lighter Vein

MARY T. YELLOTT

THE THRIFT STAMP CAMPAIGN

"And have you bought your Thrift Stamp yet?"

No? Well, I have it here!

Oh, come, you know you have the change—

It's just a quarter, dear.

You want your quarter for ice-cream?

It would be nice, but how,

Then, is the Kaiser to be licked?

And think—the cream's for now,

But if you get your stamp today,

In Nineteen-twenty-three

You'll get your quarter back again

With interest, you see."

And so the stamp is sold, and so

You go without your cream.

But you've helped to lick the Kaiser

And bring triumph to your team.

THE "CLEAN-UP"

Put on your hat and come with me,

And see the sight there is to see!

First, in the Grove, at least a score

Of busy girls—or maybe more—

Armed each with lawn mower or with rake—

Why, what a difference they make!

That high grass and those weeds are gone—

'Tis really quite a pretty lawn.

And all about the change is seen

Where'er determined girls have been.

'Tis war time—for your country's sake,

Come out! Get busy with a rake!

M. T. Y.

THE SQUIRRELS' CONSTERNATION

The squirrels gathered in the trees,
 In puzzled consternation.
 "Dear laughing girls, with scythe and mow,
 Do have consideration!

"You're cutting down our hiding grass,
 Now wildish beasts will get us!
 We'd like to come right down and play,
 If you would only let us."

"Oh, little squirrels, don't you know
 That 'Clean-up Week' has struck us?
 We've gardened and we've all Red Crossed
 Until this bright idea 'tuk' us!

"So now we mow and cut and rake—
 It is a great improvement;
 But we can see your point, too,
 And we regret the movement

"Should cause you inconvenience.
 But then—what can we do?
 It's Clean-up Week, and we must clean—
 We hoped you'd like the view!"

There was a little Hun,
 And he had a little gun,
 And his bullets were all dum dum, dum dum;
 He shinned up a tree,
 To snipe what he could see,
 But now he is in kingdom come-come-come!
—Selected.

He may be ankle-deep in dust,
 Or middle-deep in slime,
 But Sammy with his mouth organ,
 He's at it all the time;
 And when we march up Potsdam Street,
 And goose-step through Berlin,
 Why, Sammy with his mouth organ he'll
 Play the army in!

SCHOOL NEWS

April 20: "Country Dance" Given by St. Elizabeth's Chapter

On Saturday evening, April 20th, St. Elizabeth's Chapter gave a "country dance" in the Parlor for the benefit of Christ School at Arden. At eight o'clock the farmer boys and girls began to pour in, dressed in their best overalls and ribboned bonnets. Dancing was the feature of the evening and ice-cream cones were sold on the side-lines. The Virginia reel was a popular dance and the fiddle cheerfully sang out the while until the dancers stopped from exhaustion. The teachers joined in the fun, some even in costume, and there was never seen a jollier evening at St. Mary's.

April 22: Third Faculty Recital

The third Faculty Recital of the season was given at St. Mary's on the night of April 22d by the Musical Faculty and Mrs. Hagedorn. The *News and Observer* of the next day said:

"The Recital of American Music given by the music faculty of St. Mary's School and Mrs. Gustav Hagedorn, Monday evening, proved a most interesting and enjoyable program.

"The 'Maestoso' movement of MacDowell's Sonata Tragica was the opening number, and Miss Rebecca Shields interpreted it with dignity and power. The group of songs by MacDowell and Chadwick, sung by R. Blinn Owen, with Miss Seymour as accompanist, was an artistic number, received with an enthusiastic appreciation which made one feel that the singer's voice is too seldom heard in recital. Mr. Owen responded to the applause with a charming encore, 'I Had an Old Black Mammy Who Used to Sing to Me,' by Harriet Ware. Whelpley's dainty melodious composition for two pianos, 'In the Forest,' and 'Serenade' were effectively given by Miss Martha Dowd and Miss Martha Roberts.

"An interesting feature of the program was Edwin Grasse's Sonata for violin and piano, by Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Hagedorn, who gave an able and musicianly rendering of the work. (The Sonata is dedicated to Ysaye by the composer, a blind young violinist, who reveals much power in the field of composition both for piano and violin.)

"Miss Marion Thompson sang, with her usual finish and purity of tone, a varied group of songs, all of which were enjoyed, especially 'Allah,' by Chadwick, and 'Love's Lament,' a setting of Eugene Field's poem by Mr. R. Blinn Owen.

"Miss Louise Seymour played, as always, with masterly technique and convincing interpretation a Barcarolle by Chadwick, the 'Rainbow' by MacDowell, and 'Novelette' by MacDowell.

"The stage was beautifull decorated with roses and flags, and at the close of the program the performers and audience stood and sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner' with right good will."

April 27: University Dramatic Club Presents "The Man of the Hour"

On Saturday evening, April 27th, the University of North Carolina Dramatic Club presented "The Man of the Hour," a four-act drama by George Broadhurst, in the St. Mary's Auditorium. The Dramatic Club production was especially interesting this year as the Co-eds made their first appearance, and with Elizabeth Lay as "leading lady." Elizabeth Lay is the daughter of the Rector and graduated from St. Mary's in 1915, going to the University in 1916. "The Man of the Hour" is the best play the Dramatic Club has produced in many years and won great favor with the St. Mary's audience. The parts were well taken, the dramatic effects cleverly managed, and the production altogether a happy success.

The *News and Observer* said in detail:

"On Saturday evening, in St. Mary's Auditorium, before a large and appreciative audience, the University of North Carolina Dramatic Club presented 'The Man of the Hour,' a four-act drama by George Broadhurst.

"The play, though serious in theme, was replete with comedy, and the fullest measure of success crowned the evening. Indeed, the play may be accounted as the best ever presented by the University Dramatic Club.

"There was an absence of stiffness in the acting, and the enunciation of each member of the cast was clear and distinct.

"Much interest centered in the three young ladies who represented the 'Co-eds' for the first time in a production by the Dramatic Club. Miss Elizabeth Lay, a graduate of St. Mary's School and daughter of the Rector, was both graceful and charming in the rôle of 'Dallas Wainwright,' the heroine, and received much enthusiastic applause.

"Miss Virginia McFadyen as 'Cynthia Garrison' was natural and unassuming, while Miss Marian Wilcox portrayed the character of 'Mrs. Bennett,' the mother, with much sweetness and sympathy.

"To Mr. J. Y. Jordan, Jr., who played the title rôle, great credit is due. He handled the several difficult dramatic situations with considerable skill. Mr. Jordan, as always in the Dramatic Club plays, showed keen understanding of his rôle, and carried his audience with him in sympathy and interest to the end.

"Mr. A. Oettinger as 'James Phelan,' alderman of the Eighth Ward, took the character part of the rough politician with much realism and skill. His opponent, Mr. F. J. Cohn as 'Richard Harrigan,' was splendid in his part.

"'Perry,' the jolly brother of the heroine, taken by Mr. B. L. Meredith, was very popular with his keen wit and easy handling of the part.

"The leaders of the cast were well supported by the other members. All did their share in making the production of 'The Man of the Hour' an admirable one."

April 29: Certificate Voice Recital—Mary Foote Neal

The first of the Certificate Recitals of the season was given on April 29th by Miss Mary Foote Neal, certificate pupil in Voice of Mr. Owen, who was assisted by Miss Mary Ray, cellist.

The *News and Observer* of the next day said:

"The young singer was in good voice and sang with feeling and expression. Her quality of voice and variety of shading showed careful development and training.

"The opening group was given with charm and appreciation. In the modern French group the singer was at her best, showing good enunciation and real feeling. In the English songs her voice was sweet, clear, and sympathetic.

"Miss Neal was ably assisted by Miss Ray, cellist, who played with understanding, interpretation, and well developed technique."

The program was as follows:

I.

- (a) Le Violette.....A. Scarlatti (1659-1725)
- (b) Jeune Fillette.....Nicholas Dalayrac (1735-1809)
- (c) Tom Tinker's My True Love.....Old English

II.

- (a) Te Souviens-Tu?.....Benjamin Godard (1849-1895)
- (b) MaiRaynaldo Hahn (1875-)

III.

Aria—"Ah, Rendimi," from "Mitrane"

Francesco Rossi (*Henriette Sontag*) (1806-'54)

IV.

- (a) MelodyMoussorgsky (1839-'81)
- (b) HarlequinPopper (1845-)

MISS MARY RAY

V.

- (a) Love's Anguish.....*Mary Helen Brown*
 (b) The Star.....*James H. Rogers (1857-)*
 (c) Since We Parted.....*Frances Allitson (1849-1912)*
 (d) Patria*C. Whitney Coombs (1859-)*

May 2: Pupils' Recital in Expression

Miss Davis presented her pupils in an unusually attractive program at the Thursday afternoon Recital on May 2d, and those taking part won even more than usual applause. Dorothy Kirtland in the character part of "Cinders" did as good a piece of acting as has been seen at St. Mary's in many a day.

The program included:

"BILLS": A FARCE IN ONE ACT

Mr. S. R. Jones, a lawyer who stutters.....*JANE TOY*
 Mr. Jack Davis.....*BEATRICE TURNER*
 Mrs. Jack Davis.....*MARY HOKE*

"CINDERS": A ONE-ACT COMEDY

Jack Warrenton, a lawyer.....*RUTH RUSSELL*
 Amelia Ann, otherwise "Cinders".....*DOROTHY KIRTLAND*

May 4: Inter-Society Debate

Each year a contest is held between the Epsilon Alpha Pi and the Sigma Lambda Literary Societies, taking either the form of a contest in writing or in a debate or series of debates. This year the contest took the form, first, of a debate, and, second, of writings produced in THE MUSE.

On the evening of May 4th an eager crowd gathered in the Auditorium for the annual debating contest. The audience was divided, the Sigma Lambdas sitting on the left and the Epsilon Alpha Pi members seated on the right, while the neutrals, only a few in number, and the judges occupied the center. The stage was attractively decorated with pennants and flowers and the air was filled with suspense.

At eight o'clock the debaters with the Society presidents entered from their respective sides. Lucy London Anderson, '20, and Aline

Hughes, '18, upheld the affirmative for the Sigma Lambda Society, while Ellen Lay, '19, and Millicent Blanton, '20, supported the negative for the Epsilon Alpha Pi Society.

The query for debate was: "*Resolved*, That immigration should be restricted by a literacy test." The first on the affirmative, Lucy London Anderson delivered a clear, concise argument, with splendid delivery and conviction. She was followed by Ellen Lay, first on the negative, who took up her side with an earnest and clear argument, presenting it in a pleasing and effective manner. Next came Aline Hughes, second on the affirmative, who delivered her plea in her usual decisive and convincing manner. Last was Millicent Blanton, second on the negative, and perhaps the laurels go to her for oratory, for her argument and delivery showed a most careful selection of words, deep conviction, and a sense of personal confidence. The rebuttals were good, and as the audience rose to sing Alma Mater, awaiting the decision of the judges, there was an air of excitement and suspense over the house.

All the papers were good, and it was judged by some who have witnessed the debates in former years as one of the best ever given at St. Mary's. The judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative, giving the victory in the debating contest to the Sigma Lambda Literary Society.

May 6: Certificate Piano Recital—Dorothy Portlock Wood

On Monday evening, May 6th, Dorothy Portlock Wood gave her Certificate Piano Recital in the Auditorium. The stage was beautifully decorated with roses, white and pink, and pink sweet peas. Dorothy Wood, who is a pupil of Miss Martha Dowd, played exceptionally well, with much expression and delicacy of touch. The Chopin Etude and Polonaise showed great artistic ability and skillful execution. Perhaps the most surprisingly well played composition for such a young artist was "From Early Years" by Grieg.

Anita Smith, soprano, assisted in the recital and pleased her audience, as she always does, with her rich voice, full of expression.

"Where Pond Lilies Grow" and "When Thou Commandest Me to Sing" were very popular with the audience.

The program was as follows:

I

- (a) "Capriccio," from Sonata in F.....*Scarlatti-Tausig*
 (b) "Bourrée," from 4th Sonata for 'Cello.....*Bach-Tours*

II

Aufschwung, Op. 12.....*Schumann*

III

- (a) Etude, Op. 25, No. 9 }*Chopin*
 (b) Polonaise, Op. 26, No. }

IV

Eyes That Are Like Desert Fires.....*Siemown*
 Where Pond Lilies Gleam.....*Barker*
 When Thou Commandest Me to Sing.....*Hammond*

MISS ANITA SMITH

V

From Early Years, Op. 65, No. 1.....*Grieg*

VI

Marche Mignonne*Poldini*
 *Danse Andalouse, from "Orientales" }
 Shadow Dance }*MacDowell*
 Witches' Dance }

*Sous l'arbee, à soie et l'oranger
 Dansaient les brunes Andalouses
 (Victor Hugo, "Les Orientales")

May 9: Alumnæ Day—St. Mary's 76th Birthday

As Alumnæ Day, May 12th, this year fell on Sunday, the annual celebration was held on Thursday, May 9th, Ascension Day. Celebration of the Holy Communion was held at the 11 o'clock service in the Chapel, at which many Raleigh alumnæ were present. Dr. Lay's sermon was especially appropriate to the day and the anniversary of the School.

As has been the annual custom, the alumnæ luncheon was held in the School dining room at 1:15, and there were about sixty of the Raleigh alumnæ as guests for the day. The Rector extended a cordial welcome to the alumnæ, and was followed by Katharine Drane, presi-

dent of the Senior Class, who told something of the war work of the St. Mary's girls at the School. Miss Susan Iden, chairman of the Raleigh Chapter, responded in behalf of the alumnae.

The annual business meeting of the Raleigh Alumnae was held in the Parlor immediately after the luncheon. Mrs. J. J. Bernard was elected chairman for the ensuing year, with Miss Isabel Busbee as vice-chairman. Mrs. J. B. Cheshire, Jr., secretary, and Miss Lizzie Lee, treasurer, were reelected. Miss Elizabeth Holman and Mrs. A. W. Knox were added to the members of the Council.

Then followed the May Festival in the Grove. The audience gathered under the trees around the throne of the May Queen while the performers in a graceful winding procession entered from beyond West Rock, the heralds leading, followed by the Queen and her court. The May Queen (Katherine Drane) was escorted to her throne, after which a wee fairy (Hilda Martin of the Primary Department) presented her with her crown of flowers, and her scepter, which had been carried by little Susie May Robbins. Then came a song of welcome to springtime, followed by a wreath dance in which the small dancers of the Primary Department made their first appearance in æsthetic dancing. Then the court ladies and gallants danced before the Queen in the dainty minuet.

The second part of the May Day program consisted of various dances and drills. Miss Mabel Barton danced with her class in the "Sari" and "Wild Bird." A group of national dances were most attractive—a Scotch Reel, Irish Lilt and Oxdansen, then the American Girl, and Spanish dance. The flag drill concluded the program with the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner at the end. This drill was one of the prettiest and most effective events of the festival. A great deal of credit is due Miss Mabel Barton for the success of the May Day, for it was under her direction that the Physical Training Department gave the performance. She trained the performers and planned the costumes and setting, all with her usual enthusiasm and ability.

The program for Alumnae Day was concluded by a music recital in the Auditorium given by the music pupils under the direction of Mr. Owen, which was greatly enjoyed.

H.

May 11: Junior-Senior Party

On Saturday, May 11th, the Juniors planned to continue the series of annual "Junior-Senior Banquets," which have been a choice bright spot in the student life of the two upper classes in recent years, with a modest "party." They chose the Grove to the east of the Auditorium as the scene, and no prettier one could be found, and they counted on May weather to do the rest—and the May weather did it. Seven-thirty found all arrangements made and the hostesses in happy expectation of the arrival of their guests, for of course the wind and the clouds would "away" before the hour, but, alas! it proved not so. The wind blew on and decorations and tables fell before it.

But it is a poor cloud that has no silver lining, and the adversity gave the Juniors their chance to show their versatility, for they quickly moved into the Auditorium ahead of the rain, and while the guests probably found the arrangements slightly less formal than they might have been, and may have regarded it as a little unusual to have a garden party with Japanese lanterns and floral arbors overhead under a roof, still the spirit of the occasion was not dampened, and the music within attuned well with the music of the rain outside.

The Juniors' Song of Greeting to the Seniors, written by Polly Freeman, was catchy and effective; Ellen Lay read an original letter from Ruth Gebert(?), ex-member of the Senior Class, which seemed to show her well posted about the Senior affairs of the year; and a series of novel tableaux-recitations reviewing the year and later forming the basis of a part of the program for the School Party were done effectively. Dr. Lay, "Miss Katie," Aline Hughes for the Seniors, and Nina Burke, the president, for the Juniors, gave brief toasts, and the signal for dispersal came with "Alma Mater."

May 12: Mr. Paul Shimmon Addresses the School in Behalf of the Armenian and Assyrian Relief Funds

On Sunday, May 12th, we had the very great pleasure of having with us Mr. Paul Shimmon, as a guest at the School. He is a personal representative of Mar Shimmon, Eastern Patriarch, a recent martyr to the cause of Christianity under the Turkish imposition.

At Dr. Lay's request, he graciously consented to address the students in the schoolroom immediately after dinner, as those at the School had not had the good fortune of hearing him in his morning address at Christ Church.

Though speaking with an Eastern accent, Mr. Shimmon's manner is decidedly forceful and pleasing. He spoke of the great pleasure it was to visit St. Mary's, the largest Church school for girls in this country, and to know that a group of St. Mary's girls of Raleigh had organized the work of raising an Armenian and Assyrian Relief Fund in the city, in which the Rector's daughters have taken an active part, Nancy Lay being the leader.

After a description of the locality and biblical setting of his country, Assyria, Mr. Shimmon gave many vivid pictures of the struggles of the Christians in that country and those surrounding it, of the suffering, destruction, and desolation there at the hands of the Turks and Kurds. In the town of Urumi a little group of American missionaries, under the American flag, the only one which the Turks were afraid to harm, banded together the remnants of Assyrians from the country about, while the Russian soldiers fled, the English and French people withdrew, and so warded off the complete dispersion of the Assyrians during the enemy invasions. It was of this brave town and little American band that Mr. Shimmon spoke chiefly, telling of their troubles and suffering. Stricken with typhoid, their number was thinned out by dozens. Hundreds of Assyrians in the country about died of starvation, homeless, and often driven into the desert to perish at the hands of the enemy. Both the Turks and Kurds committed unspeakable crimes against these people.

There is a hope, a great hope, as the British under Allenby push on north of Jerusalem towards Nazareth, the town where our Lord spent His youth. Those British soldiers are fighting in the great cause of right against might, and the end must be a victorious end.

In conclusion, after he had been applauded back to the platform to the cry of "Tell us some more!" from the girls, Mr. Shimmon made an urgent plea for the girls to think of their sisters over in the East, starving and without clothes to cover themselves, to support with might and main the Armenian and Assyrian Relief Fund, to give

those people food, many of them now living on garbage in the streets, watermelon rinds and such.

It is needless to add that Mr. Shimmon's appeal struck home to the heart of the St. Mary's girls, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for bringing the matter closer to us by his personal experiences and the plea of an eye-witness for our help in the tremendous needs of his people.

May 13: Expression Certificate Recital—Alice Creswell Seed

The first Expression Recital of the year was given in the Auditorium on the evening of Monday, May 13th, by Alice Seed, certificate pupil of Miss Florence Davis, assisted by Anita Smith.

The *News and Observer* of the following day said:

"Miss Alice Seed, an Expression pupil of Miss Florence Davis of the St. Mary's Expression Department, gave a Certificate Recital in the School Auditorium on Monday night. She was ably assisted by Miss Anita Smith, soprano, with Mr. R. Blinn Owen as accompanist. Miss Smith, a popular singer at St. Mary's, sang in her usual manner.

"Miss Seed has a natural charm and grace on the stage, as well as a most pleasing delivery. She rendered each selection, with their varied character portrayals, skillfully and well. Her first selection, 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, was handled with unusual ability. 'The Troubles of Lazarus Abrahamovitch' was the second number, and the little fellow's troubles were disclosed with much realism. A group of war poems by Robert W. Service, filled with pathos and beauty, were rendered with skill and feeling. The final happy selection, 'Playing With Fire,' by Percival Wilde, was most creditably rendered. The program was brief, well balanced, and most delightful. Miss Seed shows talent and excellent training in the work."

May 16: Campaign for "Second Red Cross War Fund"

The week of May 20th was set for the country-wide campaign to raise \$100,000,000 for the Second Red Cross War Fund to support the Red Cross work in the war for the coming year.

On Thursday morning, May 16, a committee was called together in THE MUSE room to make plans for a one-day campaign at St. Mary's. It was decided to finish the matter up that day, spread the word of the campaign through the School, ask for volunteer contributors to start

the fund off, make a canvass of the Faculty, and wind up with a meeting of the entire School that night, where the pledges would be completed. It was hoped to raise a fund of \$250, the Faculty contributing \$50 and the girls perhaps \$200.

From eight-thirty on Thursday morning until six o'clock that night the canvassers were busily engaged in spreading the news and calling for volunteer subscribers as a starter for the evening meeting. A full canvass of the Faculty and officers was made, ending in a 100-per-cent contribution. After a further committee meeting at six o'clock, where reports gave every promise of success, the big meeting was held at seven-fifteen. Judge Winston had graciously consented to give a five-minute address on the work of the Red Cross and purpose of the fund. His talk was most interesting and inspiring and met with a storm of applause. At its conclusion, Marian Drane took the platform as chairman, and Louise Pearsall conducted the meeting with full pep and enthusiasm, while the committee called out the contributions from among the students. They came in fast and vigorously. When the last contribution was called, the meeting dispersed while the committee gathered to determine the result, which was to be announced at nine-thirty. But in about fifteen minutes the result was spreading like wildfire through the School and Grove. Five hundred dollars had been raised among the students and \$166 from the Faculty and officers, a total of \$666.

The spirit and enthusiasm with which St. Mary's received the Red Cross campaign resulted in a 100-per-cent offering from the 100-per-cent Red Cross membership of the School, and a sum which far outran our highest expectations.

May 18: The Seventh "School Party"

The Seventh Annual School Party was held at the usual time, on Saturday, May 18th, and was a great success. The Parlor was prettily decorated, as in the past, with the class colors in streamers, with the School colors joining them, and, this year, all surmounted with streamers of the Red, White, and Blue.

The seating arrangement was as on similar occasions in the past, and, after the Faculty had taken their seats, the procession of the

classes entered, with the "Preps" leading, all singing "In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees." Katharine Drane, president of the Class of 1918, spoke the welcome and announced that the lower classes, as usual, would respond in turn with a word of greeting and their class song. In the absence of Nina Burke, Junior president, who had been hurt in the basket-ball game in the afternoon, Mildred Kirtland said a word for the Juniors, who sang "Come, Gather Together, You Juniors," reminiscent of the Second School Party. Helen Battle, the president, spoke for the Sophomores, who sang a new song to the tune of "Comin' Through the Rye." Rainsford Glass, Freshman president, spoke for her class, who sang Mr. Hodgson's old song; "We're a Jolly Band of Freshmen." Anita Smith, president of the "Preps," made a feeling speech for them, and then to the tune of "Bangor" they sang their new song, which was very effective. The Seniors then concluded this part of the program with "O Gee, O Gee," another of Mr. Hodgson's songs.

The special feature of the program was a review of some of the more remembered parts of the happenings of the year, presented by tableaux with song or recitation accompanying. This part of the program was as follows:

1. Introduction (Recitation).....MARY C. WILSON, '19

2. A Fall Industry (Knitting)

"Knit, Knit, Knit" (Song)

ELLA PENDER, MARY NEAL, AND ANITA SMITH

3. Uncle Sam's Call (The Liberty Loans)

"What Are You Going to Do to Help the Boys?" (Song)

HILAH TARWATER AND CHORUS

4. Seclusion—*i. e.*, The West Rock Quarantine (Recitation)

MARY YELLOTT

5. Travel—The Delegates to Elon (Tableaux)

ELIZABETH BROWNE AND HELEN BATTLE

6. Food Conservation (Song)

"Oh Where, Oh Where Has My White Roll Gone?"

ELLA PENDER

7. War Gardening (Recitation)

"Miss Turnip"ALICE SEED

- On the hot afternoon of May 22d, "Old Ducky," one of the dearest St. Mary's landmarks, gave her annual party to the girls of her hall and tables in the dining room, as well as inviting many other fortunate favorites. It was held in the cool shade on the lawn by the Auditorium. "Ducky" appeared in a fresh cap and apron, looking her prettiest, and helped serve the delicious ice cream and cake which she had helped to make. During the course of the party she had to recite her well-known pieces and sing several songs, all of which have become familiar to the St. Mary's girls of many years, for "Ducky" is most gracious in sharing her talents anywhere she may be stopped along the byways by a crowd eager for a song. Our hostess was much

pleased with the little toast given by Mary Yellott, the School poet, in the following words:

A toast to little Ducky!
Come, raise your glasses high.
There are no glasses and no wine?
Oh, we should worry! Why,
If we can't drink a toast to her,
What difference does it make?
Come, eat a toast to Ducky
With good ice-cream and cake.

M. H. B.

The St. Mary's Muse

Subscription Price	One Dollar
Single Copies	Fifteen Cents.

A Magazine published monthly except in July and August at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., in the interest of the students and Alumnae, under the editorial management of the MUSE CLUB.

Address all communications and send all subscriptions to

THE ST. MARY'S MUSE,

Correspondence from friends solicited.

RALEIGH, N. C.

EDITORIAL STAFF, 1917-1918

ALINE E. HUGHES, '18, *Editor-in-Chief*

SENIOR REPORTERS

KATHARINE P. DRANE, '18

ELIZABETH McM. FOLK, '18

JUNIOR REPORTERS

HELEN VAN W. BATTLE, '20

ELLEN LAY, '19

MILDRED KIRTLAND, '20

ALICE SEED, '20

AGNES T. PRATT, '18, *Business Manager*

MARY C. WILSON, '20,

LOUISE TOLER, '19,

} *Assistant Business Managers*

The Muse Contest

This year, instead of the editors of THE MUSE having to gather the literary material for the monthly MUSE, it was decided to have the two Literary Societies produce this material under the direction of two associate editors from each society. To add interest and to make the competition more keen, it was decided to make the Literary Department of THE MUSE a contest between the E. A. P. and Sigma Lambda Societies, and as the second feature of the year's contest of work between them. Each society was to produce a number of MUSES equal to that of the other. This number of THE MUSE is the third issued by the E. A. P.'s, and now each society has had two single numbers and one double number.

The decision of the judges, who will weigh the kind, quality, and quantity of material, prose and verse, will be rendered at the Class Day exercises.

The Sigma Lambda Society won the first part of the annual contest, being victorious in the debate.

The Red Cross Drive

It requires only the right cause and its proper presentation to get results from people anywhere, and St. Mary's girls are always ready to give a demonstration of the fact.

St. Mary's is proud of its Red Cross record this year, and with 100-per-cent membership in the organization it is natural that everyone should feel a deep interest in all that concerns the Red Cross, and while the purpose of the Second Red Cross War Fund ensured its appeal to every American, the appointed time—the week of May 20-25—coming at the fag end of a strenuous year, a year of many appeals and ready responses, made it a little doubtful as to just how much could be done, with everyone doing her part and yet no one allowed to overdo.

So Thursday, May 16th, was a memorable day in student life at St. Mary's. Never was a better cause, but also never was there more spontaneous and more real coöperation and enthusiasm from both girls and teachers in any matter of common interest. Enthusiasm plus organization told once more, and with an aim of \$250, the pledges—and all of them from the heart—totalled \$666, with every teacher and officer and every student contributing. The amount matters little, the spirit amounts to much. May we ever be able to make as good a showing in matters worth while!

The Red Cross officers—Marian Drane, Louise Toler, Mildred Kirtland, Eleanor Sublett, and Miss Lee—invited Louise Pearsall, Jane Ruffin, Ellen Lay, Miss Margaret Bottum, and Miss Agnes Barton to act with them in covering the School in a one-day campaign, and the results exceeded all anticipation.

Plans were made after breakfast, Mr. Cruikshank spoke to the girls in morning assembly, Judge Winston made a vigorous five-minute talk at the opening of the specially called School meeting at night, Louise Pearsall appealed for the individual gifts and, acting as crier, managed the meeting very effectively, and in fifteen minutes every member of the School had made her pledge. But this bare statement of the evident facts takes no account of the very enthusiastic work of the committee throughout the day in preparation for the meeting, or of the very cordial coöperation of everybody in responding to their efforts. Judge Winston was the link between the Raleigh campaign, the big work outside, and St. Mary's part in it. He spoke on just the right lines and in just the right time, after a happy introduction by Miss Hester; but no speech was necessary to bring the results. The girls had assured the result by the spirit of their responses throughout the day. Especially effective and contagious was the enthusiastic work of Miss Bottum and Miss Barton, and teachers and girls vied with each other in interest.

What the Raleigh Campaign Committee thought of St. Mary's part is shown in an appreciative letter from Mr. R. D. W. Connor, who was the War Fund Chairman and played a great part in the great success of the local campaign, for on Tuesday, May 21st, the Raleigh workers made their canvass and went "over the top" of their allotted quota of \$30,000 by several thousand dollars.

Mr. Connor writes:

Of course the Red Cross knew that St. Mary's would do something splendid, but even the most enthusiastic of us did not anticipate such a magnificent contribution as the teachers and girls actually made.

I wish you would express to both the faculty and the students my very deep appreciation of their generous contribution. I wish we had many other 100% Red Cross institutions in the State, moved by the same enthusiastic spirit as St. Mary's.

With sincerest thanks to all for your coöperation,

I am, very sincerely yours,

R. D. W. CONNOR,

Chairman War Fund Campaign.

E. C.

The "School Party"

The Seventh "School Party" seemed to be an especially happy affair, with everyone entering into the occasion and not the least jarring note to mar the concord. The note of patriotism was dominant, and the thought of loyalty for School and devotion to the country were mingled. The classes with their simple but very effective costumes and full of the spirit of the occasion, the tableaux with their accompaniment of song or recitation, calling attention to striking points in the student life of the year, the toasts, the "good-bye" songs, and the spirited singing of Mr. Owen's new patriotic song, "Hail to the Boys in France!" and of the Star-Spangled Banner, all combined to make the evening one well worthy of memory.

Of course the honors belong to the Class of 1918, all the members of which joined to make the occasion maintain the standard of like evenings in the past. Katharine Drane, the class president, did her double part with much credit, presiding in her usual pleasing manner and playing for all the songs. Ella Pender was the star in the "Calendar" program, with her very effective rendering of her topical songs, while the "Party" served to introduce Mary Yellott as a new School "poet," to follow in the lines of Annie Cameron and her predecessors.

To those who have followed the "School Parties" from their start, they will always call to mind those who had so much to do with making them successful from the first—especially "Mr. Hodgson," who wrote so many of the School songs and took such interest in all such student affairs. Elizabeth Tarry, too, with her charm of personality and real musical gift, stands out in memory. But it may be well to preserve some record of the "Party" for the future by reproducing the remarks that Katharine Drane made at the beginning of the "Party":

"We are here together for the Seventh School Party. To us Seniors it is both a very happy and a sad occasion. It means to us the beginning of the culmination of our St. Mary's hopes and the beginning of the end of our happy St. Mary's days.

"For the School Party is the "get together" meeting of the end of the school year. Coming as it does on the third Saturday before Commencement, it is the last of our St. Mary's gatherings which do not really belong to the Commencement season. Another week, and examinations and Commencement are all that are left to us of the school year.

"But the one thought of us all tonight should be in the spirit of getting together and being together. Teachers and girls are here together to feel the St. Mary's spirit and to show the St. Mary's spirit. We Seniors have had pleasure in planning the party—for you and for St. Mary's; if you go away a wee bit more enthusiastic, a wee bit more devoted to things here, we shall be very happy.

"Just a word of the history of the party. The First School Party was given in 1912 by the Freshman Class to the School. We are happy in still having with us two members of that class, our friends, Miss Margaret Bottum, who was the Freshman President, under whose inspiration the First School Party was given, and Miss Agnes Barton, who joined the class in its Junior year, when it gave the Third School Party. For the Class of 1915 was sponsor for the School Party during its four years, giving it in honor of the successive Senior Classes, and when its time came to graduate it turned over the party to succeeding Senior Classes. It was a trust which we are executing here tonight.

"One further word as to the songs. Perhaps only a few of you know that the first of our School songs, Alma Mater, was written only thirteen years ago. In the years since, other songs have been added as occasion arose, until we now have more than twenty-five distinct St. Mary's songs. Most of them, including Alma Mater and In a Grove of Stately Oak Trees, have their words written to familiar old tunes in order that they may be the more readily remembered. Some of them are distinctive in both words and tunes. Instead of getting up new songs, the Senior, Juniors, and Freshmen are going to use tonight songs from former School Parties, which are not as familiar as we would like them to be to the St. Mary's girls of the present. If we sing rather too much than too well in this Party, we apologize in advance.

"It is a great pleasure to us to have you all here."

E. C.

Hail to the Boys in France!

Mr. R. Blinn Owen has composed a patriotic song for the Chorus Class of this year, and at his request Aline Hughes has written the words. It goes with a swing and has met with a warm reception. The song was sung first to the School at the School Party, and was presented to the public at the Annual Chorus Concert on May 25th.

These are the words:

For thee, America, our home,
From palace and hut arise
Great prayers of hope and love
Unto the skies.
We send our boys across the sea
To strive for Freedom's dawn,
For world-wide freedom they—will
Carry on.

Hail to our boys in France!
Hail to the cause of right!
We love and honor them—support
The cause for which they fight.
Hail, hail, America!
However far they roam,
Thy sons and daughters honor thee,
America, our home!

On thee, America, our home,
The hopes of the world now rest.
May God grant that the world
With peace be blest!
Though we at home are far away,
Their burden we would share,
And give our all to help them
Over there.

Hail to our boys in France! etc.

ALUMNAE MATTERS

Communications and Correspondence Solicited.

ERNEST CRUIKSHANK, Alumnae Editor

St. Mary's Alumnae Association.

HONORARY PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Mary Iredell, Raleigh.
HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENTS	-	{	Mrs. I. McK. Pittinger, Raleigh.
			Mrs. Bessie Smedes Leak, West Durham.
PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. John H. Holmes, Chapel Hill.
VICE-PRESIDENT	-	-	Mrs. Walter Grimes, Raleigh.
SECRETARY	-	-	Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's.
TREASURER	-	-	Mrs. Ernest Cruikshank, Raleigh.

The Alumnae Meeting and Luncheon

An innovation will be introduced in the Commencement alumnae gathering this year, when the alumnae meet at 1 o'clock on Monday, June 3d, at the Woman's Club in the city for an alumnae luncheon. The members of the graduating class will be the honor guests on the occasion. Every alumna is invited to attend the luncheon, and a good number is assured.

Following the luncheon, the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held at the Woman's Club.

Mrs. Holmes, the president of the alumnae the past year, has been very active in advancing the interests of the Association, and largely through her efforts a number of the out-of-town chapters will have delegates present at Commencement and for the alumnae meeting.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL FUND

Good Progress—Asheville and East Carolina in Line

The St. Mary's School Fund has made good progress in the month of May. Not only has the Diocese of North Carolina raised two-thirds of its \$75,000 quota, but the balance will surely come. Likewise, the District of Asheville and the Diocese of East Carolina are organized for work. The Conventions of these Dioceses have ap-

proved the plans of their respective committees and pledged their support. The East Carolina campaign begins in June and the District of Asheville campaign begins in August.

FRANCIS M. OSBORNE,
*Special Representative of the Board
of Trustees of St. Mary's School.*

The Alumnae Day Raleigh Meeting

The invitation of the Rector to the Raleigh alumnae to be the guests of the School at the Alumnae Day luncheon was, as always, accepted with much pleasure and deeply appreciated. About seventy of the alumnae gathered with the School at 1:15 on Thursday, May 9th, Ascension Day, when the day was celebrated, since May 12th fell on a Sunday.

The speechmaking following the luncheon was as brief as possible, and on leaving Clement Hall the regular meeting of the Raleigh Alumnae Chapter was held in the Parlor. At this meeting Mrs. J. J. Bernard was elected chairman for the coming year; Miss Isabel Busbee, vice-chairman; Miss Elizabeth Holman and Mrs. A. W. Knox were elected to the Council, and Mrs. J. B. Cheshire, Jr., and Miss Lizzie Lee were reelected secretary and treasurer respectively. After the meeting, the alumnae were entertained by the Physical Training Department of the School in a program of May Day festivities and æsthetic dancing in the Grove, followed by a brief music recital in the Auditorium.

At the luncheon, after the conclusion of the service, Dr. Lay welcomed the alumnae in a brief speech, the special feature of which was his calling attention to the hanging of Dr. Aldert Smedes picture in the group of "four great schoolmasters" in the rooms of the Commission on Religious Education at the Church Mission House. These four pictures were reproduced in *The Churchman* for April 27th, with a brief sketch of each man.

After Dr. Lay's welcome, Miss Katharine Drane, president of the Senior Class, spoke for the students, and in conclusion Miss Susan

Iden, chairman of the Raleigh Chapter, responded for the alumnae in a gracious and graceful speech.

Miss Drane took the opportunity to summarize for the visitors some of the special work that the girls have been doing during the year, work with which they might otherwise be unacquainted, and for the sake of others interested her remarks are reproduced here :

"These annual alumnae luncheons are very pleasant occasions to us St. Mary's girls, and not the least pleasant feature of them is in having you our elder sisters with us. We hope that you enjoy being with us as we enjoy having you here.

"You feel, we hope, a real interest in what is going on in St. Mary's and what we are doing and how worthy representatives we girls of today are proving ourselves to be. And we want you to know that we are trying to live up to the St. Mary's traditions of the past and do our full part in the call of the present. We know that you agree with us in feeling that our duty in the present lies in simplicity and service. We have been trying this year to do our regular work even a little better than usual—but in addition to our regular work well done, we have had much pride in doing what we could in the war-work that is so constantly in our minds and on our hearts.

"We are proud of our Red Cross Auxillary, with its work-room now regularly open, and of our 100-per-cent membership in the Red Cross; we are proud of our War Garden, in which some sixty of us are regularly working under the guidance of Miss Lee, and we think we deserve some credit for the response we have given to all the efforts at food conservation, for we have responded promptly and cheerfully; we are proud of our response to the Liberty Loan campaigns, in which we gave \$350 in Liberty Bonds to the Endowment Fund of the School, and we hope that the end of the session will find us proud of our record in the Thrift Stamp and War Savings Stamps campaign, in which we are trying to save at least \$1,000 by June. And we hope that you are proud of the looks of the Grove, which, in the present shortage of labor, some eighty of us have undertaken to keep in order. So you see we have been and are working.

"And we are very glad, indeed, to welcome you here today, to see for yourselves."

From far-off Wu Chang, China, comes the *Boone Review*, the student publication of Boone University, with request that THE MUSE exchange with it, a request with which THE MUSE is very glad to comply.

Two St. Mary's girls who have recently started on long trips, independent of the war, are "Grace Whitaker" (1903-'06) and Constance Stammers (1914-'15). Miss Whitaker, whose old home was Winston-Salem, married Mr. Ery Kehaya, who has large tobacco interests, and they make their home in New York City. In February they sailed from San Francisco for Japan, stopping enroute at Honolulu. They expect to spend three months in Japan, China, and Korea. Constance Stammers, whose home is on Long Island, sailed in April with her father, who is a mining engineer, for India, and expects to be there for two years or more in the vicinity of Calcutta, where her father's work lies.

Alumnae Weddings

HARRIS-VOSE: On Saturday, January 5th, in Grace Church, Chicago, Mary Ann Vose (S.M.S. 1912-'13), of Macomb, Ill., and Mr. Henry Hickman Harris II.

GOULD-WOOD: On Wednesday, March 20th, at Brunswick, Ga., Clara Wood (S.M.S. 1911-'12) and Mr. James Dunn Gould, Jr., First Lieutenant, 328th Infantry, U. S. N. A.

OWEN-HARRIS: On Wednesday, June 5th, in the Methodist Protestant Church, Henderson, N. C., Helen Franklin Harris (S.M.S. 1910-'11) and Mr. Randolph Maynard Owen. At home: "Buck Hill," Richmond, Va.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Patronize those who patronize you. Remember that it is the advertisers who make the publication of the MUSE possible.

DON'T FORGET

TAYLOR'S

206-10 MASONIC TEMPLE

KING-CROWELL'S DRUG STORE

and SODA FOUNTAIN

CORNER FAYETTEVILLE and HARGETT STREETS

Success in the Campaign for the Raising of the \$250,000 Fund to pay off the debt and provide additional new buildings, and the beginning of an Endowment Fund is of the utmost importance to St. Mary's.

Think of it, talk of it, and help in every way you can.

B. W. JONES

The
Best in
Groceries

"You get them when promised"

Horton's Studio

Masonic Temple

"Workers in Artistic Photography"

Phones 667-668 528 Hillsboro Street

St. Mary's Girls Always Welcome at

Hudson-Belk Company

Full line of Ready-to-wear, Hosiery, Gloves, Furnishings, Dry Goods, Shoes, Toilet Goods, Ribbons and Laces

ESTABLISHED 1858

H. MAHLER'S SONS

JEWELERS

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

M. ROSENTHAL & COMPANY

GROCERS

Wilmington and Hargett Streets

**BOYLAN-PEARCE
COMPANY**

The Greatest Store
in the City for the
SCHOOL GIRLS

SEE
HERBERT ROSENTHAL
FOR REAL SHOES

CAMOUFLAGE ON THE FARM

The honest farmer's apple crop

Has been dispatched to town.

The barrels look this way on top:

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

And this is lower down:

o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

—Selected.

Why Is
Brantley's Fountain

the
MOST POPULAR?

Ask the Girls

**MARRIAGE INVITATIONS AND
VISITING CARDS**

CORRECTLY and PROMPTLY ENGRAVED

Send for samples and prices

**Edwards & Broughton Printing
Company**

Steel Die and Copper Plate Engravers

RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENT

HIGH GRADE TOILET ARTICLES
THE WAKE DRUG STORE
 Phones 228

HICKS' UPTOWN DRUG STORE
 Phone 107
PROMPT DELIVERY

Thomas H. Briggs & Sons *Base Balls, Basket Balls*
The Big Hardware Men **Raleigh, N. C.** *Tennis and Sporting Goods*

Raleigh French Dry Cleaning Company
 Corner Blount and Morgan Streets.

Call **OLIVE'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER**
 Phone 529

PESCU'S BOOK STORE
 12 W. Hargett St.

DARNELL & THOMAS
ONE-PRICE MUSIC HOUSE

RALEIGH FLORAL CO.
CHOICE CUT FLOWERS

T. F. BROCKWELL
 All Kinds of Keys. Bicycle Supplies.
 Typewriters of all Kinds Repaired.

Hush, little Thrift Stamp,
 Don't you cry;
 You'll be a war bond
 Bye and bye.

—Selected.

Stationery, College Linen, Pennants,
Cameras and Supplies
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

JAMES E. THIEM

Bell Phone 135

RALEIGH, N. C.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE
FINE CANDIES PURE ICE CREAM
FRUIT

We carry the most complete line of Fruit and
 Candies in town.

111 FAYETTEVILLE STREET

JOHNSON & JOHNSON CO.

Coal, Wood, Ice, Brick

122 Fayetteville Street

RALEIGH, N. C.

H. STEINMETZ—FLORIST

Roses, Carnations, Violets, Wedding Bouquets,
 Floral Designs, Palms, Ferns, all kinds of plants.

Raleigh, N. C.

Phone 113

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY

Electric Light and
 Power and Gas

1376—BOTH PHONES—1377

WALK-OVER—The Shoe for You

Walk-Over Shoe Shop

RALEIGH, N. C.

S. GLASS

The Ladies' Store

Everything up-to-date for Ladies, Misses
 and Children. Ready-made wearing apparel

210 Fayetteville St.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WM. HELLER
THE FOOTERY SHOP
 RALEIGH, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE FASHION

KAPLAN BROS. CO.

*The college girls' store for Snappy, Classy,
Youthful Garments and Millinery.*

TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT TO COLLEGE
STUDENTS AND TEACHERS

ORDER YOUR CUT FLOWERS

FROM

J. L. O'QUINN & CO.

Phone 149



Exclusive
Millinery

WHITE ICE CREAM CO.

BEST
ICE CREAM

Phone 123

WILMINGTON STREET

Their meeting it was sudden,
Their meeting it was sad;
She gave away her bright young life—
The only one she had.
And there beneath the willows
Is where she's lying now:
For there's always something doing
When a freight train meets a cow!

—Selected.

ATLANTIC FIRE INSURANCE CO.
RALEIGH, N. C.

Home Company Home Capital
Safe, Secure, and Successful

CHAS. E. JOHNSON, President
A. A. THOMPSON, Treasurer
R. S. BUSBEE, Secretary

WATSON PICTURE AND ART CO.
Picture Frames and Window Shades.

SHOES! WHOSE?
BERNARD L. CROCKER
124 Fayetteville Street

GRIMES & VASS Raleigh, N. C.
Fire Insurance

Insure Against Loss by Fire
Best Companies Represented. Bonding Solicited

Charles E. Johnson, Jr.
RALEIGH, N. C.

HELLER'S SHOE STORE
SHOES AND HOSIERY

C. D. ARTHUR City Market
FISH AND OYSTERS

ELLINGTON'S ART STORE
RALEIGH, N. C.

College Pennants, Pillows, Pictures,
Frames, Novelties

ROYSTER'S CANDY A SPECIALTY
Made Fresh Every Day

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE YARBOROUGH

Raleigh's Leading and Largest Hotel

Dinners and Banquets a Specialty

B. H. Griffin Hotel Co., Proprietors

Jolly & Wynne Jewelry Co.

COLLEGE
JEWELRY

128 Fayetteville St. Raleigh, N. C.

YOUNG & HUGHES

Plumbers
Steam Fitters
Hot Water Heating

S. Wilmington Street

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You are mighty right, doctor," said the young man, sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."—*Selected.*

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South

Most Direct Line to all Points North, South,
East, West

Through sleeping cars to all principal cities, through Tourist Cars to San Francisco and other California points. All-year tourist tickets on sale to principal Western points. Convenient local, as well as through trains. Electrically lighted coaches. Complete Dining Car Service on all through trains. Ask representatives of Southern Railway about special rates account Christmas holidays; also about various other special occasions. If you are contemplating a trip to any point, communicate with representatives of Southern Railway before completing your arrangements for same. They will gladly and courteously furnish you with all information as to the cheapest and most comfortable way in which to make the trip. Will also be glad to secure Pullman Sleeping Car reservations for you

H. F. CARY, General Pass. Agent,
Washington, D. C.

J. O. JONES, Traveling Pass. Agent,
Raleigh, N. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Lafayette

A Cafe which invites the patronage of ladies. The girls of St. Mary's will enjoy the beauty and convenience of our modern, well-appointed dining place.

Fayetteville Street, next to Almo.

See us for **PORCH FURNITURE**
Royall & Borden Furniture Co.
FAYETTEVILLE, STREET

Patronize
STAUDT'S BAKERY
Hillsboro Street, Near St. Mary's
School

Teacher: "What is lyrical poetry?"

Pupil: "Poetry originally sung by a liar."—*Selected.*

PERRY'S ART STORE
S. Wilmington St.

MOORE'S ELECTRIC SHOE SHOP
104 EAST HARGETT ST. BELL PHONE 719

MISSES REESE & COMPANY
MILLINERY

BATES-ARRINGTON & COMPANY
PURE FOOD GROCERIES

WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED
BELL PHONE 503

SHU-FIXERY
J. R. KEE, Manager 103 Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Shoes repaired while you wait.
Come to see our modern plant

L. SCHWARTZ
RICHMOND MARKET
Meats of All Kinds

Norfolk Southern Railroad

ROUTE OF THE "NIGHT EXPRESS"

Short Line Through Eastern North Carolina

DIRECT LINE BETWEEN

NORFOLK **RALEIGH**
 NEW BERN
 GOLDSBORO

VIA WASHINGTON, KINSTON, GREENVILLE, FARMVILLE
AND WILSON, TO POINTS NORTH AND SOUTH

Electric Lighted Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Cars

Fast Schedule, Best Service

Double Daily Express Service





